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A

SOUTHERN SPEAKER

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM THE ORATIONS,
ADDRESSES AND WRITINGS
OF THE BEST-KNOWN SOUTHERN
ORATORS, SOUTHERN STATES-
MEN AND SOUTHERN
AUTHORS

TOGETHER WITH EXTRACTS FROM THE RAREST GEMS OF
PROSE AND POETRY EVER WRITTEN

BY

D. BARTON ROSS, A.M.

Compiled for use in Southern Schools and Universities

NEW, REVISED EDITION

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ROSS'S SOUTHERN SPEAKER.

Education in the South.—GEORGE T. WINSTON.

GREAT is the commonwealth whose foundations are liberty and learning, where every child is blessed with instruction and every man is clothed with citizenship; where popular sovereignty rests securely on the firm basis of popular education. A commonwealth thus planted in the bleak coast of Massachusetts grew rich and strong in educated labor and labor-saving machinery.

To the southward another colony was planted. Its basis was not universal education. Its leaders were heroes and giants in intellect and character. They planted a commonwealth unequalled in modern times for the patriotism, learning and virtue of its public men; for the beauty, purity and grace of its women; for the matchless eloquence of its orators; for the fortitude and gallantry of its soldiers, and for unconquerable devotion to personal liberty and constitutional government. It was an agricultural colony, of strong and simple life, without cities, without factories, with little commerce. Its character was patriarchal and its power proceeded not from the mass of the people, but from their mighty leaders. It did not comprehend the power of universal education. Between this colony and the one north began a struggle for the possession of the continent. That struggle, though colored by sectional prejudice, and apparently political, was, in its essence, industrial. It was a struggle of the free, educated labor of the North against the uneducated slave labor of the South. But the struggle was unequal; the educated free labor of New England, mounted upon the steam-engine, travelled faster and wrought greater labors than the Southern planter carrying upon his back the

The Northern man, dealing with casual servants, querulous, sensitive, and lodged for a day in a sphere they resent, can hardly comprehend the friendliness and sympathy that existed between the master and the slave. He cannot understand how the negro stood in slavery days, open-hearted and sympathetic, full of gossip and comradeship, the companion of the hunt, frolic, furrow and home, contented in the kindly dependence that had been a habit of his blood, and never lifting his eyes beyond the narrow horizon that shut him in with his neighbors and friends. But this relation did exist in the days of slavery. It was the rule of that régime. It has survived war and strife, and political campaigns in which the drum-beat inspired and Federal bayonets fortified. It will never die until the last slaveholder and slave have been gathered to rest. It is the glory of our past in the South. It is the answer to abuse and slander. It is the hope of our future.

The New South.—HENRY W. GRADY.

THE picture of your returning armies of the North has been drawn for you by a master hand. You have been told how in the pomp and circumstance of war they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home?

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parol which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and his faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half starved, heavy hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hand of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia's hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow, and begins his slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you—what does he find, when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender,

he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful. He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material or training; and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishment of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do, this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldiers stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plough, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop, and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics.

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with a consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the peoples of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, through the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago, be verified in its fullest extent, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years: citizens of

the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now, and united forever."

The Old South and the New.—HENRY W. GRADY.

It was Ben Hill, the music of whose voice is now attuned to the symphonies of the skies, who said, "There was a South of secession and slavery; that South is dead; there is a South of union and freedom; that South, thank God, is living, growing every hour."

In answering the toast to the New South to-night, I accept that name in no disparagement to the Old South. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people, and not for the glories of New England's history, from Plymouth Rock, all the way, would I surrender the least of these. Never shall I do, or say, aught to dim the lustre of the glory of my ancestors, won in peace and in war. Where is the young man in the South who has spoken one word in disparagement of our past, or has worn lightly the sacred traditions of his fathers? The world has not equalled the unquestioning reverence and the undying loyalty of the young men of the South, to the memory of our fathers. I have stood with them shoulder to shoulder, as they met new conditions without surrendering old faiths, and I have been content to feel the grasp of their hands and the throb of their hearts, as they marched unfeared into new and untried ways.

If I should attempt to prostitute the generous enthusiasm of these, my comrades, to my own ambition, I should be unworthy. If any man, enwrapping himself in the sacred memories of the Old South, should prostitute them to the hiding of his weakness or the strengthening of his failing fortunes, that man would be unworthy. If any man, for his own advantage, should seek to divide the Old South from the New, or the New from the Old—to separate these that in love have been joined together—to estrange the son from his father's grave and turn our children from the memories of our dead—to embitter the closing days of our veterans with the suspicion of the sons that shall follow them, that man's words are unworthy and spoken to the injury of his people.

Some one has said, in derision, that the old men of the South, sitting down amid their ruins, reminded him of "the Spanish

hidalgos sitting in the porches of the Alhambra and looking out to sea for the return of the lost Armada." There is pathos but no derision in this picture to me. These men were our fathers. Their lives were stainless. Their hands were daintily cast, and the civilization they builded in tender and engaging grace hath not been equalled. The scenes amid which they moved, as princes among men, have vanished forever. A grosser and more material day has come, in which their gentle hands can garner but scantily, and their guileless hearts fend but feebly. Let me sit, therefore, in the dismantled porches of their homes, into which dishonor hath never entered—to which discourtesy is a stranger, and gaze out to sea, beyond the horizon of which their Armada has drifted forever. And though the sea shall not render back for them the Argosies which went down in their ships, let us build for them, in the land they love so well, a stately and enduring temple, its pillars founded in justice, its arches springing to the skies, its treasures filled with substance, liberty walking in its corridors and religion filling its aisles with incense; and here let them rest in honorable peace and tranquility until God shall call them hence, to "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Under the Southern Flag.—JOHN W. DANIEL.

THERE was no happier or lovelier home than that of Col. Robert E. Lee in the spring of 1861, when for the first time its threshold was darkened with the omens of Civil War. Crowning the green slopes of the Virginia hills that overlook the Potomac, and embowered in stately trees, stood the venerable mansion of Arlington, facing a prospect of varied and imposing beauty.

So situated was Colonel Lee in the spring of 1861, upon the verge of the momentous revolution of which he became so mighty a pillar and so glorious a chieftain. How can we estimate the sacrifice he made to take up arms against the Union? Lee was emphatically a Union man; and Virginia, to the crisis of dissolution, was a Union state. He loved the Union with a soldier's ardent loyalty to the government he served, and with a patriot's faith and hope in the institutions of his country. In January, 1861, Colonel Lee, then with his regiment in Texas, wrote to his son:—"As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions; and yet I would defend my state were her rights invaded. But I can anticipate

no greater calamity to the country than a dissolution of the Union. Secession is nothing but revolution. * * * If the Union is dissolved, I shall return to my native state and share the miseries of my people and, save in defence, will draw my sword on none."

The war-cloud lowered. On April 15th came President Lincoln's proclamation for 75,000 men. This proclamation determined Virginia's course, and an ordinance of secession was passed. War had come.

"Under which flag?" was the sternly pathetic question that Lee must now answer. On the one hand Virginia, now in the fore-front of a scarcely organized revolution, summoned him to share her lot in the perilous adventure. The young Confederacy is without an army; there is no navy, no currency. There is little but a meagre and widely scattered population, for the most part men of the field, the prairie, the forest and the mountain, ready to stand the hazard of an audacious endeavor. Did he fail, his beloved state would be trampled in the mire of the ways; his people would be captives, their very slaves their masters; and he—if of himself he thought at all—he, mayhap, may have seen in the dim perspective the shadow of the dungeon or the scaffold.

On the other hand stands the foremost and most powerful Republic of the earth. Its regular army and its myriad volunteers rush to do its bidding. Its capital lies in sight of his chamber window, and its guns bear on the portals of his home. A messenger comes from its President and from General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of its army, to tender him supreme command of its forces. No man could have undergone a more trying ordeal or met it with a higher spirit of heroic self-sacrifice, since the Son of Man stood upon the Mount, saw "all the kingdoms of earth and the glory thereof," and turned away from them to the agony of Gethsemane.

To the statesman, Mr. Francis P. Blair, who brought him the tender of supreme command, Lee answered, "Mr. Blair, I look upon secession as anarchy. If I owned the four million slaves in the South, I would sacrifice them all to the Union. But how can I draw my sword against Virginia?"

Draw his sword against Virginia? Perish the thought! Over all the voices that called he heard the still small voice that ever whispers to the soul of the spot that gave it birth; and over every ambitious dream there rose the face of the angel that guards the door of home.

I pause not here to defend the course of General Lee. In the supreme moments of national life, as in the lives of individuals, the actor must resolve and act within himself alone. The Southern states acted for themselves—the Northern states for themselves—Virginia for herself. And when the lines of battle formed, Lee took his place in the line beside his people, his kindred, his children, his home. Let his defence rest on this fact alone. Nature speaks it. Nothing can strengthen it. Nothing can weaken it. The historian may compile; the casuist may dissect; the statesman may expatiate; the advocate may plead; the jurist may expound; but, after all, there can be no stronger and tenderer tie than that which binds the faithful heart to kindred and to home. And on that tie—stretching from the cradle to the grave, spanning the heavens, and riveted through eternity to the throne of God on high, and underneath in the souls of good men and true—on that tie rests, stainless and immortal, the fame of Robert E. Lee.

A Typical Hero.—JOHN W. DANIEL.

AT the bottom of true heroism is unselfishness. Its crowning expression is sacrifice. The world is suspicious of vaunted heroes; but when the true hero has come, how the hearts of men leap forth to greet him—how worshipfully we welcome God's noblest work—the strong, honest, fearless, upright man!

In Robert E. Lee was such a hero vouchsafed to us and to mankind, and whether we behold him declining command of the Federal army to fight the battles and to share the miseries of his own people; proclaiming on the heights in front of Gettysburg that the fault of the disaster was his own; leading charges in the crisis of combat; walking under the yoke of conquest without a murmur of complaint; or refusing fortunes to go to Washington and Lee University to train the youth of his country in the path of duty—he is ever the same meek, grand, self-sacrificing spirit. As President of Washington College he exhibited qualities not less worthy and heroic than those displayed on the broad and open theatre of conflict, when the eyes of nations watched his every action. In the calm repose of civic and domestic duties and in the trying routine of incessant tasks, he lived a life as high as when, day by day, he marshalled his thin and wasting lines. In the quiet walks of academic life,

far removed from "war or battle's sound," came into view the towering grandeur, the massive splendor and the loving kindness of the character of General Lee, and the very sorrows that overhung his life seemed luminous with celestial hues. There he revealed in manifold gracious hospitalities, tender charities, and patient, worthy counsels how deep and pure and inexhaustible were the fountains of his virtues. And loving hearts delight to recall, as loving lips will ever delight to tell, the thousand little things he did which sent forth lines of light to irradiate the gloom of the conquered land and to lift up the hopes and cheer the works of his people.

Come we then to-day in loyal love to sanctify our memories, to purify our hopes, to make strong all good intent by communion with the spirit of him who, being dead, yet speaketh. Let us crown his tomb with the oak, the emblem of his strength, and with the laurel, the emblem of his glory. And as we seem to gaze once more on him we loved and hailed as chief, the tranquil face is clothed with heaven's light and the mute lips seem eloquent with the message that in life he spoke:

"There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done, the honor of the integrity of principle."

Industrial Slavery.—B. R. TILLMAN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE money changers are in the temple of our liberties and have bought the sentinels on guard. It may be too late. God grant it be not so; but this great Republic can only be saved from the miseries of revolution and internecine strife in the near future by its citizens casting aside blind allegiance to party and marshalling themselves under the banner of Jefferson's Democracy and Lincoln's Republicanism, determined to restore the Republic to the form in which it was left to us by the fathers, and since consecrated by the blood of brothers, shed in Civil War, engendered and brought about by just such statesmanship as we have here. The encroachments of the Federal judiciary, and the supineness and venality—corruption, I may say—of the representative branches of the Government are causes of deep concern to all thinking and patriotic men. We are fast drifting into government by injunction in the interest of monopolies and corporations, and the Supreme Court, by one corrupt vote, annuls an act of Congress looking to the taxation of the rich.

A day of reckoning will come, unless there is no longer a just God in heaven; and when it does come, woe be unto those who have been among the oppressors of the people. The present struggle is unfortunately too like that which preceded the late Civil War, inasmuch as it is sectional. The creditor and the manufacturing states of the North and East, those which have grown inordinately wealthy at the expense of the producing classes of the South and West, are urging this policy with the besotted blindness of Belshazzar. The old slaveholders of the South were not more arrogant or more determined. "The sordid despotism of wealth," to use the apt phrase of Justice Brown, is already felt throughout the land. The Representatives in Congress from those states, without regard to party affiliations, are solidly arrayed under the banner of monopoly and the gold standard. Greed and self-interest seem alone to actuate them. Self-preservation and patriotism should bind the South and West in equally strong bonds of union. We cannot afford to longer put party above country.

You have already been told in glowing language by the eloquent Senator from Missouri that the conflict is "irrepressible," and it is easy to see from the temper and feeling of the equally distinguished Senator from Colorado and other western Senators that the struggle for the new emancipation has begun. And the new Mason and Dixon's line which is drawn, not by the surveyor, but by the denial of the natural and inalienable "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" to a large majority of citizens, will sooner or later bring together in the bonds of union the toiling and now down-trodden masses of the cities and the equally desperate masses of the country; agrarianism and communism will join hands. There are millions now on the march, and they tramp, tramp, tramp; tramp the sidewalks hunting work and tramp the highways begging bread. Unless relief comes they will some day take a notion to tramp to Washington, with rifles in their hands, to regain their liberties which have been stolen from them or which their representatives have sold; and the hitherto conservative force of the Republic, the well-to-do agricultural class, will lift no hand to stay the march, but join it. God grant that our country may be spared the enactment of such scenes as were witnessed in Paris in 1789. But the fair flower of liberty planted by Jefferson in the immortal Declaration of the 4th of July, 1776, watered by the blood of our Revolutionary sires under Washington, cannot be uprooted or smothered by the noxious weeds of monopoly and class privilege

without bloodshed; and a cataclysm, which will give us a military despotism, or leave the Republic redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, is just as sure to come as yonder sun shines in the heavens, unless we do our duty here and take the hands of these conspirators off the people's throats and give them an opportunity to breathe, to work, to live.

"Lest we Forget."—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

PATRIOTISM is the will to serve one's country, to make one's country better worth serving. It is a course of action rather than a sentiment. The shrilling of the mob is not patriotism. It is not patriotism to trample on the Spanish flag, to burn fire-crackers, or to twist the Lion's tail. The "glory" of war turns our attention from civic affairs. Neglect invites corruption. Noble and necessary as was our Civil War, we have not yet recovered from its degrading influences. The war with Spain has united at last the North and South, we say. So, at least, it appears. When Fitzhugh Lee is called a Yankee, and all the haughty Lees seem proud of the designation, we may be sure that the old lines of division exist no longer. But our present solidarity shows that the nation was sound already, else a month could not have welded it together.

It is twenty-eight years ago to-day that a rebel soldier, who says,

"I am a Southerner,
I loved the South and dared for her
To fight from Lookout to the sea
With her proud banner over me."

stood before the ranks of the Grand Army and spoke these words:

"I stand and say that you were right;
I greet you with uncovered head,
Remembering many a thunderous fight
When whistling death between us sped;
I clasp the hand that made my scars,
I cheer the flag my foemen bore,
I shout for joy to see the stars
All on our common shield once more."

This was more than a quarter of a century ago, and all this time the great loyal South has patiently and unflinchingly ac-

cepted war's terrible results. It is not strange, then, that she shows her loyalty to-day. The “Solid South,” the bugaboo of politicians, the cloak of Northern venality, has passed away forever. The warm response to American courage, in whatever section or party, shows that, with all our surface divisions, we of America are one in heart. And this very solidarity should make us pause before entering upon a career of militarism. Unforgetting, open-eyed, counting all the cost, let us make our decision. The Federal republic, the imperial republic—which shall it be?

The policing of far-off islands, the maintenance of the machinery of imperialism, are petty things beside the duties which the higher freedom brings. To turn to these empty and showy affairs is to neglect our own business for the gossip of our neighbors. Such work may be a matter of necessity; it should not be a source of pride. The political greatness of England has never lain in her navies nor the force of her arms. It has lain in her struggles for individual freedom. Not Marlborough, nor Nelson, nor Wellington, is its exponent; let us say rather Pym and Hampden, and Gladstone and Bright. The real problems of England have always been at home. The pomp of imperialism, the display of naval power, the commercial control of India and China—all these are as the bread and circuses by which the Roman emperors held the mobs from their thrones. They keep the people busy, and put off the day of final reckoning. “Gild the dome of the Invalides” was Napoleon's cynical command when he learned that the people of Paris were becoming desperate.

A foe is always at the gates of a nation with a vigorous foreign policy. The British nation is hated and feared of all nations except our own. Only her eternal vigilance keeps the vultures from her coasts. Eternal vigilance of this sort will strengthen governments, will build up nations; it will not in like degree make men. The day of the nations as nations is passing. National ambitions, national hopes, national aggrandizements—all these may become public nuisances. Imperialism, like feudalism, belongs to the past. The men of the world as men, not as nations, are drawing closer together. The needs of commerce are stronger than the will of nations, and the final guarantee of peace and good-will among men will be not “the parliament of nations,” but the self-control of men.

Some great changes in our system are inevitable, and belong to the course of natural progress. Against them I have nothing

to say. Whatever our part in the affairs of the world, we should play it manfully. But with all this I believe that the movement toward broad dominion would be a step downward. It would be to turn from our highest purposes to drift with the current of "manifest destiny." It would be not to do the work of America, but to follow the ways of the rest of the world.

"God of our fathers, known of old—
 Lord of our far-flung battle line—
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine;
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
 The captains and the kings depart—
 Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

Far-called our navies melt away—
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Ninevah and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget."



Energy.—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

By energy I mean application, attention, activity, perseverance, and untiring industry in that business or pursuit, whatever it may be, which is undertaken. Nothing great or good can ever be accomplished without labor and toil. Motion is the law of living nature. Inaction is the symbol of death, if it is not death itself. The hugest engines, with strength and capacity sufficient to drive the mightiest ships across the stormy deep, are utterly useless without a moving power.

Energy is the steam-power, the motive-principle of intellectual capacity. A small body driven by a great force will produce a result equal to, or even greater than, that of a much larger body moved by a considerably less force. So it is with our minds. Hence it is that we often see men of comparatively small capac-

ity, by greater energy alone, leave—and justly leave—their superiors in natural gifts far behind them in the race for honors, distinction, and preferment.

It is this principle in human nature which imparts that quality which we designate by the very expressive term, “force of character,” which meets, defies, and bears down all opposition. This is, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of those great minds and intellects which never fail to impress their names, ideas, and opinions indelibly upon the history of the times in which they live.

Men of this class are those pioneers of thought who sometimes, even “in advance of the age,” are known and marked in history as originators and discoverers, or those who overturn old orders and systems of things and build up new ones. To this class belong Columbus, Watt, Fulton, Franklin, and Washington. It was to this same class that General Jackson belonged; for he not only had a very clear conception of his purpose, but a will and energy to execute it. And it is in the same class, or among the first order of men, that Henry Clay will be assigned a place.

His aims and objects were high, and worthy of the greatest efforts; they were not to secure the laurels won on the battlefield, but those wreaths which adorn the brow of the wise, the firm, the sagacious, and far-seeking statesman. In his life and character a most striking example is presented of what energy and indomitable perseverance can do even when opposed by most adverse circumstances.

The Iron Will of Andrew Jackson.

Born friends and foes have bestowed on Andrew Jackson the characteristic of being a man of iron will. When this is meant to imply hardness of heart, nothing could be further from the truth, but when it means that his sense of duty was strong, and stronger even than his feelings, the term may not have been misapplied.

His iron will was mere firmness or inflexibility in the cause he deemed right. It was an indomitable resolution to carry out what conscience dictated. Judgment and the fruits of it, opinion and corresponding conduct, it seemed to him, ought to be inseparable. He knew of no compromise or half-way measures with what was wrong.

This high moral tone, though often imputed to him as a fault,

was in fact the crowning glory of his character, whether as a man, a warrior, or a politician. So far as its having proved inconsistent with seeking full advice, and weighing contradictory reasons, and adopting measures of conciliation, where justifiable and wise, it was generally preceded by the amplest inquiries and careful deliberation. But a conclusion having been once formed, his mind and heart were flung into its execution with almost resistless energy, and then in fortitude to resist opposition, and in courage to brave all difficulties, and inflexible perseverance to carry out measures deemed right, he may well have been called a man of iron, a man of destiny, or the hero of the iron will.

Men and Memories of the South.—T. J. POWELL.

THE most momentous century of time is nearly ended and our faces are turned toward the east awaiting the sunrise of a new one. Your life's work is nearly done, and the superb citizenship of our fair South, which spring from your loins, will take up the problems of life and government, ennobled and strengthened by the loyalty, courage and devotion of its ancestry. When the last leaf is turned and the volume is carefully and tenderly placed in position, that portion devoted to our Civil War will hold a record to which your children's children will turn and stand in amazement before the sublimity of your struggle and the undimmed lustre of your fame. There they will find the seed of the Puritan and the seed of the Cavalier, struggling for supremacy—the conviction of the one battling against the institutions of the other. They will follow the two streams of our national life meandering from Plymouth Rock and Georgetown into that irrepressible, unavoidable clash that merged them into a common channel amidst the awful horrors and carnage of war. They will find the institutions of the Cavalier, not lost, but remodeled by the convictions of the Puritan, and the convictions of the Puritan not altered but strengthened and broadened by the quickened and multiplied stream of American manhood—sublime in its amalgamated virtue and power.

On July 21, 1861, the first real conflict of the war was fought on the battlefield of Bull Run. How easily you can recall the scene. The morning sun found the Federal forces on the hill at Centreville. The flower of the Southern army was at Stone House, on the other side of Bull Run. Thousands of gay equi-

pages trailed in the rear of the Union army—camp followers who were there to witness the end of the war, but when night came they were scattered to the winds in a mad and riotous rush back to the national capital, while victory crowned the Confederate arms. As a boy I have hunted over the historic fields and oft-times listened in wondering awe to the recital of that battle by those who witnessed it. There it was that Jackson earned the name of “Stonewall,” a name that gleams in the night of our history like a star of the first magnitude o’er a mountain peak. All the hot, fierce fire of the noonday sun and all the mildness of the midnight moon were mingled in the character of “Stonewall” Jackson. He was a mosaic, combining the convictions of the Puritan, predominated by the blood of a Cavalier. How proudly we recall him in his marvelous fights—a flashing sword—sweeping irresistibly the enemy from his pathway. How tenderly we remember him, wrestling in prayer, a very god of war. Even now our eyes grow dim at the recollection of that dark night near Chancellorsville when he fell at the hands of his own men, and “crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees.”

Another face looks at me from memory as I speak. I remember upon a June day in 1876 climbing a Virginia mountain with a fair-haired daughter of a Confederate veteran by my side. We stopped to beg a drink of water from a cabin near its summit. And there upon a rude mantel was a face framed in mountain flowers. For a moment we stood almost breathless, for in that rugged feature lay the volume of the fallen Confederacy. Since then I have seen that same face in gilded frame upon the frescoed walls of the rich—gazed upon its grand outline in marble and bronze in many public places in the South, where in heroic size it stands a sad sentinel over the bivouac of the Confederacy, but never has it so filled my bosom with reverence and love as when in that mountain cabin I looked into the face of Robert E. Lee. He was the embodiment of all the genius, virtue and courage of the Cavalier. A purer man never lived. He was the inspiration, the hope and the shield of the Confederacy. His military genius grows brighter and brighter as the years increase, and will continue so until the history proclaims him the central figure of the year. He is the greatest memory of the South.

To enumerate further would be folly, for the roll of honor embraces all who bared their breasts in the struggle or guided its fortunes in the council chamber. And now as I again bid

you welcome, a vision of your old homes comes to me, and the rippling words of an old song bubbles to my lips:

“Turn backward, turn backward, oh, time in your flight,
Make me a boy again just for to-night.”

Fair, beautiful Southland! You are the idol of our wakeful moments, the soul of reverie and the genius of our dreams. We, thy children, celebrate thy valor and thy history. Around thy mountain peaks lay the dreams of our youth, and lost in thy valleys are the voices of our childhood. We touch upon the harp of your history, and lo! the soul is moved with the music of thy fame. In thy bosom sleep loved and lost comrades, covered with a wilderness of bloom and perfume. Fair, fair Southland! Beautiful in thy suffering; radiant in thy renewed greatness; may God's richest blessing rest with thee and thy children forever.

The Southern Negro.—HENRY W. GRADY.

FAR to the south lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. But why is it, though the sectional line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have crossed it over to the South than when it was crimson with the best blood of the Republic, or even when the slaveholder stood guard every inch of its way? There can be but one answer.

I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from the American soil. But the freedman remains. With him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil—with equal civil and political rights—almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility—each pledged against fusion—one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war—these are the conditions.

Meanwhile we treat the negro fairly, measuring to him justice in the fulness the strong should give to the weak, and leading him in the steadfast ways of citizenship that he may no longer be the prey of the unscrupulous and the sport of the thoughtless. The love we feel for that race you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her crooning, as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle—a soldier struck, staggering, fallen; I see a slave scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death, bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom.

I see him when the mound is heaped, and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away, and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, falternig, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice, saying: "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he once put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into the new world—strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both—I follow. And may God forget my people—when they forget these!



The Blue and the Gray.—HENRY CABOT LODGE.

I WAS a boy ten years old when the troops marched away to defend Washington. I saw the troops, month after month, pour through the streets of Boston. I saw Shaw go forth at the head of his black regiment, and Bartlett, shattered in body but dauntless in soul, ride by, to carry what was left of him once more to the battlefields of the Republic. To my boyish mind one thing alone was clear, that the soldiers, as they marched past, were all, in that supreme hour, heroes and patriots.

And you, brave men who wore the gray, would be the first to hold me or any other son of the North in just contempt if I should say that now it was all over I thought the North was wrong and the result of the war a mistake. To the men who fought the battles of the Confederacy we hold out our hands freely, frankly and gladly. We have no bitter memories to revive, no reproaches to utter. Differ in politics and in a thousand other ways we must and shall in all good nature, but never

let us differ with each other on sectional or state lines, by race or creed.

We welcome you, soldiers of Virginia, as others more eloquent than I have said, to New England. We welcome you to old Massachusetts. We welcome you to Boston and Faneuil Hall. In your presence here, and at the sound of your voices beneath this historic roof, the years roll back, and we see the figure and hear again the ringing tones of your great orator, Patrick Henry, declaring to the first Continental Congress: "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

A distinguished Frenchman, as he stood among the graves at Arlington, said: "Only a great people is capable of a great civil war." Let us add with thankful hearts that only a great people is capable of a great reconciliation. Side by side, Virginia and Massachusetts led the Colonies into the War for Independence. Side by side, they founded the government of the United States. Morgan and Greene, Lee and Knox, Moultrie and Prescott, men of the South and men of the North, fought shoulder to shoulder, and wore the same uniform of buff and blue—the uniform of Washington.

Mere sentiment all this, some may say. But it is sentiment, true sentiment, that has moved the world. Sentiment fought the war, and sentiment has reunited us. So I say that the sentiment manifested by your presence here, brethren of Virginia, sitting side by side with those who wore the blue, tells that if war should break again upon the country the sons of Virginia and Massachusetts would, as in the olden days, stand once more shoulder to shoulder, with no distinction in the colors they wear. It is fraught with tidings of peace on earth, and you may read its meanings in the words on yonder picture, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

From Death to Life.—HENRY W. GRADY.

A SOLDIER lay wounded on a hard-fought battlefield; the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deathly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there, sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul, as it escaped from the turmoil of earth to the unspeakable peace of the stars. Off over the field

flickered the lanterns of the surgeons, with the litter-bearers. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak, as the lanterns drew near. At last the light fell in his face, and the surgeon bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head and was gone. The wounded soldier watched in patient agony as they went from one part of the field to another. As they came back, the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives to sundown to-morrow he will get well," he said, and passed on.

All night long these words fell into the wounded man's heart as the dews fell from the stars upon his lips, "if he but lives till to-morrow's sundown he will get well." He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its low descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows; and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard, and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane, I will open the battered gate; and the mocking-bird shall call me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farm house and put her hand slyly into his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home; he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, and bending low under his load of sorrow and old age; he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees, making to him such music as the world shall not equal nor heaven surpass; and then he thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I live till sundown I will see them all again, and weep away all memories of this desolate night." And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put His hand on

the ebbing life and held on the staunch until the sun went down, and the stars came out and shone in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

The world is a battlefield, strewn with the wrecks of governments and institutions, of theories and faiths that have gone down in the ravages of years. On this field lies the South, sown with her problems. Upon the field swings the lanterns of God. Amid the carnage walks the great Physician. Over the South He bends. "If ye but live until to-morrow's sundown, ye shall endure, my countrymen." Let us for her sake turn our faces to the east and watch as the soldier watched for the coming sun. Let us staunch her wounds and hold steadfast. The sun mounts the skies. As it descends, let us minister to her and stand constant at her side for the sake of our children, and of generations yet unborn that shall suffer if she fails. And when the sun has gone down and the day of her probation has ended, and the stars have rallied her heart, the lanterns shall be swung over the field and the great Physician shall lead her upward from trouble into content, from suffering into peace, from death to life.

The New Union.—HENRY WATTERSON.

THE duty which draws us together and the day, although appointed by law, comes to us laden with a deeper meaning than they have ever borne before; and the place which witnesses our coming, invests the occasion with increased solemnity and significance. Within this dread but beautiful city, consecrated in all our hearts and all our homes, two plots of ground with but a hillock between have been set aside to mark the resting of the dead of two armies which in life were called hostile, the Army of the Union, the Army of the Confederacy. We come to decorate the graves of those who died fighting for the Union. Presently others shall come to decorate the graves of those who died for the Confederacy. Yet if these flower-covered mounds could open and those who inhabit them could come forth, not as disembodied spirits, but in the sentient flesh and blood which they wore when they went hence they would rejoice as we do that the hopes of both have been at last fulfilled, and that the Confederacy, swallowed up by the Union, lives again in American manhood and brotherhood, such as were contemplated by the makers of the republic.

To those of us who were the comrades and contemporaries of the dead that are buried here, who survived the ordeal of battle and who live to bless the day, there is nothing strange or unnatural in this, because we have seen it coming for a long time; we have seen it coming in the kinship of ties even as close as those of a common country; in the robust intercourse of the forum and the market place; in the sacred interchanges of the domestic affections; but, above all, in the prattle of little children who cannot distinguish between the grandfather who wore the blue and the grandfather who wore the gray.

A Plea for the Southern Negro.—C. C. SMITH.

THIS is the picture of the negro as left by slavery; physically, he was impure; mentally, a child; morally, a curiosity; socially and politically he did not exist at all.

Suddenly the scene changes: all the old relations are broken up. Freed from all the restraints of the past and cast upon his own resources, just as he is, with the heredity of sin upon him, all at once he becomes his own master: he is called upon to govern himself and others; to be his own educator; turned out free—free to become a child of God or free to become an imp of Satan.

In this new state, the first influence brought to bear upon him was that of the "carpet-bagger." He alienated him from his former master, used him as a political catspaw for the accomplishment of his own corrupt purposes, and then left him to suffer the consequences. Then came the usurer, taking advantage of his need and his ignorance to practise upon him extortion. Then came the rum-seller, taking advantage of his weakness to debauch him with strong drink. Then came the licentious to prey upon his impurity. He became an easy prey for all of Satan's minions. He lost all the protection which slavery gave him and had none of the strength of a true freeman. Ignorance unrestrained became sin; and lust unbridled became pollution. Everybody's distrust of him produced self-distrust; as no one believed in him, he did not believe in himself; and from that day to this he has slept like the swine, eaten like the dog, and herded like the cattle.

Yet for these a plea may well be made. In the midst of this dismal swamp flowers grow, by contrast all the brighter. They all love their homes: tramps they are not. They love their

country: aliens they are not. They in their way believe in God: atheists they are not. Commit to them a great trust and they will be faithful: traitors they are not. Hopeful and happy they are in the midst of squalor and wretchedness: pessimists they are not. They stand before us with a weird, wild, poetic life, so unique that our disgust is turned into interest and our pity to love. What the negro may become has been shown. You, white man of the South, know what he was when raised near your person. No one need tell you of his right royal gallantry and politeness, of his unique service and fidelity even unto death.

The plea is not for money as alms or for him to control: this would but make him a pauper. It is not that you should go to him as a social equal; for if you do you will lose your power to do him good: some one must come to him from above. Nor is the plea for more political power. He, in his present state, has no more use for it than the little child for the sharp knife. No one can govern a country until he has learned to govern himself.

The plea is, that he shall not suffer because he is black; and that he be protected in his rights by the law of the land, by the law administered as well as the law enacted: that he shall not be condemned until proved guilty. But the main plea is that he have a chance to become a man above the fury of the mob. He cannot do this for himself. The plea is then for Christian schools to train men and women, teachers and preachers, who shall lead their own from the land of bondage to the land of promise.

Individualism vs. Centralization.—HON. DUDLEY G. WOOTEN.

IN peace and war, in business and pleasure, in religion and politics, the distinguishing virtue and indispensable attribute of public and private morality, to which every Anglo-Saxon renders unqualified homage and renown, are those of loyalty to trust and devotion to duty.

Transmitted to this Western World, these same traits of personal obligation, private honor, individual responsibility and inalienable duty are a necessary and vital part of our social and political inheritance. Strike down the sense of direct moral obligation, obliterate the salutary restraints of private and per-

sonal honor, and you eliminate the most valuable and vigorous factor in the manhood, independence and potential greatness of American society.

It should be a source of never-failing pride and satisfaction to us to reflect that, of all the inhabitants of this Union of states, those who have heretofore most nearly preserved in their purity and practised in their integrity the true and undefiled laws of political, social and individual morality and duty, were the citizens of that vanished time and fast-vanishing race—the sons of the Old South. In the simple and sedate atmosphere of those olden days, public virtue and private integrity, business trust and personal honor, were inseparable; individual manhood and political courage were convertible terms; social purity and a decorous regard for the pious convictions and sacred teachings of religion were accounted the attributes of true gentility, and a uniform courtesy, candor, fidelity and valor were the indispensable requirements of social recognition and public distinction. To those who vaunt the superior excellencies and practical advantages of the New South, with its increasing wealth and rapid conversion to the ideas of corporate control and combined industry, it would be both prudent and profitable to study the characteristics of that older civilization whose soft and tender charm, fading with the receding years, is yet “like the sound of distant music, mournful though pleasing to the soul.” It was an age of gentle manners, but unyielding courage; an era of ceremonious intercourse, but of unbroken promises and inviolable faith. Under the influence of more modern conceptions of co-operative enterprise and incorporated industry those pristine virtues of personal responsibility and heroic devotion to duty are fast becoming unknown quantities in the social, business and political relations of our people.

And at all these points of social growth and political friction we find the same struggle to maintain and to establish the ancient ideals of individualism and personal freedom against the encroachments of concentrated wealth, peculiar prerogative and incorporated privilege.

If now or hereafter among the representative nations of Aryan culture and progress, the innate and organic principles that form the inherited genius and fundamental law of the race development are ignored and violated—if individualism succumbs to centralization, and natural manhood is usurped by artificial citizenship, then in vain need we strive to preserve the purity and perpetuate the blessings of free democratic institutions, either

here in their chosen abode or elsewhere among the struggling nations of the earth.

But if we shall adhere to the ideals of our race as they have been developed through the ages, if we shall practise and enforce obedience to the primal laws of our social and political health as they have been demonstrated by centuries of cumulative evolution and experience, if we are true to our faith and firm in our courage, then the ultimate freedom and union of humanity are not a dreaming phantasy of political theorists, but, "rising on a wind of prophecy," we may even indulge the Apocalyptic vision of the poet:

"When the war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags
are furled,—
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world;
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in
awe,
And the peaceful earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

A Court Scene in the South.—ADAPTED,

It was about noon on a sultry day, that wore heavily on both court and jury, when the prosecution announced that it had finished its case. There was little excitement in the audience; it was evidently a clear case of murder, the chain of evidence presented by the State had completely entwined the prisoner. A man had been stabbed; had fallen dead, his hands clasped over his wound, with not an indication of defence on his part. From beneath his hand, when convulsively opened, a knife had fallen, which, it was shown, the prisoner's wife had seized and concealed. Why should she have concealed it if her husband was innocent of foul play?

There was marked lack of attention on the part of the jury when the dusky prisoner took the stand in his own behalf. He told his story in a straightforward, simple manner; explained how he had killed the deceased in self-defence; that the knife had fallen from the dead man's hand, and was the one with which he himself had been attacked. It was apparent that nothing he could say would make any impression on the jury; they were decided as to his guilt, so, with a sigh that permeated the whole room, he took his seat. While the prisoner was on the stand, an elderly gentleman with iron-gray hair, and clad in

a gray suit, entered the room and stood silently by the door. At the close of the prisoner's plea, the solicitor arose and in a few cold words stated his case: The man had stabbed another wantonly. If the knife was the property of the deceased, why was it not produced in court? The prisoner's wife had picked it up. With this brief summary, he passed the prisoner's life into the hands of the jury. The judge had arisen, and in solemn style was saying: "Mr. Foreman, and gentlemen of the Jury," when suddenly from the old gentleman in gray came the sharp but decisive words: "If it please your Honor, the prisoner is entitled to the closing argument, and, in the absence of other counsel, I beg you will allow me to speak for the defence." "Mr. Clerk," said the Court, "mark General Robert Thomas for the defence." The court room, which before had been astir with the murmur of those present, was now deathly still. General Thomas for the defence! What could it all mean? Had any new evidence been discovered? Only the old man, grim, gray, and majestically defiant, stood between the prisoner and the gallows. After standing a moment and gazing about the court room with an air of disgust, he said with quick but quiet energy: "The knife that was found by the dead man's side was his own. He had drawn it before he was stabbed. Ben Thomas is a brave man; a strong man; he would never have used a weapon, if his antagonist had been unarmed. A brave man who is full of strength never draws a weapon to repel a simple attack. The defendant drew his knife when he saw a knife in the hand of his foe, not from fear, but to equalize the combat. Why do I say he was brave? Every man upon this jury shouldered his musket during the war. Some of you were perhaps at Gettysburg; I was there too." It was evident that the General had aroused a deepfelt interest by his allusion to the old days when all the men for miles about entered the army, and many had served under the old General, whose war record was a household legend. "I and the only brother that God ever gave me. I well remember that fight. The enemy met our onslaught with a courage and grit that could not be shaken. Line after line melted away, and at last came Pickett's charge.

"You know the result. Out of that vortex of flame and that storm of lead and iron a handful drifted back. From one to another a man of black skin was seen to run. On, on he went; gone one moment and in sight the next, on, up to the flaming cannon themselves. There he stooped and lifted a form from the ground; and then, stumbling, staggering under his load,

made his way back across that field of death, until, meeting him halfway, I took the burden myself from the hero and bore it myself to safety. That burden was the senseless form of my brother"—here the General paused, and walking rapidly towards the prisoner, he raised his arm on high, and his voice rang out like a trumpet,—“gashed and bleeding and mangled, but alive, thank God! And the man who bore him out, who brought him to me in his arms as a mother would a sick child, himself torn by a fragment of a shell until the great heart was almost dropping from his breast, that man, my friends, sits here accused of murder.” To add emphasis to his plea, he tore open the prisoner’s shirt and laid bare his breast on which were the scars of that terrible day. “Look!” he cried, “and bless the sight, for that scar was won by a slave in an hour that tried the courage of free men and put to its highest test the best manhood of the South. No man who won such wounds could thrust a knife into an unarmed assailant. I have come seventy miles in my old age to say this.”

The jury did not even retire, but instantly returned a verdict of “Not guilty!” Some may say that this was contrary to the evidence, but if one could judge from the appearance of the spectators, as they left the court-house, they were content. Even the apparently cold-hearted solicitor, who bore a scar on his forehead that dated back to the old days when North and South were estranged, received the verdict with a smile that indicated his approval.

The Negro Vote in the South.—HENRY W. GRADY.

THE question is asked repeatedly, “When will the black man in the South cast a free ballot? When will he have the civil rights that are his?”

When will the black cast a free ballot? When ignorance anywhere is not dominated by the will of the intelligent; when the laborer anywhere casts a ballot unhindered by his boss; when the strong and the steadfast do not everywhere control the suffrage of the weak and the shiftless. Then, but not till then, will the ballot of the negro be free.

The white people of the South are banded together not in race prejudice against the blacks, not in sectional estrangement, not in the desire of political dominion, but in a deep and abiding necessity. Here is this vast ignorant and venal vote—clannish, credulous, impulsive and passionate—tempted by every

art of the demagogue, but insensible to the appeal of the statesman. Its credulity is imposed upon, its patience is inflamed, its cupidity is aroused, its impulses are misdirected, and even its superstitions made to play their part in a campaign in which every interest of society is jeopardized and every approach to the ballot box is debauched. It is against such campaigns—the folly and bitterness of which every Southern community has drunk deeply—that the white people of the South are banded together. Just as you in New York state would be banded if 300,000 voters, not one in a hundred able to read his own ballot, unified by a race instinct, cherishing against you the memory of a hundred years of slavery, taught by your late conquerors to hate and distrust you, had already travestied legislation from your state capitol, and in every species of folly had wasted your substance and exhausted your credit. The negro can never control in the South, and it would be well if partisans in the North would understand this. If there is any human force that cannot be withstood it is the power of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a free community. Against this numbers and corruption cannot prevail. It cannot be forbidden in the law or divorced in force. It is the inalienable right of every free community and the just and righteous safeguard against an ignorant and corrupt suffrage. It is on this that we rely in the South, not on the cowardly meance of mask or shotgun, but upon the peaceful majesty of intelligence and responsibility, massed and unified for the protection of its homes and the preservation of its liberties. This is our reliance and our hope, and against it all the powers of the earth cannot prevail. You may pass your force bills, but they will not avail. You may surrender your own liberties to a Federal election law; you may invite Federal interference with the New England town-meeting, that has stood for a hundred years as the guarantee of local government in America; that old state which holds in its charter the boast that it is a “free and independent commonwealth” may surrender its own political machinery to a Federal government which it helped to create, but never will a single state, North or South, be again delivered to the control of an ignorant and inferior race.

We wrested our state government from negro supremacy when the Federal drumbeat rolled closer to the ballot box and when Federal bayonets hedged it about closer than will ever again be permitted in this free community. But if Federal cannon thundered in every voting district of the South we

would still find in the mercy of God the means and the courage to prevent its re-establishment.

The Future of the Southern Negro.—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

No race that is so largely ignorant and so recently out of slavery could, perhaps, show a better record in the percentage of crimes committed than the negroes in the South; and yet we must face the plain fact that there is too much crime among them. A large percentage of the crimes grow out of the idleness of our young negro men and women. It is for this reason that I have tried to insist that some industry be taught in connection with their course of literary training.

No race has ever gotten upon its feet without discouragements and struggles. The negro, let me add, has among many of the Southern whites as good friends as he has anywhere in the world. With the best white people and the best black people standing together in favor of law and order and justice, I believe that the safety and happiness of both races will be made secure.

We are one in this country. When one race is strong the other is strong; when one is weak the other is weak. There is no power that can separate our destiny. Unjust laws and customs that exist in many places injure the white man and inconvenience the negro. No race can wrong another race simply because it has the power to do so without being permanently injured in its own morals. If a white man steals a negro's ballot it is the white man who is permanently injured. Physical death comes to one negro lynched in a county, but death of morals comes to those responsible for the lynching.

In the economy of God there is but one standard by which an individual can succeed; there is but one for a race. This country expects that every race shall measure itself by the American standard. During the next half century and more the negro must continue passing through the severe American crucible. He is to be tested in his patience, his forbearance, his perseverance, his power to endure wrong—to withstand temptations, to economize, to acquire and use skill—his ability to compete, to succeed in commerce, to disregard the superficial for the real, the appearance for the substance, to be great and yet small, learned and yet simple, high and yet the servant of all. This, this is the passport to all that is best in the life of our Republic, and the negro must possess it or be barred out.

Fraternalism vs. Sectionalism.—HON. S. W. T. LANHAM, OF TEXAS.

I AM one of those who rejoice in the belief that the very flower and chivalry of American manhood were eminently represented in the soldiery of the war between the states, and I stand cheerful to accord the utmost credit to the virtue, the courage, and the patriotism of every honest actor in that contest, whether he worthily wore the uniform and maintained the flag of the one side or the other.

In this sentiment I am joined by the men who fought for the Confederacy and have survived the clash of arms. I believe that it is reciprocated by the vast body of the old soldiers in the North. All that is needed to accomplish the utter destruction of sectionalism, so far as it may have arisen on account of the war, is a correct understanding of each other and a concert of earnest action. To whatever political organization we may belong, how widely soever we may separate in other respects, it is not and ought not to be inconsistent with our conviction of loyalty to legitimate party demands and devotion to our country's welfare, to combine our influence and endeavors to the upbuilding of citizen brotherhood and the downfall of sectional estrangement and hostility. Whoever in this day shall be tempted by selfish ambition, or other motive, to foster and encourage sectional feelings, is unworthy of consideration by his party associates, and should have left upon him a brand of excommunication from the order of American patriotism.

Mr. Chairman, when from the hilltop of the present, we overlook the plains of the next century; when we survey our national magnificence of to-day, and contemplate the mighty possibilities of the future; when we reflect how much has been accomplished in building up the waste places and healing the wounds made by the war; when we consider our common origin and the heritage left us by our common sires; when we realize the homogeneity of our ancestry and cherish together the memory of their immortal deeds; when we jointly admire the foundations they laid for popular government and behold with pride the stately structure of liberty and civilization erected thereon; when we recognize our national kinship and anticipate the splendid future products of our patriotic and co-operative energies; when we observe how necessary we all are to each other—surely, when we appreciate all these things, there is no room for individual resentment or sectional antagonism, but, on

the contrary, there is every inducement for the beneficent reign of a cordial American fellowship.

Indulge me, in conclusion, to say that I wish I could incite the old soldiers throughout the land to "the victories of peace;" to wage uncompromising hostility against every species of unjust proscription of their fellow men; to strike to the death the vice of sectionalism; to tear down the battlements of monopoly; to crush out the evils of class legislation; to break the manacles of industrial captivity and commercial subjugation; to shatter the bolts which lock up from the channels of trade the necessary supply of monetary circulation; to batter down the prison walls which restrain any of the agencies and factors of our national growth and prosperity, and to fully enlarge all the elements that logically combine to make this the best government on the face of the earth. To this end,

God speed the day when from North and South, all
Shall meet as one—

At the glad welcome of their country's call.



A United Country.—SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.

IF cordial friendship can ever exist between two communities, it should exist between Massachusetts and South Carolina. They were alike in the circumstances of their origin. The English Pilgrims and Puritans founded Massachusetts, Scotch Presbyterians founded Carolina, to be followed soon after by the French exiles fleeing from the same oppression.

If there be a single lesson which the people of this country have learned from their wonderful and crowded history, it is that the North and South are indispensable to each other. They are the blades of mighty shears, worthless apart, but, when bound by indissoluble union, powerful, irresistible, and terrible as the shears of Fate.

Whatever estrangement may have existed in the past, or may linger among us now, is born of ignorance and will be dispelled by knowledge. The American people have learned to know, as never before, the quality of Southern stock and to value its noble contribution to the American character; its courage in war, its attachment to home and state; its love of rural life, its capacity for great affection and generous emotion; its aptness for command; above all, its constancy, that virtue

above all virtues, without which no people can long be either great or free.

The time has come when Americans—North, South, East, and West—may discuss any question of public interest in a friendly and quiet spirit, each understanding the other, each striving to help the other as men who are bearing a common burden and looking forward with a common hope. On the whole, we are advancing quite as rapidly as could be expected to the time when all the different races of men will live together on American soil in honor and in peace, every man enjoying his just right wherever the American flag floats, where the influence of intelligence, of courage, of energy inspired by a lofty patriotism and a Christian love, will have its full and legitimate effect, not through disorder, or force, or lawlessness, but under the silent and sure law by which always the superior leads and the inferior follow.



National Unity.—WM. L. PRATHER,

President of the University of Texas.

THE idea of national unity is as yet young. We have been geographically a nation, territorially a nation, governmentally a nation, ethically a nation—for a century. But the development of a true national unity in the fullest sense of the term is one of the great problems for the education of the future—a problem whose significance and importance we must be fully awake to.

Think of the intellectual triumphs which await a nation of eighty million souls, enjoying opportunities of culture that are accessible to all, from the meanest to the highest, untrammelled by artificial social distinctions, possessing a quickness of intellect and adaptability that goes hand in hand with solid and sturdy moral character, to form the best foundation for the best kind of intellectual culture; and possessing those elements and characteristics in a measure and degree unequalled among the nations of the world. This is our opportunity, and if we fail to realize it, we are failing of a full conception of our national duty.

One of the happiest results which the intercommunication of education has wrought is the larger ability to discuss philosophically, wisely, and with less passion and prejudice, the great questions affecting us as a nation and parts of the same nation.

We should never forget that we are brothers, members of the same household ; that this nation is a family of states ; and that whatever affects favorably or unfavorably the welfare of one, affects the whole nation. We must rise to a true conception of this idea if we would in the future avoid sectionalism, and secure the welfare of the whole people rather than the welfare of a particular section. Truth and frankness should characterize our dealings with each other as individuals, as states, and as a whole people. One of the most potent forces now contributing to the development of such a national sympathy is the State University.

If it be true that "the arrival of democracy is the fact of our time, which overshadows all other facts," the very incarnation of true democracy is found in the modern State University. A university for the people without distinctions of rank is the regenerating thought of the new world. In the glorious progress of American manhood and womanhood, universities are the torchbearers of American civilization. It is a serious error on the part of our politicians to charge that the great teachers and thinkers of our universities are mere theorists. No wiser step has been taken by our rulers than when they utilized in the affairs of government the training, the learning, and the wisdom of the scholars of this nation. They brought to their aid the lessons of all history, and bravely applied them to the solution of new and perplexing problems, thereby enriching the achievements of American statesmanship. To these great centres of learning, planted in every state of this rapidly expanding union, as well as to our common schools, we must look in the future for that stalwart and vitalizing American sentiment which shall not only withstand, but shall quickly transform and assimilate, the uninstructed foreign population now flocking to our shores. Our safety as a people demands a wise and vigorous effort to educate the masses to an intelligent appreciation of the blessings which we as freemen enjoy. The educational forces of this country are doing a great work towards breaking down sectionalism, allaying party strife and promoting the peace, prosperity and unity of this nation.

It is my clear conviction that it would be wise for the American people to cease establishing new colleges and universities, and to concentrate their efforts in strengthening those already founded, thereby increasing their power and efficiency. The State University at the head of the state system of education is an evolution of the best western thought, and the noblest

civic achievement of the commonwealth. There should be the closest and most harmonious relation between the university and all the educational agencies of the state. As the university grows, its magnetic life should pervade every district school, and be an inspiration and blessing to all good learning. The system of elementary and secondary education should culminate in the university.

If the newer universities, thus developed from the expanding intellectual life of our people, are tied in bonds of closest sympathy and fraternal co-operation to the older universities already established, and so unite with them to maintain the highest ideals of American life and American thought, the time is not far distant when American culture shall be a national culture, exerting on the nations of the earth an influence, as wide and potent as was that of Greece and Rome, in uplifting and enlightening the world.



Expand at Home and Not in the Philippines.

D. A. DEARMOND, OF MISSOURI.

It is argued that if we are to be the leading nation of the Anglo-Saxon race, we must undertake the task of governing the Filipinos. Sir, our tasks are here. Our duty is to our own people. When we have builded a greater republic here, when we have advanced in the development of our resources, when we have furnished the steady light for the guidance of the world, then we shall have performed well our part in history. Here is our theatre. Here Providence has cast our lot. Here is the scene of our duty. Here is the field of the glorious achievements of our fathers. Here is the arena for our children. Why seek to enlarge it in the Old World? Why seek to add to it that which can never be harmonized with it?

Some gentlemen suggest that the Filipinos shall not come in as citizens of the United States. What, then, do you want with them? What is to be their relation to the people of this country, if they are not to become citizens of the United States? I do not wish them to be citizens of the United States. I do not believe in lowering the level of citizenship so that they can reach it. I do not believe in adding to the bulk of illiteracy, of venality, of corruption, that which is to come in by the incorporation of the Filipinos.

But do you say, "Let us hold them?" What a magnificent

spectacle that would be to the rest of the world! What a travesty upon republicanism for the giant Republic, the exemplar Republic, the Republic in the van, to go into the business of holding colonies and subduing and governing people as the monarchies, absolute and despicable, do!

What encouragement could we thus afford to struggling humanity the world over? How many thousands, aye, how many millions of people, have looked across the dark scenes of the present, hoping to see the brighter light of the future—hoping to see the gleam of the star of liberty blazing in the great Republic of America, in the western world, and trusting that thence the inspiration would come, teaching that man can govern himself, and inviting the brave, the resolute, the true, the generous, to escape from onerous conditions existing and partake of that liberty which we Americans have long enjoyed.

What message shall we send out to those people if, instead of continuing the champion of personal liberty, we now turn to be the oppressor? How shall we hope to maintain a Government such as we have so long boasted of—a Government of freemen by freemen—if the Government itself is to engage in the business of subjugating and oppressing the Filipinos, lately our allies, in another hemisphere? How shall we hope, after having taken up the business of protecting the oppressed and affording an asylum to the weak and suffering throughout the whole world, to escape condemnation, if in turn, we, ourselves, adopt a policy of subjugation and force rule?

Let us not stumble along blindfolded until the fact that we never have parted with any territory once regarded as our own may be used as an argument and a sentiment against doing what is certain, if we persist in this course of imperialism, soon to be proved necessary for our own welfare—to get away from the Orient and devote our energies to our own country and hemisphere, to the protection and the upbuilding of our own institutions at home.

The Independent Voter.—LEO N. LEVI.

IN every government parties are inevitable, if not necessary. In our government they are necessary to the perpetuity of the government itself. Our Constitution was a compromise; the machinery of our government was adopted in accordance with that compromise. The great struggle between the Federalists

and Republicans was relegated to posterity, and the contest still continues and will continue until the end.

The logical issue of a strong and centralized government is illustrated in the despotism of Bismarck and the Czar. The logical issue of pure democracy was reached in the French revolution and the commune. In England and the United States the advocates of either principles are nearly evenly matched, and the conservatism resulting gives us the two best governments of modern times. Nothing in our present condition should excite our exultation so much as the fact that the two great American parties are of almost equal number, ability and power. It insures conservatism and honesty in public affairs, and leaves the balance of power where it should be lodged—with the independent voter. The independent voter is the safety valve of the republic. He is the most responsible, most intelligent, the bravest of our citizens. He is, above all others, the patriot whose patriotism is neither an incident to nor a means of self-preservation.

"It is base abandonment of reason to resign the right of thought." Such disaffection purifies and strengthens a party. It deposes inefficient and corrupt leaders. It is the sword of Damocles that is constantly suspended over the head of the demagogue. Were there no such independence, party leaders would become tyrants, and the government would be at the mercy of the man who best succeeded in whipping or bribing votes to the polls. Our government was born of the individuality and independence of the colonists. They remained loyal to the mother country until repeated and long-continued abuses made loyalty synonymous with the surrender of manhood. Then leaped into the full vigor of revolution the courageous spirit of liberty and independence. During eight years of privation and danger, that are but half told when the power of the historian is exhausted, they struggled with unabated courage. The God of justice was with them; and lo! an infant nation sprung into life, faint, impoverished and weak, but rich in the heritage of freedom bequeathed by the countless martyrs of the past.

The independence of the Americans was the progenitor and birthright of the nation. Believe me, my friends, we cannot surrender the basis of our greatness without destroying the magnificent superstructure. From independence we were born; by it we have grown great; through it, and only through independence can we endure. I recognize in our country the fruition

of all the hopes and prayers that have mingled with the martyr's tears since the morning of time. The seed of freedom that could not germinate in the eastern hemisphere, in the virgin soil of a new continent sprung into a magnificent tree that was rooted on Independence day, and destined, let us trust, to flourish for all time. It is because of the blessings our country is able to afford that I would name and guard against the dangers that threaten her purity, power and stability. The parasite is not less dangerous because we refuse to recognize its existence.

The very genius of this occasion is loyalty to our country's flag, which we thus annually renew with freshened enthusiasm. It is well that the heart should be stirred by national anthems and plaudits for the national banner, but more enduring in substance and value than anthems and hosannas is that patriotism that perennially burns and that should on such occasions burst into a flame of resolve to perpetuate and practise the revolutionary slogan, "Independence now and forever."

Our Policy Toward Porto Rico.—S. W. T. LANHAM, OF TEXAS.

THE time has come when, in Porto Rico at least, it would seem that in some degree civil government is to be substituted for military rule. It is not to be forgotten that the people of this island greeted our approach and welcomed American sovereignty, and the assurances we then gave them ought to be constantly kept in mind and faithfully executed. They have not engaged in any insurrection against our authority since it was first asserted. No insurgency on their part has menaced our peace, nor taken the lives of our soldiery. Our flag has floated serenely over the Porto Ricans. That they will cheerfully acquiesce in any just dominion we may establish, and under proper treatment from us will continue to rejoice in the transfer of their allegiance from Spain to the United States and their permanent connection with our great Union, it seems reasonable to assume. How shall we demean ourselves toward them, and what shall we do with them? It is recorded that when Alexander invaded India and captured Porus, a rich and powerful king, he inquired of his captive how he thought he ought to be treated. "Like a king," was the proud answer made to the conqueror's question; and it is said that Alexander gave him back his kingdom, to be held, however, subject to the

Macedonian crown. How shall we treat the Porto Ricans, and what treatment have they the right to expect at our hands? Are they less deserving than was Porus, the Indian king? Are we less magnanimous than was the ancient Grecian warrior? Is there with us more of barbarism and less of human toleration in the closing year of the nineteenth century than there was with the heathen in 327 B. C.? Is the spirit of American greed stronger than was the rapacity of Grecian conquest? Is Punie faith a trait of American character? We must either treat this people like Americans, or as an alien race unworthy of sharing the blessings of our Government and beyond the pale of our Constitution.

As a patriotic American, I would not have my country shirk any proper responsibility or evade any duty it owes to itself or to those whom the fortunes of war have placed within its care and keeping and beneath its shield and protection. I earnestly desire that it should suitably discharge every honorable obligation resting upon it and mete out entire justice, both to its perfect and inchoate citizens. It cannot afford to do wrong. Its conscience must be preserved and its good name and national character and plighted faith must be maintained. I earnestly pray that it may be equal to every present and future emergency; that it may hold fast to the faith of the fathers, and that every "blessing of liberty" may continue to abide with us and be transmitted unimpaired to those who shall come after us.



Education and Character. WM. L. PRATHER.

EDUCATION is the most important subject that can engage the attention of young men and women. When Aristotle was asked in what way the educated differed from the uneducated, he replied: "As the living differ from the dead."

In the early part of our history the American college was largely ecclesiastical, and young men attended college to study church creeds. Gradually, however, the college became a civil and political institution. When the commonwealth, realizing that a general diffusion of knowledge was essential to the preservation of the liberties and rights of the people, undertook the great duty of educating its children, and each state of the Union established a university at the head of its system of public education, the American university passed to a higher

and broader plane, and now has for its object the preparation of men and women for all the high duties of citizenship.

This university was established by Texans for Texans, and must be administered for Texans. Every officer and employee should be imbued with a patriotic desire to serve this great commonwealth. Every young man and young woman educated within these walls owes it to the state to repay its outlay for them.

The greatest good that can come into the life of a human being through the process of education is a personal richness and beauty. "Education is not to make us seem to be greater to the world, but that the world and all life and all eternity may seem greater and richer and more beautiful to us."

Let me hold up to you the beauty and glorious possibilities of the youth with which you are endowed. Do you realize what a peerless privilege it is to be young? Youth is admitted by all to be the most fascinating period of life, with its freshness, its enthusiasm and confidence, frankly responding to every act of kindness and opening the heart to every overture of love. It has been said, "Youth is the time when we own the world and the fulness thereof. Youth, like Napoleon, sees the world and proceeds to conquer it. Youth sees mountains and dares to climb them; stone walls, and dares to beat them down; chasms, and dares to bridge them." Youth here at the beginning of the twentieth century has all history and all lands for its demesne, though it may live in a cottage or a cabin. It has for its birth-right every discovery, every invention, every conquest since the world began. Youth, for which the cave dwellers made their rude implements of stone as they groped their way in the dawn of human evolution. Youth, for whom Shakespeare wrote, for whom Newton and Kepler and Edison solved the mysteries of the world, and for whom the twentieth century is preparing to open its golden gates of promise.

Let me emphasize the fact that character is above everything. It is the only indestructible material in destiny's fierce crucible. Character is itself a rank and an estate. Character stands in majesty unawed and unmoved before men and devils. Character stands confident and trustful in the presence of God himself. Genius, so often lauded, fails frequently of its aim for want of character to support it. The men upon whom society leans are men of proved honor, rectitude and consistency, whose sterling character gives pledge of faithfulness to every trust committed to them.

Thackeray says: "Nature has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces which is honored wherever presented. There is a 'promise to pay' in their faces that inspires confidence, and you prefer it to another man's indorsement." As the rivulet scoops out the valley, moulds the hillside and carves the mountain's face, so the stream of thought sculpts the soul into grace, mellows the heart to tenderness and love, and these are mirrored in the countenance.

In summing up all I would say to you, let me borrow the fine phrase of a gifted man of our own time:

"Live out truly your human life as a human life; not as a supernatural life, for you are a man and not an angel; not as a sensual life, for you are a man and not a brute; not as a wicked life, for you are a man and not a demon; not as a frivolous life, for you are a man and not an insect. Live each day the true life of a man to-day; not yesterday's life only, lest you become a visionary; but the life of happy yesterdays and confident to-morrows—the life of to-day, unwounded by the Parthian arrows of yesterday and undarkened by the possible cloudland of to-morrow."

Reunited.—WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

I CANNOT withhold from these people my profound thanks for their hearty reception and the good will which they have shown me everywhere and in every way since I have been their guest. I thank them for the opportunity which this occasion gives me of meeting and greeting them and for the pleasure it affords me to participate with them in honoring the army and navy, to whose achievements we are indebted for one of the most brilliant chapters of American history.

Under hostile fire, on a foreign soil, fighting in a common cause the memory of old disagreements has faded into history. From camp and campaign there comes the magic healing which has closed ancient wounds and effaced their scars. For this result every American patriot will forever rejoice. It is no small indemnity for the cost of war.

The government has proved itself invincible in the recent war, and out of it has come a nation which will remain indivisible forevermore. No worthier contributions have been made in patriotism and in men than by the people of these Southern States. When at last the opportunity came they were eager

to meet it and with promptness responded to the call of the country. Intrusted with the able leadership of men dear to them, who had marched with their fathers under another flag, now fighting under the old flag again, they have gloriously helped to defend its spotless folds and added new lustre to its shining stars.

That flag has been planted in two hemispheres, and there it remains, the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress. Who will withdraw from the people over whom it floats its protecting folds? Who will haul it down?

The victory we celebrate is not that of a ruler, a President, or of a Congress, but of the people. The army whose valor we admire and the navy whose achievements we applaud were not assembled by draft or conscription, but by voluntary enlistment. The heroes came from civil as well as military life. Trained and untrained soldiers wrought our triumphs.

The peace we have won is not a selfish truce of arms, but one whose conditions presage good to humanity. The domains secured by the treaty yet to be acted upon by the Senate came to us, not as the result of a crusade of conquest, but as the reward of temperate, faithful, and fearless response to the call of conscience, which could not be disregarded by a liberty-loving and Christian people.

We have so borne ourselves in the conflict and in our intercourse with the powers of the world as to escape complaint of complication and give universal confidence in high purpose and unselfish sacrifices for struggling peoples. The task is not fulfilled. Indeed, it is only just begun. This is the time for earnest, not faint hearts. The most serious work is still before us, and every energy of heart and mind must be bent and the impulses of partisanship subordinated to its faithful execution.

This war was waged, not for revenge or aggrandizement, but for our oppressed neighbors, for their freedom and amelioration. It was short but decisive. It recorded a succession of significant victories on land and sea. It gave new honors to American arms. It has brought new problems to the Republic, whose solution will tax the genius of our people. United we will meet and solve them with honor to ourselves and to the lasting benefit of all concerned. The war brought us together; its settlement will keep us together.

Reunited! Glorious realization! It expresses the thought of my mind and the long-deferred consummation of my heart's desire as I stand in this presence. It interprets the hearty

demonstration here witnessed and is the patriotic refrain of all sections and of all lovers of the Republic.

Reunited ! One country again and one country forever ! Proclaim it from the press and pulpit ! Teach it in the schools ! Write it across the skies ! The world sees and feels it ! It cheers every heart, North and South, and brightens the life of every American home. Let nothing ever strain it again. At peace with all the world and with each other, what can stand in the pathway of our progress and prosperity ?

A Plea for Cuba.—JOHN M. THURSTON.

I AM here by command of silent lips to speak once and for all upon the Cuban situation. I shall endeavor to be honest, conservative and just. I have no purpose to stir the public passion to any action not necessary and imperative to meet the duties and necessities of American responsibility, Christian humanity and national honor. I would shirk this task if I could, but I dare not. I cannot satisfy my conscience except by speaking and speaking now.

The pictures in the American newspapers of the starving reconcentrados are true. They can all be duplicated by the thousands. I never saw, and please God I may never again see, so deplorable a sight as the reconcentrados in the suburbs of Matanzas. I can never forget to my dying day the hopeless anguish in their despairing eyes. Men, women and children stand silent—famishing with hunger. Their only appeal comes from their sad eyes, through which one looks as through an open window into their agonizing souls. The government of Spain has not and will not appropriate one dollar to save these people. They are now being attended and nursed and administered to by the charity of the United States. Think of the spectacle ! We are feeding these citizens of Spain ; we are nursing their sick ; we are saving such as can be saved, and yet there are those who still say it is right for us to send food, but we must keep hands off. I say that the time has come when muskets ought to go with the food.

I shall refer to these horrible things no further. They are there. God pity me, I have seen them ; they will remain in my mind forever—and this is almost the twentieth century. Christ died nineteen hundred years ago, and Spain is a Christian nation. She has set up more crosses in more lands, beneath more

skies, and under them has butchered more people than all the other nations of the earth combined.

Europe may tolerate her existence as long as the people of the Old World wish. But God grant that before another Christmas morning the last vestige of Spanish oppression and tyranny will have vanished from the Western Hemisphere.

Mr. President, the distinguished Senator from Vermont has seen all these things; he knows all these things; he has described all these things; but after describing them he says he has nothing to propose, no remedy to suggest. I have. I am only a humble unit in the great government of the United States, but I should feel myself a traitor did I remain silent now.

The time for action has come. No greater reason for it can exist to-morrow than exists to-day. Every hour's delay only adds another chapter to the awful story of misery and death. Only one power can intervene—the United States of America. Ours is the one great nation of the New World, the mother of American Republics. She holds a position of trust and responsibility toward the peoples and the affairs of the whole Western Hemisphere.

Mr. President, there are those who say that the affairs of Cuba are not the affairs of the United States, who insist that we can stand idly by and see that island devastated and depopulated, its business interests destroyed, its commercial intercourse with us cut off, its people starved, degraded and enslaved. It may be the naked, legal right of the United States to stand thus idly by.

I have the legal right to pass along the streets and see a helpless dog stamped into the earth under the heels of a ruffian. I can pass by and say that is not my dog. I can sit in my comfortable parlor with my loved ones gathered about me, and through my plate-glass window see a fiend outraging a helpless woman near by, and I can legally say this is no affair of mine—it is not happening on my premises; and I can turn away and take my little ones in my arms, and, with the memory of their sainted mother in my heart, look up to the motto on the wall and read, "God bless our home." But if I do, I am a coward and a cur, unfit to live, and, God knows, unfit to die. And yet I cannot protect the dog nor save the woman without the exercise of force.

We cannot intervene and save Cuba without the exercise of force, and force means war; war means blood. The lowly Nazarene on the shores of Galilee preached the divine doctrine

of love, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Not peace on earth at the expense of liberty and humanity. Not good will toward men who despoil, enslave, degrade, and starve to death their fellow-men. I believe in the doctrine of Christ. I believe in the doctrine of peace; but Mr. President, men must have liberty before there can come abiding peace.

The time for God's force has come again. Let the impassioned lips of American patriots once more take up the song:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigured you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
For God is marching on.

Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for further diplomatic negotiation, which means delay, but for me, I am ready to act now, and for my action I am ready to answer to my conscience, my country and my God.

Mr. President, in the cable that moored me to life and hope the strongest strands are broken. I have but little left to offer at the altar of Freedom's sacrifice, but all I have I am glad to give. I am ready to serve my country as best I can in the Senate or in the field. My dearest wish, my most earnest prayer to God is this, that when death comes to end all, I may meet it calmly and fearlessly as did my beloved, in the cause of humanity under the American flag.

Little Giffen, of Tennessee.

THE story of Little Giffen is said to be literally true. His name was Isaac Giffen, and he was born of humble parents in one of the hamlets of East Tennessee. His father was a blacksmith. Little Giffen was terribly shot in one of the battles of Tennessee, and carried with other wounded far south to be cared for. Sadly mutilated, and so like a child in appearance as to have seemed "borne by the tide of war from the cradle to the jaws of death," he was taken from the hospital to Columbus, Ga., to the home of Dr. Y. O. Tichnor, five miles south of that place. He remained with the family a year, but was always anxious to return to the war, which he did in time to be killed near Atlanta, it is supposed, and to be buried in one of the numerous graves in Oakland cemetery which bear the melancholy legend, "Unknown." The poem was written by Dr. Y. O. Tichnor:

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,

Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene,
(Eighteen battles and he sixteen !)
Spectre ! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee !

“Take him and welcome,” the surgeon said ;
“Little the doctor can help the dead.”
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air ;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus from heel to head !

And we watched the war with a bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death,
Months of torture, how many such ?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch ;
And still the glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more ! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
“Dear Mother,” at first, of course, and then
“Dear Captain,” inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer : “Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive.”

Word of gloom from the war one day :
Johnson pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away ;
A tear, his first, as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye ;
“I'll write, if spared !” There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffen—he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely Knight of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For “Little Giffen, of Tennessee.”

On the Development of Southern Resources.

WM. H. GARLAND,

It is pleasing, with folded arms, to stand and gaze at the gorgeous sunset; to mark each floating cloud as it is touched with its golden fringe, and weave fancy after fancy into a bright tissue for the future; thus to stand until the stars peep out, and then, with a bound of the spark ethereal, which gives life and variety to man's thoughts, pass from star to star, peopling them with our thoughts, and filling them with our fancies; but while we are pursuing these fancies of the mind, Nature in her changes reminds us, by the gathering darkness and falling dew, that man's life was not to be all a dream, but that on him rested high responsibilities; that while he was thus indulging in pleasing fancies, and permitting the mind to waste itself in dreams, he was neglecting the development of those blessings which Nature has so bounteously bestowed on him.

In this day and time, when the mind is exercising its sovereignty over matter, the truth is felt and recognized that the gathering of the fruit, and the enjoyment of the blessings of Heaven, belongs not to the inert and slothful, but to those who, by the employment of those faculties of the mind with which a good God has blessed them, render the things of this world subservient to the great ends of their creation, the happiness and perfection of man. Let not, then, this convention waste its time on the pleasing fancies that cluster around abstract questions, but let it, like that circlet of stars, cluster around one great idea, until their concentrated rays shall form one burning centre, so bright that the path which leads to the power, prosperity, and happiness of the south shall be so plain that none will hesitate.

What this idea should be, it is only necessary for us to look abroad to our sister states, and see the rapid strides which some of them have made to greatness and wealth. But a few years since New York occupied but a secondary position in the confederation of states: now she is the empire state in population, wealth, and power. The genius of her Clinton opened her western resources, and filled her forests with a teeming population. The mind of her people indulged not in pleasing dreams, but was directed to the development of those gifts with which God had blessed them. Ohio caught the bright spirit of progress, and her lines of improvement, by penetrating every corner have filled her rich valleys with a teeming population, and made her one of the first states of the Union. Georgia, first of the Southern States, was roused to the employment of her energies;

and now her barren plains are the abode of productive industry and the happy cottage marks each of her mountain passes.

From these let us gather wisdom, and by the employment of the bright, noble spirit of the south, develop those advantages which Nature has so bounteously bestowed on us. Carry your lines of improvement to every section, and thus open for it a highway for the transfer of the productions of its industry, and you will soon bring wealth and power to the south.

Much has been said of the unequal influence of the south in the hall of Congress, and resolution upon resolution has been offered on the subject; but this will not rectify the inequality. To do this let the mind of the south be directed to the development of the advantages which Nature has so bounteously bestowed on her, and thus fill her now waste lands with a teeming population. This increased population will bring her increased representation on the floors of Congress, and to this, and this alone are we to look for an equalization of power.

The Same, continued.

It is not, Mr. President, by passing resolutions, or indulging in pleasing fancies, that our object is to be attained; but the mind must act upon matter, and give to it a practical application to the concerns of life. In the discussions of the Pacific Railroad, New Orleans, and even Louisiana, seem to have been forgotten. The important position which we occupy to the trade of the Valley of the Mississippi has been overlooked. When the Atlantic shall have been linked to the Pacific by a line of improvement, New Orleans must become one of the most important cities of the world. When the trade of the Indies shall pour all its commerce along these lines, it must be in the lap of New Orleans that this rich traffic must be first poured—from its warehouses to be diffused through the broad Valley of the Mississippi. Not only this, but the immense and constantly increasing productions of the North-western States will have to find a mart in some other land than Europe.

Where is it to be, save in the Indies, and the constantly increasing traffic of the Gulf—where the song of liberty, freighted with all of its happiness, shall go bounding

“O’er the glad waters of the dark, blue wave,
With hopes as boundless, and with thoughts as free,”

until the islands of the Gulf shall echo back the glad tidings?

There shall we find in those sunny lands a mart for our productions. When this shall be, and the Indies pour along our lines of improvement their wealth, the United States will become what England now is—the storehouse of the world. And that this is no fanciful idea, it is only necessary to note the passing events. Make these improvements, and your communication from Canton, by New Orleans and New York to London, will be made in forty-five days, while now the shortest time across the Isthmus of Suez is sixty-two days; making so great a difference in time that all mercantile men will understand that it must revolutionize that commerce.

How is this mighty line of communication to be made? Already have we lines of railroads constructed, or in the process of construction, reaching from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. These are met by lines stretching far into the west, from New Orleans, Vicksburg, and other points. Give to these lines, if not your money, at least the support of your approbation. Do this, and the day is not distant when the whistle that wakes on the Atlantic will be heard on the shores of the Pacific. Let these lines be pressed forward to completion, and when they shall meet in the far west in fraternal embrace, then let the general government welcome them, and carry them to completion.

Much has been said about the prejudices of the present, and the holy memories of the past. If you would remove the one and perpetuate the other, extend your lines of improvements so that the different sections may be brought into closer contact, and thus, by knowing each other better, learn to judge more charitably and more justly. If you would perpetuate the past, let your sons go to the plains of Lexington, and there read the heroism of the past; let them stand on the cliffs of Yorktown, and look upon the waters that were lashed into a storm by the very finger of Heaven to protect our land, and there gather up the holy memories of the past, and feel their hearts to expand and their thoughts to be elevated to emulate the deeds of their fathers; and let, too, their sons visit our warm and sunny south, and while gazing upon the fields made memorable by southern valor and the heroism of a Jackson, feel in their hearts the enthusiasm that warms the southern bosom for this glorious Union. Thus let them gather up all their memories, and in the high and noble resolves which they will prompt, let them

“Snatch from the ashes of their sires
The embers of their former fires,
And leave their sons a hope, a fame,
They, too, would rather die than shame.”

Influence of Lofty Thoughts and Noble Sentiments

ALBERT PIKE,

THERE were noble and brave deeds done by woman during our war of independence, that have exercised a greater influence on the destinies of the American people than all the legislation of a century. I have spoken elsewhere of Mrs. Motte, who supplied to Marion the arrows tipped with fire, wherewith to burn down her own property occupied by the enemy. Should war ever again call on the youth of South Carolina to rally to the support of the starry flag of our common country, that single act of devotion and heroism would exert more influence than all the legislation since the existence of our country commenced. And a noble thought or high sentiment uttered here may be mightier for a century to come than all the legislation of the Union or the victories of Napoleon. Such words and thoughts are the noblest estate of the people among which they are uttered.

There are single passages in the writings of Daniel Webster that will exercise more influence upon the youth of America than all the statutes of this Union. There are songs written by men whose names are now forgotten that are more to the American people than a regiment of bayonets. "Let him who will make the laws of a nation, if I may but make its songs," was well and truly said. The apparently trifling song of Lillibullero was the chief cause of the downfall of James II. How much influence do you imagine the songs of our own country are exerting? Do you imagine that we should make a profitable bargain in case of a new war, by exchanging the song of Yankee Doodle for fifty thousand foreign soldiers led by a field marshal? This is a kind of property you can not trade away with profit. You can not profitably part with your lofty thoughts and noble sentiments any more than we can profitably part with our own souls.

This kind of property we can create in this convention. You can utter noble thoughts, you can erect imperishable monuments that shall live from age to age. It is the proudest object of the human mind to utter a thought that shall live through all coming time. Mr. President, if this convention and its three predecessors shall succeed in uttering one single thought that shall live through all time, it will have amply repaid the labor of its members, and have given them the happy assurance that they have done something for their country and their age. It has been said that a monument is the embodiment of a single lofty sentiment

in marble. I would have this convention aid in building such a monument, not in marble, but in iron—an arm of iron extending across the continent and clutching the Pacific in its grasp; and when that monument is built, that embodiment of the great idea of the age, if some one standing near it while the commerce of the world goes rushing by him as on the wings of the wind, and after our bones have moldered into dust, should say with truth that to this convention now assembled in New Orleans that great work was in any degree owing, we should be amply repaid for all our labors in the cause of our country.

Reproductive Immortality of Language.

REV. H. B. BASCOM.

LANGUAGE never dies, and the perpetuity and multiplication of thought, in the shape of philosophy, science, poetry, religion, and the arts, are not only coincident possibilities, but necessarily adjunctive conceptions and resulting developments. Where *now* are the temples and palaces, the catacombs and monuments, of antiquity? And of those that *do* remain, how many are the chances and changes threatening their destruction? An earthquake might give the pyramids of the Nile or the grandeur of Rome to oblivion. The mere sacking of a city might annihilate the Apollo Belvedere or the Venus de' Medici; but how many of earth's proudest dynasties have not *thought* and *language* survived by thousands of years!

What revolutions of time, and events of various mundane interest, have not occurred since the first man and woman were expelled from the Eden of their innocence! And yet the record lives. Homer is no more. Of his history we know but little, of his ashes nothing; and yet, by means of language, he has indissolubly bound the world to the throne of his genius, throughout all generations. Accident threw Demosthenes upon the notice of the world, in the city of Minerva; as interest or emergency required, for a few successive years, he threw the thunder of his unequalled eloquence upon the startled ear of Greece, and then disappeared with the generation to which he belonged; but by means of letters, Demosthenes shall continue the mode of the senate and the bar, until the world shall have no use for either!

Franklin's Toast.

LONG after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin had chanced to dine with the English and French ambassadors, when, as nearly as we can recollect the words, the following toasts were drank : —

By the British ambassador : “ England, the *sun*, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth.”

The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank, “ France, the *moon*, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful.”

Dr. Franklin then arose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said, “ George Washington, the Joshua who commanded the *sun* and *moon* to stand still, and they obeyed him.”

The March of Improvement.

THE arts and sciences, aided by the bold, inventive genius of prolific mind, have brought mankind from the clumsy devices of dark ages to the cultivated usages of a high civilization. The mighty war steamer, or the graceful ship that “ walks the water like a thing of life,” directed with unerring certainty by the compass, has superseded the rude galley of Phœnicia and Carthage ; the beast of burden has yielded to the locomotive ; the panting courier to Morse's magnetic telegraph ; and the engines of Archimedes, historic with ancient Syracuse, to Colt's submarine battery.

Natural History, the priestess of nature, has called around her all the varieties of objects in the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms, and has assigned to them their names and classifications. Chemistry has fathomed the mysteries of nature and taught us in the elements of matter the properties of these elements, and unfolded their laws of combination. She has become the great physician of diseased and decaying nature. The safety lamp, the lightning rod, and magnetic masks, to repel the floating atoms of steel so fatal to the operatives in the needle manufactories, are among the gifts of science.

Astronomy, too — shall I omit to speak of its advances ?

Once a mystic art, known only as the vague and shadowy astrology of Chaldean and Egyptian priests, it has now become a grand and demonstrative science. By furnishing an exact measurement of time it has dispensed with the toilsome and anxious watches, common among the Egyptians and ancient Greeks, to discover the rising of the star Sirius, of Arcturus, the Pleiades, and Orion.

By revealing the causes of these phenomena it has dispelled the superstitious fears that the comet was the fiery soul of Cæsar, seeking vengeance upon his murderers, or that it is to be intimidated by the thunders of the church; and that the eclipse was a monster devouring the sun, to be scared away by a volley of Turkish musketry, or to be wailed as some terrible evil by the Moorish song of death. In short, it has spread the chart of the heavens before us, and taught us familiarly, in a knowledge of the stars, the motions, relations, and laws of the great bodies of the universe.

But why dwell upon illustrations? Why attempt to recount the evidences of the march of mind, the progress of improvement? As the crowding figures of a dazzling panorama, they charm whilst they defy enumeration. The task would be almost as vain as the effort to count the leaves of the forest, or the stars that glitter in the firmament. Suffice it to say, they constitute the distinction of the present age, and the hopeful pledge of a perpetually progressive future.

The Miser. — CAPTAIN G. W. CUTLER.

AN old man sat by a fireless hearth,
 Though the night was dark and chill,
 And mournfully over the frozen earth
 The wind sobbed loud and shrill.
 His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray.
 And dim, but not with tears;
 And his skeleton form had wasted away
 With penury more than years.

A rushlight was casting its fitful glare
 O'er the damp and dingy walls,
 Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
 And the venomous spider crawls;

But the meanest thing in this lonesome room
Was the miser all worn and bare,
When he sat like a ghost on an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door,
And every nook he had scanned,
And felt the fastening o'er and o'er,
With his cold and skinny hand ;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And startled and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

"Ha, ha !" laughed the miser ; " I'm safe at last
From the night so cold and drear,
From the drenching rain and the driving blast,
With my gold and treasure here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, 'tis true ;
Yet if I should light that fire again
It would cost me a cent or two.

" But I'll take a sip of the precious wine ;
It will banish my cold and fears ;
It was given long since by a friend of mine ;
I have kept it for many years."
So he drew a flask from a moldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide ;
And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took,
And his bosom swelled with pride.

" Let me see ; let me see ! " said the miser then ;
" 'Tis some sixty years or more
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up the glittering store ;
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
As my crowded chest will show ;
I've more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil
Or an emperor could bestow.

" From the Orient realm I have rubies bright,
And gold from the famed Peru ;

I've diamonds would shaine the stars of night.
 And pearls like the morning dew ;
 And more I'll have ere the morrow's sun
 His rays from the west shall fling ;
 That widow, to free her prisoned son,
 Shall bring me her bridal ring ! ”

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
 And cautiously raised the lid,
 And then it shone like the clouds in the west,
 With the sun in their splendor hid ;
 And gem after gem, in precious store,
 Are raised with exulting smile ;
 And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er,
 'In many a glittering pile.

Ah, why comes the flush on his pallid brow,
 While his eyes like his diamonds shine ?
 Why writhes he thus in such torture now ?
 What was there in the wine ?
 His lonely seat he strove to regain •
 To crawl to his nest he tried ;
 But finding his efforts were all in vain,
 He clasped his gold, and — *died*.

Individual Influence. — REV. DR. DRAKE.

I HAVE long accustomed myself to feel a deep and abiding interest in whatever concerns my race. I am an integral part of the great whole, and as small an atom as I may be, I am taught to believe that every other atom in the universe is more or less affected by my conduct. “No man liveth to himself,” and in some material sense, every man is his brother's keeper. “That golden chain” which binds us to the throne of God with a felt responsibility for all our actions, links us in indissoluble fraternity with the whole brotherhood of man. “If one ink drop on a solitary thought has stirred the minds of millions, or a brief human breath has disturbed the surrounding atmosphere, so as to communicate itself to the entire system of the universe, how careful should we be that the impulse we give be in the right direction ! ” *

Had a philanthropic seer stood on the shores of Spain, when

the frail barks of Columbus set sail for the discovery of the new world, and had foreseen the success which crowned that dubious enterprise — the waking of the slumbering nations of Europe — the increase of the enterprise and commerce of the nations — the immense wealth which rolled back on the old world — the civilization and Christianity which found their way to the new — especially had he marked one luminous spot on the eastern coast of North America, where he saw a mighty nation rise up like a Pharos on the dark ocean of political despotism and religious intolerance, guiding all who would follow her light to freedom and toleration — had he seen this luminous spot spreading itself from sea to sea, and sending its messengers to all lands, and becoming influential in all that concerns the entire race of man — with all this in the prophet's vision, how earnestly would he have gazed at the gallant barks as they plunged the untried wave, lifting up his prayer to God for a prosperous voyage, and giving any item of information that might be useful to the expedition!

Thus it is when I see youthful voyagers just about to be launched on what is to them the untried sea of active life. They may not be in search of a new world, but it is vastly important that they should escape the corruptions of the old. They may not plant new colonies, but they seek a better country. When I consider the preciousness of the freight which they bear, the ever-widening and deepening influence which their successful voyage will produce, I can not but feel a *deep* solicitude for their safety and success.

Moral Independence.

POPULAR sentiment marshals her forces, and endeavors to drive the man of moral independence from his lofty position; she frowns and threatens, smiles and flatters; he hears the angry surges dashing around him, is fully conscious of his danger, and yet remains firm as the wave-beaten rock. Our peculiar condition as a people demands a host of such men, yet we fear the number among us is small. How many of our young men take counsel of their passions, their prejudices, their interests, or their ease, rather than follow the plain dictates of truth and virtue! How many, even, who profess to love the right, will sometimes see principle trampled in the dust, and lie bleeding at every pore, and yet offer no hand of relief, no arm of defence, no voice of expostulation and reproof against the wrong-doer! How many, even in official stations, are more solicitous to know how they

can please the people, and conciliate their favor, than how they can instruct and improve them !

We want men as prompt, as firm, as valiant in defence of the right and the true, as is the brave soldier on the field of battle. He manfully meets the enemy face to face, brings to the conflict all his energies, and when he retreats, if retreat he must, before superior skill or force, he carries with him the respect and the admiration of both friends and foes. Who has not admired the personal courage, the independent spirit, and the resolute firmness of Napoleon's distinguished marshal, who commanded the rear guard of the grand army on its memorable retreat from Russia ? Having exhibited prodigies of valor, and endured hardships almost unparalleled in the annals of war, he reached at length the River Niemen, which forms the boundary of the Russian territory. Here his soldiers all deserted ; but by extraordinary exertions he succeeded in rallying thirty men, with whom, for a time, he kept the enemy at bay ; and when this small party abandoned the cause as desperate, he fought the enemy single handed. Slowly retreating through the streets of Wilna, with his face to the foe, he crossed the bridge over the Niemen, and was the last of the army that left the Russian territory.

Proceeding to the first town where food and rest could be obtained, he fell in with an officer of rank, an old companion in arms, by whom he was not at first recognized. " Who are you ? " said the general. Mark his reply. " I am the rear guard of the grand army of France, Marshal Ney. I have fired the last musket shot on the bridge of Kowno — I have thrown into the Niemen the last of our arms — and I have walked hither alone, as you see me, across the forest." What more could he have done ? And what a model is here presented for all who are engaged in the great moral conflict ! Let our posts of influence, high and low be filled by men of such unyielding purpose, such determined perseverance in resisting the enemies of virtue and truth, and let our children be early taught to contend thus earnestly against vice, without regard to personal consequences, and who could despair of the republic ?

The First Gun of Freedom. — EVERETT,

ON the 19th of April the all-important blow was struck — the blow which severed the fated chain whose every link was bolted by an act of parliament, whose every rivet was closed up by an

orde: in council, which bound to the wake of Europe the brave bark of our youthful fortune, destined henceforth and forever to ride the waves alone—the blow which severed the fated chain was struck. The blow was struck which will be felt in its consequence to ourselves and the family of nations till the seventh seal is broken upon the apocalyptic volume of the history of empires. The consummation of four centuries was completed. The life-long hopes and heart-sick visions of Columbus, poorly fulfilled in the subjugation of the plumed tribes of a few tropical islands and the distant glimpse of a continent, cruelly mocked by the fetters placed upon his noble limbs by his own menial, and which he carried with him into his grave, are at length more than fulfilled, when the new world of his discovery put on the sovereign robes of her separate national existence, and joined the great Panathenaic procession of the nations. The wrongs of generations were redressed.

The cup of humiliation drained to the dregs by the old Puritan confessors and non-conformist victims of oppression; loathsome prisons; blasted fortune; lips forbidden to open in prayer; earth and water denied in their pleasant native land; the separations and sorrow of exile; the sounding perils of the ocean; the scented hedgerows and vocal thickets of the “old countrie” exchanged for the pathless wilderness ringing with the war whoop and gleaming with the scalping knife; the secular insolence of colonial rule, checked by no periodical recurrence to the public will; governors appointed on the other side of the globe that knew not Joseph; the patronizing disdain of undelegated power; the legal contumely of foreign law, wanting the first element of obligations, the consent of the governed expressed by his authorized representative; and at length the last unutterable and burning affront and shame, a mercenary soldiery encamped upon the fair eminences of our cities; ships of war with springs on their cables moored in front of our crowded quays; artillery planted open-mouthed in our principal streets, at the doors of our houses of assembly, their morning and evening salvos proclaiming to the rising and setting sun that we are the subjects and they the lords,—all these phantoms of the long colonial night swept off by the first sharp volley on Lexington green.

Well might Samuel Adams exclaim as he heard it, “O, what a glorious morning is this!” Glorious, but as is too often the case with human glories, the germ and the fruit of sorrow, sanctified with tears and sealed with blood. Precious lives are to be sacrificed; great trials, public and private, to be endured; eight years of war are to desolate the land; patriot armies are to march

with bloody feet over ice-clad fields; a cloud of anxiety must hang over the prospects of one generation of the young, while another of the aged go down to the grave before the vision is fulfilled; but still glorious at home and abroad — glorious for America, and, strange as the word may sound, glorious for England. Lord Chatham rejoiced that America had resisted. Surely Lord Chatham never rejoiced in the shame of England; he rejoiced that America had resisted, because she resisted on the great principles of constitutional liberty. Burke, in the early stages of the contest, spoke these golden words: "We view the establishment of the British colonies, on principles of liberty, as that which is to render this kingdom venerable to future ages. In a comparison of this, we regard all the victories and conquests of our warlike ancestors, or of our own times, as barbarous and vulgar distinctions, in which many nations, whom we look upon with little respect or value, have equaled if not exceeded us. This is the peculiar glory of England."

A Patriotic Hymn. — KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE,

NEW ENGLAND mountains, Texian plains,
 Virginia slopes, Nebraska vales,
 One noble language breathes its strains
 Along the freedom of your gales;
 One mighty heart pulsates beside
 The rolling of your every tide.

One patriot glory spreadeth white
 Seraphic wings above your past,
 And rainbows in eternal light
 The costly blood which showered fast
 On battle fields of ancient time,
 When love of country was a crime.

Heroic memories strike their root
 Along your every hill and shore;
 And not a flower beneath the foot
 But burgeons proudly from the gore
 Of noble breasts, which calmly met
 The charging foe's bayonet

The echoes of old battles roll
 In thunder down your cataracts,
 And utter startlingly the soul
 Of glorious times and deathless acts :
 The changeless sun-bow waveth there
 Your stripes along its native air.

A deathless rush of crimson rills
 Through spectral ranks runs steeply down
 New England's first of battle hills,
 By Freedom's sickle fiercely mown,
 And echoes, even to our veins,
 But faintly worthy of such strains.

The ice upon the Delaware
 Still trembles 'neath unshodden feet,
 Which over-track its chilly glare
 With life blood oozing through the sleet —
 The footfalls of a race of men
 Whose like we shall not see again.

The horn of MARION echoes clear
 Through Carolina's aged pines,
 Whose every dew-drop, like a tear,
 Is dashed aside by bannered vines,
 Which, faithless of the hero's fall,
 Still vibrate to his battle call.

The vivid thought of FRANKLIN beams
 In every lightning glare that flies
 Above our zone-traversing streams,
 Along our ocean-bounded skies,
 And bids us open reverent souls
 To truth's eternal thunder rolls.

Mount Vernon bosoms in its sod
 That generation's noblest heart,
 Whom Greece had shrined a demi-god —
 A man without a counterpart ;
 The throbbings of that patriot breast
 Are echoed in our farthest west.

Such heroes splendored not alone,
 But many more who nameless sleep

Beneath the hasty funeral stone,
Where Nature took them to her deep,
Kind bosom, from the reeling strife
Of breast to breast and knife to knife.

God help us keep the sacred trust
Our sires bequeathed us with our breath,
Crush treason in its native dust,
And struggle, faithful unto death,
With fearless soul and tireless hand,
For liberty and fatherland.

Individual Character of Nations. — J. C. ANDREWS,

NATIONS are neither accidental nor arbitrary divisions of men. They exist by divine appointment, and are the product of natural laws as truly as families. The distinction between the various races of men on the earth lies deep in the constitution of human nature itself, and can never be rooted out. It is not the division of countries by any geographical lines, any physical boundaries, — by mountains or rivers, or capes or seas, — that divides people. Fill up the British Channel and make it a plain, and would that make an Englishman a Frenchman? Bridge over the Danube, and will that change an Austrian into a Turk? These distinctions lie too deep to be blotted out by a mere change of place or climate.

They are impressed upon the whole man — upon his mind, his heart, his body. Nations have a peculiar character as truly as individuals; and language, customs, manners, institutions, all proclaim the power of national life. The inspired record, that "God divided to the *nations* their inheritance," clearly reveals his purpose that peoples should be preserved distinct, that the peculiar characteristics of each might be fully developed, and thus all that is good and noble in humanity be brought to light. As in the family circle, there is manifested, in the highest degree, depth and disinterestedness of affection, purity and earnestness of love, so in the nation, we find corresponding strength and fervor of patriotism, the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice.

The noblest virtues which can adorn humanity are the natural fruit of vigorous national life. Never has there been a nation that has distinguished itself by its lofty deeds, that has been the

fruitful mother of great men, that has not cherished in a high degree the spirit of nationality. Where was this spirit ever more intense than among the Hebrew nation — the chosen people? What people was ever more strongly national than the Greeks, or labored more earnestly to develop the richness of the national mind? And how brilliant is her history! How full of illustrious names are her brief annals in the days of her prosperity and power! Thus was it with Rome, and thus has it been with every nation that has exerted any important influence upon the destinies of the world. They have all labored, not to extinguish or suppress, but to awaken, and preserve, and strengthen a national spirit, and to cultivate to its highest perfection the national genius.

“Lives there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?”

Let men talk as they will about the attraction and beauties of cosmopolitanism and universal brotherhood, that man whose heart goes not out with peculiar strength of affection toward the land that gave him birth, — toward the grounds he trod in childhood, the old roof tree, — who loves not to go back and revise the early scenes, and

“Awaken the echoes that start
When memory plays an old tune on the heart,” —

is devoid of the noblest sensibilities of our nature. Patriotism to him is a word without meaning, and love of country a sentiment alien to his soul.

A New Continent. — ANON.

THE coral reefs of the Pacific Ocean have been in part measured, and are found to be of amazing extent, and a new continent is in process of formation. All the labor is accomplished by zoöphytes — insects; and if we wish to form some conception of their doings, we have but to remember that the coral formations of the Pacific occupy an area of four or five thousand miles, and to imagine what a picture the ocean would present were it suddenly drained. We should walk amid huge mounds which had been cased and capped with the stone these animals had secreted. Prodigious cones would rise from the ground, all towering to the same altitude, reflecting the light of the sun from their white summits with dazzling intensity. Here and there we should see a huge platform, once a large island, whose peaks as they

sank were clothed in coral, and then prolonged upward until they rose before us like the columns of some huge temple which had been commenced by the Anadins of an antediluvian world.

Champollion has said of the Egyptian edifices, that they seem to have been designed by men fifty feet high. Here, wandering among these strange monuments, we might fancy that beings one hundred yards in stature had been planting the pillars of some colossal city they had never lived to complete. The builders were worms, and the quarry, whence they dug their masonry, the crystal wave. In the event of this vast extent of coral reef being upheaved, where or whence will the waters of the Pacific recede? Either the western shores of the American continent, and away to the Rocky Mountains, will be submerged, or the shores of opposite Asia — for innumerable ages the cradle of man's development and civilization — will sink into the great abyss; and the ships of the inhabitants of this globe, when it adds ten thousand years to its age, will sail over and find no soundings where millions to-day toil in unresisting servitude, and where cities from gorgeous cupolas and storied palaces fling back the rays of the rising and the declining sun.

The Coral Grove. — PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove,
Where the seaflower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air;
There, with its waving blade of green,
The seaflag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner berthed in slaughter;

There, with a light and easy motion,
 The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea,
 And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
 Are bending like corn on the upland lea
 And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
 Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
 And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
 Has made the top of the waves his own ;
 And when the ship from his fury flies,
 When the myriad voices of ocean roar,
 When the wind god frowns in the murky skies,
 And denons are waiting the wreck on shore, —
 Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
 The purple mullet and goldfish rove,
 Where the waters murmur tranquilly
 Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

Life. — HEBER.

LIFE bears us on like the current of a mighty river. Our boat, at first, glides down the narrow channel, through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its grassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads, the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our hands, we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties around us ; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty.

Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving picture of enjoyment and industry which passes before us ; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and made miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our dependence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs are alike left behind us ; we may be shipwrecked, but we can not anchor ; our voyage may be hastened, but it can not be delayed ; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens toward its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our last leave of the earth and its inhabitants ; and of our farther voyage there is no witness but the Infinite and Eternal.

Beyond the River. — NEW ORLEANS CREOLE

TIME is a river deep and wide ;
 And while along its banks we stray,
 We see our loved ones o'er its tide
 Sail from our sight, away, away.
 Where are they sped — they who return
 No more to glad our longing eyes ?
 They've passed from life's contracted bourn,
 To land unseen, unknown, that lies
 Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view ; but we may guess
 How beautiful that realm must be ;
 For gleamings of its loveliness,
 In visions granted, oft we see.
 The very clouds, that o'er it throw
 Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
 With gold and purple tintings glow,
 Reflected from the glorious light
 Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
 Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere ;
 The mourner feels their breath of balm,
 And soothéd sorrow dries the tear.
 And sometimes listening ear may gain
 Entrancing sound that hither floats —
 The echo of a distant strain
 Of harps' and voices' blended notes,
 Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest ;
 They've crossed Time's River ; now no more
 They heed the bubbles on its breast,
 Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
 But *there* pure love can live, can last ;
 They look for *us* their home to share.
 When we in turn away have passed,
 What joyful greetings wait us *there*,
 Beyond the river

A Valedictory Address. — PUTNAM.

WE thank you, friends, who have come hither, on this occasion, to encourage and cheer us with your presence. We thank you, who have gone so far and learned so much, on your journey of life, that you so kindly look back and smile upon us just setting out on our pilgrimage. We thank you, who have climbed so high up the Hill of Science, that you condescend to pause a moment in your course, and bestow a cheering, animating glance on us, who, almost invisible in the distance, are toiling over the roughness of the first ascent. May you go on your way in peace, your path, like the sun, waxing brighter and brighter till the perfect day; and may the light of your example long linger in blessings on those of us who shall survive to take your places in the broad and busy world.

We thank you, respected instructors, for your paternal care, your faithful counsels, and affectionate instructions. You have opened before us those ways of wisdom which are full of pleasantness and peace. You have warned us of danger, when dangers beset our path; you have removed obstacles, when obstacles impeded our progress; you have corrected us when in error, and cheered us when discouraged. You have told us of the bright rewards of knowledge and virtue, and of the fearful recompense of ignorance and vice. In the name of my companions, I thank you — warmly, sincerely thank you for it all. Our lips can not express the gratitude that glows within our hearts; but we will endeavor, with the blessing of Heaven, to testify it in our future lives, by dedicating all that we are, and all that we may attain, to the promotion of virtue and the good of mankind.

And now, beloved companions, I turn to you. Long and happy has been our connection as members of this school: but with this day it must close forever. No longer shall we sit in these seats to listen to the voice that woos us to be wise; no more shall we sport together on the noisy green, or wander in the silent grove. Other scenes, other society, other pursuits await us. We must part; but parting shall only draw closer the ties that bind us. The setting sun and the evening star, which have so often witnessed our social intimacies and joys, shall still remind us of the scenes that are past. While we live on the earth may we cherish a grateful remembrance of each other; and O, in heaven may our friendship be purified and perpetuated. And now to old and young, to patrons and friends to instructors and each other, we tender our reluctant and affectionate farewell!

Mercy. — SHAKSPEARE.

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The thronéd monarch better than his crown :
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the fear and dread of kings :
 But mercy is above the sceptered sway ;
 It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute of God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice ; therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this —
 That in the course of justice none of us
 Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy : I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea.

Collegiate Education. — C. ROSELIUS,

THE question has been sneeringly asked, Of what practical benefit is the knowledge of Greek and Latin, and the higher branches of mathematics, to those who do not intend to enter the learned professions? Persons who propound such questions seem to have lost sight of the fact, that the great and paramount object of education is, the development and strengthening of the powers of the mind, and that that important end can only be attained by exercising and disciplining the mental faculties. Now, every one who has bestowed the least consideration on the subject must know that nothing is better calculated to fix the attention, and to induce thought and reflection, than the study of the dead languages and the mathematics. Indeed, it is obvious that not one step can be taken in these studies without bringing nearly all the mental powers into active operation. It is therefore manifest, that, without insisting, for the present, at all on the manifold other advantages resulting from a proficiency in classic literature, and the mathematical and natural sciences

the study of these branches of knowledge is, at any rate, of incalculable benefit as the means of accomplishing the great end of education — the improvement of the mind.

It is said that Wisdom does not speak to her followers in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew only, but that she teaches her sublime lessons in the pages of Shakspeare, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, and a brilliant constellation of other authors, who have all written in our own nervous vernacular. This is true. But let me ask, What class of readers nourish their minds with the strong, healthy, and invigorating food set before them by these writers? Certainly not those whose taste has been cloyed, and whose powers of digestion have been enfeebled, if not entirely destroyed, by feeding on the pap and sweetmeats of most of the popular authors of the day. Not one reader in a thousand who pores with delight over the glittering inanities of Bulwer, or the vapid sentimentalities of James, will ever venture to read a hundred lines of the *Paradise Lost*, or a single scene of *Hamlet*. There is a craving and insatiable appetite for novelty, which is constantly increased by the trash it feeds on. How can this mental malady be cured, unless it be by forming the taste and judgment of the youthful student by a careful study and contemplation of the great models of antiquity? In them alone do we find that wonderful artistic perfection which the moderns have attempted to imitate in vain. Homer as a poet, Demosthenes as an orator, and Thucydides as an historian, still stand, each in his own department, in solitary grandeur, unrivaled and unapproachable. "The poems of Homer," says Dr. Johnson, "we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

Reference is frequently made, by those who take the opposite view of this subject, to instances of what are called self-made men, for the purpose of proving that a liberal education is not an essential requisite for the attainment of intellectual distinction. We are told that the Bard of Avon "had little Latin, and less Greek;" that Robert Burns was a peasant; that Pope was the best Greek scholar of his age, and has translated the sublime poetry of Homer into English, with all the vigor and freshness of the original; yet he never was inside of a college. All this is true; and other examples might be added to the list. But, allow me to ask, what does this prove against the correctness of the propositions which we have been endeavoring to establish? There are exceptions to all general rules, and one of the most

familiar maxims of logic is, that the exception proves the rule. Now that we meet occasionally with a mind so happily organized, and endowed with such a degree of energy and will, as to grapple successfully with the disadvantages of a neglected or stunted education, and "climb the steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar," does surely not prove any thing against the benefits and necessity of collegiate instruction and discipline. Besides, who can tell, except those that have gone through the ordeal, by what privation, labor, and application such persons have been enabled to travel over the rugged paths to knowledge, and thereby provide something like a substitute for early and regular training? And how many have ever been successful in the attempt? Not one in ten thousand.

The Lost Ship. — MISS MARY ANN LEE.

THE moon's fair beams, with silver hue,
 Had faintly tinged the waters blue,
 When o'er the ocean, lone and vast,
 A stately ship came gliding past.
 Glad hearts she bore above the wave,
 That soon might be each sailor's grave;
 But nought of danger, death, or wreck
 Thought the gay crowd that thronged her deck.

In her were gathered ladies fair,
 And aged men with silver hair,
 Youth in whose veins the blood beat high,
 And merry childhood's laughing eye.
 The pilgrim to his home she bore,
 The wanderer to his native shore.
 The hopes of all were fair and bright,
 The hearts of all beat gay and light.

And when at length they sank to rest,
 Bright dreams of home their pillows blessed.
 But other scene the morning brings;
 High o'er the prow the dark wave springs;
 The threatening winds blow loud and high,
 As through the darkening storm they fly.
 All day they fled before the breeze;
 Their rich freight to the waves they cast

Gone from each lip the smile and jest,
The lightsome spirit from each breast.

Again Night her black curtain drew
Above the ocean dark ;
Loud and more loud the tempest grew
Around the gallant bark.
Her sails are rent by the fierce blast,
The lightning's flame hath singed her mast,
The billows dash against her prow :
No power on earth can save her now.

His eye, alone, who raised that gloom,
Saw the sad vessel meet her doom.
But when the morning's golden light
Had chased the shadows of the night,
All calm and quiet smiled the scene
Where late that sinking ship had been,
And lightly danced the treacherous wave
Above the lovely and the brave.

Tell me, ye Wingéd Winds. — CHARLES MACCARTHY.

TELL me, ye wingéd winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more ?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest ?
The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, " No !

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives
And friendship never dies ?

The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer, "No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded, "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope, and Love — best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in heaven!"

Effects of Ignorance among the Masses.

C. ROSELIUS,

WHAT are the amusements of the ignorant? They must necessarily consist, and be limited, in a great measure, to the gratification of the sensual appetites, the inevitable consequences of an abuse of which are a debilitated body and a depraved heart. Nearly all the avenues to the higher enjoyments of the soul are closed up to the ignorant; they look with a vacant stare at the wonderful and beautiful works of an all-wise Creator; their eyes cannot understandingly behold the admirable harmony of nature; nay, the greatest of all blessings vouchsafed to man — the inestimable comforts and consolations of religion — can not be enjoyed and appreciated by them in the same extent as those whose mental faculties and moral perceptions have been awakened and sharpened by systematic and religious training. And yet we hear intelligent persons talk of the danger of over-edu-

cating the people. Let me ask, What would become of our liberty, our admirable system of government, and our glorious Union, if it was not for the education and intelligence of the people? Destroy these, and the beautiful fabric will crumble into dust, and like "an insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind." Look at the pages of history; and by whose instrumentality has human freedom been invariably crushed, and despotism and oppression established in its place? By the ignorant masses of the people, led on by designing and unscrupulous demagogues.

Take, as an illustration of this position, the last French revolution, or, as it is called, the *coup d'état** of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Here we see the president of a republic, elected by his fellow-citizens, sworn to support that constitution from which alone he derived his power, deliberately commit perjury, murder, and treason, and thereby constitute himself the master of the very people whose servant he had been; and the stupid populace shout, and assist in riveting the chains by which they are enslaved. Would any president of the United States, however daring and ambitious he might be, ever dream of such an act of usurpation, even if he had an army of five hundred thousand soldiers at his command? Certainly not; for he would know that the majority of the people who had elevated him to the highest office in their gift are too well educated and too intelligent to be made tools of in his hands for the destruction of their own freedom; that, understanding and appreciating their liberty, the first act of usurpation would be visited by the most condign punishment, not by the assassin's dagger, but by the awful decree of the violated majesty of the law.

A Plea for the Union. — O. P. BALDWIN,

I KNOW, fellow-citizens, that the hour is dark; that sectional passions are aroused; and that the future seems pregnant with disastrous results. But let us not even permit ourselves to dream of such an event as the dissolution of the Union. Fraternal love, forbearance, reason can save it, when even wisdom and eloquence would be of no avail. Let the eyes of each section be no longer blind to the virtues and open to the faults of others. The Frenchman may rise against his government, the Hungarian may seek to throw off the thralldom of Austria, the Polander

* Pronounced *coo-da-tah*.

may struggle to regain his nationality; but if we permit this Union to perish until every constitutional and fraternal remedy has been exhausted, we shall present the first example in the world's history of a people who were rebels against themselves: who were satiated with the sweets of liberty, sick of peace, and wearied with prosperity. Never have a people been blessed with such blessings as we have enjoyed under this Union; never have a people been cursed with such curses as will follow its dissolution. Surely it can not be that all our endowments of civil and religious liberty, of peace and plenty, are to be sacrificed by the madness of a few men who make war alike upon the Bible and the constitution, and who would involve in the same ruin the shrine of religion and the ark of liberty.

Surely it cannot be that, as Europe is slowly advancing in national freedom by the light of our example, we should with our own hands extinguish the beacon fire which guides a world on its weary way. Did your footsteps ever wander in a foreign land? Doubtless many a grand and impressive object you there beheld hallowed by the moss of antiquity, and wreathed with a thousand beautiful associations. Beneath the solemn shades of Westminster Abbey, on the immortal field of Waterloo, at the foot of St. Peter's massive pile, upon the plains of Marathon, you have bowed your head in veneration of genius, learning, piety, and valor. You have beheld many a gorgeous spectacle of wealth and greatness, of power and pomp; but tell me, among them all, did you ever behold a sight that so stirred the deep foundations of your heart, and sent the blood boiling with proud emotion through every vein, as when, upon some lonely sea, you met one of your national vessels, the stars and stripes of your country flowing freely out over the frowning battery and the mountain wave?

And shall the time ever arrive when you must travel through the world and meet no more that flag? when neither ocean nor shore shall its "meteor gleams" fill again the wanderer's eye? when the American shall pass through the world worse than an orphan—a man without a country? Must I ever be condemned to feel that the national structure in which I dwell is not the one which was built by the apostles of American freedom, and cemented by the blood of its martyrs? not the one of which Washington laid the corner stone, and of which Jefferson and Madison were among the chief architects? not the one which was formed by the wisdom of a Madison, and sanctified the thunder of a Henry's eloquence? not the free temple raised upon the desert Zion of our American beach, where, seated and planning their ghastly

of patriotic incense and the heaven-enkindled air of freedom burning forever upon its shrine? No, not this temple, but some humbler edifice, without an altar or a priest, like that in which the disconsolate Jew mourns his lost Jerusalem, and hanging his harp upon the willow, exclaims, "How can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land"? And must I not only give up my portion in the flag and history of my country, but must I yield my interests in any of the consecrated spots of this loved republic? Must I stand on Bunker Hill and Lexington, and be known as a foreigner? Must the man of the north press the sod of Mount Vernon, and mournfully exclaim, "This is no longer my country"? Must the world relinquish its only rallying ground of free principles?

A voice rises from the oppressed millions of Europe — Take not away from us our only city of refuge! From dungeon vaults, and from the ashes of holy martyrs, comes a cry — Destroy not the home of religious liberty! From the ruins of ancient republics melancholy notes of warning float on every breeze. From the battlements of heaven, the spirits of our fathers bend in solicitude, and mourn — if grief can enter heaven — that they have no human tongue to arrest our mad career.

My Lord Tomnoddy. — LONDON DIOGENES.

My Lord Tomnoddy's the son of an earl;
 His hair is straight, but his whiskers curl;
 His lordship's forehead is far from wide,
 But there's plenty of room for the brains inside.
 He writes his name with indifferent ease;
 He is rather uncertain about the "d's";
 But what does it matter, if two, or one,
 To the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son?

My Lord Tomnoddy to college went;
 Much time he lost, much money he spent;
 Rules, and windows, and heads he broke;
 Authorities winked — young men will joke;
 He never peeped inside of a book;
 In two years' time a degree he took;
 And the newspapers vaunted the honors won
 By the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy must settle down ;
 There's a vacant seat in the family town ;
 (It's time he should sow his eccentric oats ;)
 He hasn't the wit to apply for votes ,
 He can not e'en learn his election speech ;
 Three phrases he speaks — a mistake in each !
 And then breaks down ; but the borough is won
 For the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy prefers the Guards,
 ('The House is a bore,') so it's on the cards !
 My lord is a cornet at twenty-three,
 A major at twenty-six is he —
 He never drew sword, except on drill ;
 The tricks of parade he has learned but ill .
 A lieutenant colonel at thirty-one
 Is the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

My Lord Tomnoddy is thirty-four ;
 The earl can last but a few years more.
 My lord in the peers will take his place ;
 Her majesty's councils his words will grace
 Office he'll hold, and patronage sway ;
 Fortunes and lives he will vote away ;
 And what are his qualifications ? One —
 He's the Earl of Fitzdotterel's eldest son.

Military Education in Civil Institutions.

C. G. FORSHEY, *Pres. of Texas Military Institute,*

THE citizen soldier is the guardian of the republic. *Freemen need no other standing army.* While monarchies are sustained by hireling soldiers, whose lives are passed in idleness or in blood, the citizen soldier devotes his years to industry and culture, to domestic happiness, and to public enterprise. Public education should therefore be conducted under *military discipline*. Youth will acquire, with pleasure and promptness, what manhood can scarcely learn at all. And while youthful fervor and zeal are wonderful, let the citizen soldier have his training.

No one can fail to approve the influence of military training

upon manners and movements. There is something in the mere salutation of the military man or youth that every one who witnesses approves. His bearing is open, frank, and manly; his movement dignified and graceful. Bashfulness and diffidence never betray awkwardness; for a well-drilled soldier can not be awkward, however much embarrassed and confused. Give us military discipline, then, for the education of youth, if it have no further object than to aid in developing manliness of character. But it effects, with certainty, what is so often neglected—the development of the *physical* powers in harmony with the *intellectual*.

How often have we seen, from the neglect of physical training, the student, who has mastered knowledge by years of study and splendid intellectual achievement, just as he is ready to enter upon the business of life, and apply his talents and learning to useful purposes, find his physical frame exhausted, and after a few vain struggles to restore the balance,—too long and fatally neglected,—bow down to the relentless destroyer, Death. History is full of examples. We all have, at times, been called upon to grieve the untimely loss of such. But tears come too late, alas! for those that are gone. Let us provide a better education for those who remain.

And, on the other hand, contemplate the mind that has lain dormant in a body trained to physical force and endurance till the *will* and the passions have grown strong and unmanageable, till the animal instincts have spread their branches, in dark and poisonous umbrage, all over the character; till the strong roots and vines of prejudice and superstition have lashed fast the slumbering soul, and blight and mildew have dimmed and blurred its capacities to spring up and see the light. In spite of all his physical prowess, our very Hercules is but an animal, the compeer of horses and beasts of burden; and at highest, gladiator for the Roman arena, the antagonist of tigers, the conqueror of a lion in a single combat.

No training could redeem such a soul; no fascinations of art or science, no allurements of intellectual bliss, or flowers of poesy, or harmonies of nature, could reclaim it to a life of mental joys—the only joys, outside religion, worthy the attention of a human mind. I shall not say that religion can not reach it; for religion has the capacity to grapple with our instincts. It resides in and appertains to the department of the sentiments, in human character; and God, it seems, for purposes wiser than man can deem, adapted it to reach the humblest and the most degraded character. It goes where education, properly speak-

ing, can not reach, and awakens and illumines with a hope of heaven the soul to which intellectual education has no possible access.

Equally repulsive are these two pictures; and to the educator of true manhood, freedom-loving and freedom-sustaining manhood, alike impracticable and irreclaimable. Can we not avoid these extremes? *must* we not? Let us begin in youth.

Let us begin to educate with a proper balance of *mental* and *physical* discipline. Not merely to instill the grammars, geographies, and arithmetics of language, though these have their proper place; not merely to teach a development of limb and muscle in the physical system — and this itself is very unusual in schools; but let us commence, from ten or twelve years old, to treat the mind with ideas of manly republican responsibility, to fill it with a love of liberty and independence, with a knowledge of our country's history and its institutions, to impress upon it an appreciation of the high duties that await the rising man. And, moreover, that the mind may have an expansion and liberality of thought, and true apprehension of the great laws of nature, let it be taught, from this moment forward, that nature works by great, uniform, harmonious laws, and that man may take for his model those laws, when he reasons or legislates for human rights. Besides the ordinary course of letters, which are essential to respectability and usefulness, let these things be taught from boyhood, and the mind will have a manly and republican culture.

No Geographical Party.

[From the letter of Rufus Choate to the Whigs of Boston, by whom he was elected a delegate to the Whig State Convention,

We elect presidents, governors, and members of Congress, not to deliver written lectures to assenting audiences of ladies and gentlemen, to kindle the inflammable and explosive passions, but to perform the duties of practical self-government, in the most complicated and delicate political system, and the hardest to administer in the world. Let us, at least, then know their politics.

Keep usually in the dark about these; we do know that this party of men or, in the stress of all senses, and the work of all senses, a *geographical party*. What argument against it can we add to this? Such a party, Mr. Mr., is to be made when it is

necessary. If it is not necessary, it is, like war too, a tremendous and uncompensated evil. When it shall have become necessary, the eternal separation will have begun. That time, that end, is not yet. Let us not hasten, and not anticipate it, by so rash an innovation as this.

Parties in this country heretofore have helped, not delayed, the slow and difficult growth of a consummated nationality. Our discussions have been sharp; the contests for honor and power keen; the disputes about principles and measures hot and prolonged. But it was in our country's majestic presence that we contended. It was from her hand that we solicited the prize. Whoever lost or won, we loved her better. Our allies were every where. There were no Alleghanies nor Mississippi Rivers in our politics.

Such was the felicity of our condition, that the very dissensions which rent small republics in twain welded and compacted the vast fabric of our own. Does he who would substitute for this form of conducting our civil differences a geographical party, completely understand his own work? Does he consider how vast an educational instrumentality the party life and influence compose? Does he forget how the public opinion of a people is created, and that when created it determines their history? All party organization tends towards faction. This is its evil. But it is inseparable from free government. To choose his political connection aright is the most delicate and difficult duty of the citizen. We have made our choice, and we abide by it. We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.

Shall our Laurels wither? — A. P. HARCOURT,

FROM France and England America can expect nothing. Should our internal commotions and sectional animosities once carry our nation to the verge of disunion and certain destruction, we can look for no conciliatory interference on the part of these crafty powers. We are now already disunited in sentiment; and the harmony and brotherly feeling, that were wont to prevail, no longer manifest themselves, as of yore, in a love of our great and flourishing republic—in a determination to stand by the Union and our star-lit banner, when invaded and attacked by traitors from within and foes from without; our hearts have grown cold, a cloud is on our brow, and we are not prepared for the coming storm.

Already has the war whoop been raised by the crowned heads of Europe, and the cry has gone forth, that the great lummary of the western world is on the wane; that her light in the political heavens is beginning to grow dim; that soon she will sink into eternal gloom, never, never to rise again. Shall it be? Shall the eagle be stopped in his lofty flight? Proud bird! shall they tear from thee thy plumage? Shall they pluck from thee that quill that is to record on the scroll of time great America's fall? *Shall our laurels wither?* Forbid it, Almighty God!

Forbid that the flag of a Warren, the martyr, — of a Washington, the hero, the sage, the patriot, — that the flag which first floated to the breeze from the heights of Bunker's Hill, and which afterward streamed aloft from over Independence Hall, and which now waves over twenty millions of people, the lights of the habitable globe, — forbid that it should ever be lowered to a foreign foe; but if it must be lowered, if it must be struck, great God forbid that it should be by a parricidal hand; rather let it be by some Philip — ay, a Xerxes with his million of men; but ere, then, it shall fall, Americans! — yes, you Kentuckians! — let us gather around the venerable staff, and as each raises his right hand to heaven, and clasps the flowing folds with his left, let us swear OUR LAURELS SHALL NEVER WITHER.

The Song of Steam. — AMERICAN ORGAN.

HARNESS me down with your iron bands;
 Be sure of your curb and rein;
 For I scorn the power of your puny hands,
 As the tempest scorns a chain.
 How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight
 For many a countless hour,
 At the childish boast of human might,
 And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
 A navy upon the seas,
 Creeping along, a snail-like band,
 Or waiting the wayward breeze;
 When I marked the peasant faintly red
 With the toil which he daily bore,
 As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
 Or tugged at the weary oar; —

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
 The flight of the courier dove,
 As they bore the law a king decreed,
 Or the lines of impatient love, —
 I could not but think how the world would feel,
 As these were outstripped afar,
 When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
 Or chained to the flying car.

Ha, ha, ha ! they found me at last ;
 They invited me forth at length ;
 And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
 And laughed in my iron strength.
 O, then ye saw a wondrous change
 On the earth and the ocean wide,
 Where now my fiery armies range,
 Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the waters o'er,
 The mountains steep decline ;
 Time, space, have yielded to my power ;
 The world, the world is mine ;
 The rivers the sun hath earliest blessed,
 Or those where his beams decline ;
 The giant streams of the queenly west,
 Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales, where'er I sweep,
 To hear my strength rejoice,
 And the monsters of the briny deep
 Cower, trembling, at my voice.
 I carry the wealth and the lord of the earth,
 The thoughts of his godlike mind ;
 The wind lags after my flying breath,
 The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
 My tireless arm doth play,
 Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
 Or the dawn of the glorious day.
 I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden cave below,
 And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
 In all the shops of trade ;
 I hammer the ore and turn the wheel,
 Where my arms of strength are made ;
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint ;
 I carry, I spin, I weave ;
 And all my doings I put into print,
 On every morn and eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
 No bone to be "laid on the shelf,"
 And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
 While I manage this world myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands ;
 Be sure of your curb and rein ;
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,
 As the tempest scorns a chain.

Independence Monument. — KENNETH RAYNER.

On the bill to "aid in the erection of a monument commemorative of the declaration of American independence," in the Senate of North Carolina,

THE erection of this monument in Independence Square will strengthen and confirm in the minds of our people the consecration of a spot already hallowed in the hearts and affections of every lover of liberty in this land. Every one of those moral and intellectual giants, who there presided over our nation's birth, is gone to the spirit land. But their names and their memories live, and as time rolls on, the mythic legends of a distant future will associate their self-sacrificing achievements, their intellectual efforts, and their crowning triumph, with the idea of inspiration and of aid from on high. The golden fruits of that bountiful harvest, the seeds of which were sown by their hands, we are now reaping. The extension of our country's limits ; the rapid progress of our civilization, our freedom, our religion, and our laws ; the triumphs of our arms ; the advancement of our commerce ; our wonderful improvements in literature, in arts, and in industrial enterprise ; in fact, the teeming wealth, and luxury, and comfort of our boundless resources, and the numberless blessings with which kind Heaven has favored us, — for the

germ and development of all these revolutionary benefactors, who appealed to Heaven for the rectitude of their intentions, uttered the "declaration," Let this nation be free; and lo, it was free! Sir, can we, their posterity, feel gratitude warm enough to requite the boon they bequeathed us? Can we speak in language glowing enough to duly sound their praise? Can we build monuments high enough to tell the story of their deeds?

But what we can do let us do. Let us, in conjunction with our sister states of the Old Thirteen, — whose classic soil was bedewed with the blood of the martyrs of freedom, and in whose soil now rest their hallowed remains, — let us erect this monument on the site of our political Bethlehem, from whence were first heralded the glad tidings of our national salvation, from whence first went forth the warning to tyrants, and the assurance to the oppressed of the nations, that liberty was man's right, and to assert it was his duty. There let it stand till time shall be no more. In its massive strength, let it be emblematic of the hardy vigor and unterrified determination of those whose names may be inscribed on its shaft. Let its peerless beauty reflect the purity of their motives and the devotion of their hearts. Let its heavenward pointed summit represent the lofty aspirations of their souls, and suggest to the beholder the place of their reward and final rest.

The Same, concluded.

THE moral influence of such a structure, reared by the joint and voluntary contributions of the Old Thirteen, can not fail to exercise a moral influence potent for good, after we shall be no more. It will symbolize the union of these states, will present a physical illustration of our national motto, "E Pluribus Unum," and stand as a warning to disunionists and agitators, that the fabric of our Union, elaborated from the wisdom of revolutionary sages, and cemented by the blood of revolutionary heroes, shall never fall a victim to their parricidal hands. It will be an object of pilgrimage for the lovers of liberty and union in our country through all future time, keeping alive in the hearts of our people the glorious associations of our past history, and fostering the impulses of patriotism, when they shall begin to wane. It will tend to inspire with patriotic sentiments the youth of our country; to admonish them of the price at which our national freedom was purchased; to excite an emulation in deeds of high and noble

daring, and at the same time to sanctify their ambition : and to teach them the glorious rewards which a grateful posterity is willing to bestow upon deeds of disinterested self-sacrifice and devotion by the benefactors of their country.

Sir, my humble task is done. I appeal to this Senate, as the representatives and guardians of North Carolina's pride, her honor and her patriotism, not to let our state be the last to concur in this praiseworthy movement. Above all, let it never be said of us, that we are so deficient in patriotic pride, so insensible to the memory of the past, as to refuse to concur in this heart-stirring design. What must be the feeling of every true-hearted son of the old North State, who may in the future visit Philadelphia, and from curiosity, if from no higher impulse, he shall visit this monument ; he there sees the names of every other of the old thirteen states inscribed in letters of glory on its sides, with the names of those who echoed their appeal to the God of battle, in the immortal Declaration of Independence ; but he shall search in vain for the name of this state, who sent her Nashes and Caswells, her Davies and Polks, her Grahams and Davidsons, to lead the hosts of freedom in our struggles for independence — and the names of Hooper, Hughes, and Penn, who spoke her sentiments in the days of peril, will fail to greet his vision. God forbid such a reproach as this should rest on the name of that state which I love so well.

The Will. — A Dialogue. — ANON.

Characters. — SWIPES, a brewer ; CURRIE, a saddler ; FRANK MILLINGTON, and 'SQUIRE DRAWL.

Swipes. A SOBER occasion, this, brother Currie. Who would have thought the old lady was so near her end ?

Currie. Ah, we must all die, brother Swipes ; and those who live longest outlive the most.

Swipes. True, true ; but since we must die and leave our earthly possessions, it is well that the law takes such good care of us. Had the old lady her senses when she departed ?

Cur. Perfectly, perfectly. 'Squire Drawl told me she read every word of the will aloud, and never signed her name better.

Swipes. Had you any hint from the 'Squire, what disposition she made of her property ?

Cur. Not a whisper ; the 'Squire is as close as an under-

ground tomb : but one of the witnesses hinted to me that she had cut off her graceless nephew Frank without a shilling.

Swipes. Has she, good soul, — has she? You know I come in, then, in right of my wife.

Cur. And I in my own right ; and this is no doubt the reason why we have been called to hear the reading of the will. 'Squire Drawl knows how things should be done, though he is as air-tight as one of your beer barrels. But here comes the young reprobate. He must be present, as a matter of course, you know (*Enter FRANK MILLINGTON.*) Your servant, young gentleman. So your benefactress has left you, at last.

Swipes. It is a painful thing to part with old and good friends, Mr. Millington.

Frank. It is so, sir ; but I could bear her loss better, had I not so often been ungrateful for her kindness. She was my only friend, and I knew not her value.

Cur. It is too late to repent, Master Millington. You will now have a chance to earn your own bread.

Swipes. Ay, ay, by the sweat of your brow, as better people are obliged to. You would make a fine brewer's boy, if you were not too old.

Cur. Ay, or a saddler's lackey, if held with a tight rein.

Frank. Gentlemen, your remarks imply that my aunt has treated me as I deserved. I am above your insults, and only hope you will bear your fortune as *modestly* as I shall mine *submissively*. I shall retire. (*Going, he meets 'SQUIRE DRAWL.*)

'Squire. Stop, stop, young man. We must have your presence. Good morning, gentlemen ; you are early on the ground.

Cur. I hope the 'Squire is well to-day.

'Squire. Pretty comfortable, for an invalid.

Swipes. I trust the damp air has not affected your lungs again.

'Squire. No, I believe not. But since the heirs at law are all convened, I shall now proceed to open the last will and testament of your deceased relative, according to law.

Swipes. (*While the 'Squire is breaking the seal.*) It is a trying thing to leave all one's possessions, 'Squire, in this manner.

Cur. It really makes me feel melancholy, when I look round and see every thing but the venerable owner of these goods. Well did the Preacher say, "All is vanity."

'Squire. Please to be seated, gentlemen. (*He puts on his spectacles, and begins to read slowly.*) "Imprimis : whereas my nephew, Francis Millington, by his disobedience and ungrateful conduct, has shown himself unworthy of my bounty, and incapable of managing my large estate, I do hereby give and be

queath all my houses, farms, stocks, bonds, moneys, and property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer, and Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler." (*The 'Squire takes off his spectacles, to wipe them.*)

Swipes. Generous creature! Kind soul! I always loved her.

Cur. She was good, she was kind; and, brother Swipes, when we divide, I think I'll take the mansion house.

Swipes. Not so fast, if you please, Mr. Currie. My wife has long had her eye upon that, and must have it.

Cur. There will be two words to that bargain, Mr. Swipes. And, besides, I ought to have the first choice. Did I not lend her a new chaise every time she wished to ride? And who knows what influence —

Swipes. Am I not named first in her will? and did I not furnish her with my best small beer for more than six months? and who knows —

Frank. Gentlemen, I must leave you. (*Going.*)

'Squire. (*Putting on his spectacles very deliberately.*) Pray gentlemen, keep your seats; I have not done yet. Let me see; where was I? Ay, "All my property, both personal and real, to my dear cousins, Samuel Swipes, of Malt Street, brewer," —

Swipes. Yes!

'Squire. "And Christopher Currie, of Fly Court, saddler," —

Cur. Yes!

'Squire. "To have and to hold, IN TRUST, for the sole and exclusive benefit of my nephew, Francis Millington, until he shall have attained the age of twenty-one years; by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits as that he may safely be intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."

Swipes. What's all this? You don't mean that we are humbugged? *In trust!* How does that appear? Where is it?

'Squire. There; in two words of as good old English as I ever penned.

Cur. Pretty well too, Mr. 'Squire, if we must be sent for to be made a laughing stock of. She shall pay for every ride she has had out of my chaise, I promise you.

Swipes. And for every drop of my beer. Fine times, if two sober, hard-working citizens are to be brought here to be made the sport of a graceless profligate! But we will manage his property for him, Mr. Currie; we will make him feel that *trustees* are not to be trifled with.

Cur. That we will.

'Squire. Not so fast, gentlemen ; for the instrument is dated three years ago and the young gentleman must be already of age, and able to take care of himself. Is it not so, Francis ?

Frank. It is, your worship.

'Squire. Then, gentlemen, having attended to the breaking of the seal, according to law, you are released from any further trouble about the business.

The American Government. — H. W. HILLIARD,

SEPARATED from the systems of the old world by the Atlantic, conscious of their responsibility, profoundly acquainted with the events of history, and with its ancient and modern illustrations all before their eyes, the men who undertook the task of erecting a new government brought to it the noblest qualities. They presented a sublime spectacle. History describes upon none of its pages such a scene. Other governments had grown up under circumstances whose imperious pressure gave them their peculiar forms, and they had been modified from time to time, to keep pace with an advancing civilization ; but here was a government created by men emancipated from all foreign influence, and who, in their deliberations, acknowledged no supreme authority but that of God.

States already republican and independent were formed into a confederation, and the great principles of the government were embodied in a CONSTITUTION. The Union then established has ever since existed. Under its protection we have grown from weakness to strength. Our wealth, our population, and our power have steadily advanced ; and to-day we hold an undisputed empire over a territory stretching from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico ; and the sparse population which, when the government was formed, fringed the Atlantic coast, has spread itself westward, the Rocky Mountains have been passed, and the laws, the letters, the traditions, and the religion of the colonists are seated upon the shores of the Pacific.

Our progress has more than transcended that of the fabled god of the ancients, who, beginning his morning journey in the east, drove his flaming chariot through the sky, until he dipped his glowing axle in the western waves. Behind us have sprung up all the blessings of a high civilization ; nor will they disappear beneath the waves of that placid ocean which we have reached in our march. There they will grow and flourish and

their kindling lustre will spread over the Polynesian Islands, and gild the distant shores of Asia with a richer and purer splendor than they have ever enjoyed before. * * *

We are yet in the freshness of our youth ; our country, the latest born of the great nations, is like the youngest daughter of King Lear, the fairest of the sisters :

“ Ah, mayst thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbecom the promise of thy spring.”

The horoscope which shone so resplendently over thy birth, O my country, announced a glorious destiny. We have witnessed its grand fulfilment. Berkeley's vision, revealed in poetic measures, is fully realized —

“ Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

A powerful nation, in the full vigor of her youth, unfurls the banner of freedom, and its mighty folds float over a continent. Thrown out at first against a stormy sky, and in defiance of tyrants, it is bathed to-day in the light of peace ; the eyes of all mankind are fixed upon it as the sign of hope. Shall it be rent asunder ? Shall its stars be quenched and its folds droop ? Shall it live in the memory of mankind only as the sign of fallen power and departed glory ? No ! No, let it float forever, the standard of a republic the proudest, the happiest, the greatest which the world has ever beheld.

Let the sun, as he rises out of the Atlantic wave, gild it with his morning beam ; let him throw his parting splendor upon it as he sinks beneath the placid waters of the Pacific, its gorgeous folds still streaming with undiminished lustre over states free, powerful, and prosperous, associated in a Union as indissoluble as it is glorious

The Illustrious Trio of Statesmen. — H. W. HILLIARD,

As an ORATOR, Mr. Clay stood unrivalled among the statesmen of our times ; and if the power of a statesman is to be measured by the control which he exerts over an audience, he will take rank among the most illustrious men who, in ancient or modern times, have decided great questions by resistless eloquence.

Mr. Calhoun was the finest type of the pure Greek intellect which this country has ever produced. His speeches resemble Grecian sculpture, with all the purity and hardness of marble

while they show that the chisel was guided by the hand of a master. Demosthenes transcribed the history of Thucydides eight times, that he might acquire the strength and majesty of his style, and Mr. Calhoun had evidently studied the orations of the great Athenian with equal fidelity. He had much of his force and ardor, and his bearing was so full of dignity that it was easy to fancy, when you heard him, that you were listening to an oration from the lips of a Roman senator who had formed his style in the severe schools of Greece.

Mr. Webster's oratory reaches the highest pitch of grandeur. He combines the pure philosophical faculty of investigation, which characterized the Greek mind, with the athletic power and majesty which belonged to the Roman style. There is in his orations a blended strength and beauty surpassing any thing to be found in ancient or modern productions. He stands like a statue of Hercules wrought out of gold. He has been sometimes called the Demosthenes of this country; but the attributes which he displayed are not those which belonged to the Athenian orator. His speeches display the same power and beauty, and equal, if they do not surpass, in consummate ability, the noblest orations of Demosthenes; but he wants the vehemence, the boldness, the impetuosity of the orator who wielded the fierce democracy of Athens at his will, and who, in his impassioned harangues, "shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece."

Mr. Clay's oratory differed from that of Mr. Webster and of Mr. Calhoun, and it was more effective than that of either of his contemporaries. Less philosophical than the one, and less majestic than the other, he surpassed them both in the sway which he exerted over the assemblies which he addressed. Clear, convincing, impassioned, and powerful, he spoke the language of truth in its most commanding tones, and the deductions of reason uttered from his lips seemed to have caught the glow of inspiration. * * *

He realized Mr. Webster's description of oratory: "The clear conception outrunning the deductions of logic; the high purpose; the firm resolve; the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object: this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence; it is action — noble, sublime, godlike action."

William Tell among the Mountains. — J. S. KNOWLES

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again! — O sacred forms, how proud you look !
 How high you lift your heads into the sky !
 How huge you are ! how mighty, and how free !
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine ; whose smile
 Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again ! — I call to you
 With all my voice ! — I hold my hands to you,
 To show they still are free. I rush to you
 As though I could embrace you !

Scaling yonder peak,
 I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow
 O'er the abyss : his broad-expanded wings
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
 As if he floated there without their aid,
 By the sole act of his unlorded will,
 That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
 I bent my bow ; yet kept he rounding still
 His airy circle, as in the delight
 Of measuring the ample range beneath
 And round about ; absorbed, he heeded not
 The death that threatened him. I could not shoot ! —
 'Twas liberty ! — I turned my bow aside,
 And let him soar away !

Gratitude to Parents and Teachers. — D. P. PAGE.

WHEN a distinguished writer said, "God be thanked for the gift of mothers and schoolmasters," he expressed but the common sentiment of the human heart. The name of parent justly enkindles the warmest emotions in the heart of him who has gone out from his native home to engage in the busy scenes of the work-day world ; and when sometimes he retires from the

companionship of new-made friends, to recall the picture of the past and the loved of other days, — to think

“Of childish joys, when bounding boyhood knew
No grief, but chased the gorgeous butterfly,
And gamboled with the breeze that tossed about
His silken curls,” —

how sweetly do the genial influences of home and childhood, with all their hallowed associations, come stealing over the soul! The world is forgotten; care may not intrude upon this sacred hour; objects of sense are unheeded; the call to pleasure is disregarded; while the rapt soul, introverted — transported — dwells with unspeakable delight upon its consecrated recollection of all that is venerable, all that is sacred in the name of PARENT.

At this favored hour, how the heart swells at the thought of a mother's love! The smiles, the kind words, the sympathy, the counsels, the prayers, the tears — how fondly the memory treasures them up, and claims them for its own! And though death may have long since intruded, and consigned that gentle form to the cold earth, rudely sundering the cherished bonds of affection, and leaving the hearthstone desolate — though change may have brought strangers to fell the favorite tree, to remove the ancient landmarks, to lay waste the pleasant places, and even to tread carelessly by the humble mound that marks the revered spot where “departed worth is laid” — though Time, “with his effacing fingers,” may have been busy in obliterating the impressions of childhood from the mind, or in burying them deeply beneath the rubbish of perplexing cares — still the true heart never tires with the thought of a fond parent, nor ever ceases to “thank God upon every remembrance” of a *pious, devoted mother*.

Thus it should ever be. Nothing on earth should be allowed to claim the gratitude which is justly due to judicious parents. But the faithful, devoted teacher — the former of youthful character, and the guide of youthful study — will be sure to have the *next* place in the grateful heart. Whether the young man treads the deck of the noble ship, in his lonely watch, as she proudly walks the waters by night — or journeys among strangers in foreign lands — wherever he goes, or however employed — as often as his thoughts revisit the scenes of his childhood, and dwell with interest upon the events that marked his youthful progress, he will recur to the old familiar school house, call up its well-remembered incidents — its joys and its sorrows — its trials and its triumphs — its all-pervading and ever abiding influences — and devoutly thank God for the gift of a *faithful, self-denying, patient teacher*.

The World transitory. — REV. J. G. PIERCE.

(AN IMPRESSIVE EXHORTATION.)

COULD you revisit the now crowded streets of a populous city when one hundred years are passed, *if no new generation arose* you would find them entirely deserted; not a single passenger in them, nor an inhabitant in the houses; but the streets, where a blade of grass is never seen, then *covered* with it; the houses falling into ruin; many of them already in the dust; the birds of the desert building their nests in the deserted rooms, and foxes, half hid with grass and nettles, peeping through the shattered windows; the houses of divine worship all forsaken; every preacher gone from his pulpit; every crowded congregation vanished and forgotten in the dust; and all as silent as the midst of an Arabian desert, or as the chambers of the grave.

Or, view the subject by indulging pensive reflection on the transient nature of all the most endeared earthly ties. Think with yourself, "Could I rise from the tomb when the year two thousand comes, and look around on the world I shall then have so long forsaken, what a scene of desolation would it present to me! Not those only whom I saw go before me, but all I left, would have gone to eternity. Could I approach their now cheerful hearths, I should miss them there; walk in their gardens or their fields, I should not find them there; go to their tombs, and even there would not one wretched trace be found, nor even a stone remain, to tell where they had ever been."

Look forward a little further, to the period when all the noise, and tumult, and business of this world shall have closed forever. How has it vanished! How have its short-lived multitudes departed! Their business over, their little pleasures finished, their hasty sorrows ended; their doom pronounced, their endless dwelling fixed, and their once gay, distracting, perplexing world lost — vanished — gone forever. Let its admirers tell us of honors and fame, that will last as long as the sun shall shine, or the world endure. Alas, contemptible honors! that will endure for so brief a span! The sun is but a lamp that lights our pathway to an endless world. The earth is but the road prepared for pilgrims to travel, till, in the eternal abodes of grief or bliss, they reach an endless home. It is but as a moment, as an inch of time, as the darting of an arrow, the falling of a star, the twinkling of an eye, or the glancing of a thought, before **all** which you now behold shall pass away from you as a dream when one awaketh, and give place to those eternal scenes

Then farewell, earth ; farewell, sun, moon and stars ; farewell, a busy or an idle, a sad or a pleasurable world. But no farewells are known beyond the grave. To the scenes which will then open upon you you will never bid adieu. Start forward, then, my fellow-pilgrim, start forward, in your thoughts, to everlasting scenes, and roam among the immeasurable ages that lie beyond the judgment day. How the world recedes as you advance ! It sinks to a speck—to a mote—to nothing. How six thousand years, or six thousand ages, dwindle as you sail down the tide of eternity ! They sink to an hour—to a moment—to the twinkling of an eye—to nothingness itself. O, remember that on that awful tide you must shortly sail, when the world is nothing to you. Strive to love it no more than you will do, when, myriads of ages after its destruction, you look back upon it. Value its honors as you will value them then, and prize its pleasures as then you will prize them ; and let the prospect of those amazing scenes strike deeper on your heart the salutary thought—I am but a traveler here. * * *

ETERNITY ! blessed or dreadful word ! whose meaning no numbers can unfold, no ages can declare ; into whose depths no eye but that of God has pierced ; a span whose length no heart has ever comprehended. O, look at that eternity more ! So near the world where all is solemn, should you trifle ? So near the state where all is endless, can you prize what is perishing ? At the gate of eternity, on the threshold of an endless world, or, at most, with but a few steps before you must step into it, are the concerns of a fleeting pilgrimage of much importance ? Are you so near doing what you must do forever, so near rejoicing where you must rejoice forever, or mourning where you must mourn forever, and should not this make a transitory life and a perishing world little things indeed ? Live, then, O live as a traveler to eternity ; a pilgrim here, pressing to a happy, endless home.

A Psalm of Life.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream ;
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real !—life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal :

Dust thou art — to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle —
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant ;
Let the dead past bury its dead ;
Act — act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ; —

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait !

The Leper. — N. P. WILLIS.

“ Room for the leper ! room ! ” And, as he came,
The cry passed on — “ Room for the leper ! room ! ”

And aside they stood -
 Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood — all
 Who met him on his way, and let him pass.
 And onward through the open gate he came,
 A leper, with the ashes on his brow,
 Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
 A covering — stepping painfully and slow,
 And with a difficult utterance, like one
 Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
 Crying, “Unclean! unclean!”

’Twas now the first
 Of the Judean autumn, and the leaves,
 Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
 Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
 Of Judah’s loftiest noble. He was young,
 And eminently beautiful, and life
 Mantled in eloquent fullness on his lip,
 And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
 There was a gracious pride that every eye
 Followed with benisons — and this was he!
 With the soft airs of summer, there had come
 A torpor on his frame, which not the speed
 Of his best barb, nor music, nor the blast
 Of the bold huntsman’s horn, nor aught that stirred
 The spirit to its bent, might drive away.
 The blood beat not as wont within his veins;
 Dimness crept o’er his eye; a drowsy sloth
 Fettered his limbs like palsy, and his mien,
 With all its loftiness, seemed struck with eld.
 Even his voice was changed — a languid moan
 Taking the place of the clear silver key;
 And brain and sense grew faint, as if the light
 And very air were steeped in sluggishness.
 He strove with it a while, as manhood will,
 Ever too proud for weakness, till the rein
 Slackened within his grasp, and in its poise
 The arrowy jereed, like an aspen, shook.
 Day after day, he lay as if asleep:
 His skin grew dry and bloodless, and white scales
 Circled with livid purple, covered him,
 - And Helon was a leper!

It was noon,
 And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool

In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
 Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
 The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
 Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
 Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,
 He drew the covering closer on his lip,
 Crying, “Unclean! unclean!” and in the folds
 Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
 He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
 Nearer the Stranger came, and, bending o’er
 The leper’s prostrate form, pronounced his name—
 “Helon!” The voice was like the master-tone
 Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
 And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
 And for a moment beat beneath the hot
 And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
 “Helon! arise!” and he forgot his curse,
 And rose and stood before Him.
 He looked on Helon earnestly a while,
 As if his heart were moved, and, stooping down,
 He took a little water in his hand,
 And laid it on his brow, and said, “Be clean!”
 And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
 Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins
 And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
 The dewy softness of an infant’s stole.
 His leprosy was cleansed, and he fell down
 Prostrate at Jesus’ feet, and worshiped him.

The Standard of the Constitution.

WEBSTER

IF classical history has been found to be, is now, and shall continue to be, the concomitant of free institutions, and of popular eloquence, what a field is opening to us for another Herodotus, another Thucydides, (only may his theme not be a Peloponnesian war,) and another Livy! And, let me say, gentlemen, that if we, and our posterity, shall be true to the Christian religion,—if we and they shall live always in the fear of God, and shall respect his commandments,—if we and they shall maintain just moral sentiments, and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life—we may have

the highest hopes of the future fortunes of our country. And, if we maintain those institutions of government, and that political Union,—exceeding all praise as much as it exceeds all former examples of political associations,—we may be sure of one thing, that while our country furnishes materials for a thousand masters of the historic art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon. It will have no Decline and Fall. It will go on, prospering and to prosper. But, if we and our posterity reject religious instruction and authority, violate the rules of eternal justice, trifle with the injunctions of morality, and recklessly destroy the political constitution which holds us together, no man can tell how suddenly a catastrophe may overwhelm us that shall bury all our glory in profound obscurity. If that catastrophe shall happen, let it have no history. Let the horrible narrative never be written; let its fate be like that of the lost books of Livy, which no human eye shall ever read, or the missing Pleiad, of which no man can ever know more than that it is lost, and lost forever.

But, gentlemen, I will not take my leave of you in a tone of despondency. We may trust that Heaven will not forsake us, so long as we do not forsake ourselves. Are we of this generation so derelict—have we so little of the blood of our revolutionary fathers coursing through our veins—that we can not preserve what our ancestors achieved? The world will cry out “SHAME” upon us, if we show ourselves unworthy to be the descendants of those great and illustrious men who fought for their liberty, and secured it to their posterity by the constitution.

The constitution has enemies, secret and professed; but they can not disguise the fact that it secures us many benefits. These enemies are unlike in character, but they all have some fault to find. Some of them are enthusiasts, hot-headed, self-sufficient, and headstrong. They fancy that they can make out for themselves a better path than that laid down for them. Phaëton, the son of Apollo, thought he could find a better course across the heavens for the sun.

“Thus Phaëton once, amidst the ethereal plains,
Leaped on his father’s car, and seized the reins,
Far from his course impelled the glowing sun,
Till Nature’s laws to wild disorder run.”

Other enemies there are, more cool and with more calculation. These have a deeper and more traitorous purpose. They have spoken of forcible resistance to the provisions of the constitution; they now speak of secession! Let me say, gentlemen, *secession* from us is *accession* elsewhere. He who

renounces the protection of the stars and stripes shelters himself under the shadow of another flag, you may rest assured of that. Now, to counteract the efforts of these malcontents, the friends of the constitution must rally. ALL its friends, of whatever section, whatever their sectional opinions may be must unite for its preservation. To that standard we must adhere, and uphold it through evil report and good report. We will sustain it, and meet death itself, if it come; we will ever encounter and defeat error, by day and by night, in light or in darkness,—thick darkness,—if it come, till

“Danger’s troubled night is o’er,
And the star of Peace return.”

Daniel Webster.—H. W. HILLIARD,

IN a snow-storm a sleigh was seen ascending a hill in the State of New Hampshire, in which were seated a man already mature, of fine, bold face, and a youth of generous countenance. The elder traveler addresses some words to the younger, which seem to move him, for he presently rests his head upon the shoulder of his companion, and his eyes are filled with tears.

The travelers were Ebenezer Webster and his son Daniel, and the father had just announced to his son his purpose to send him to college. Daniel, overcome with emotion at the opening of such a career, and at the thought of the sacrifice which his father is about to make for him, can not restrain his tears. There the ardor of a great soul broke forth, and the eye of the young eagle flashed as it turned for the first time toward the sun. * * *

A really great man is the grandest object which this world ever exhibits. The heavens in their magnificence—the ocean in its sublime immensity—mountains standing firm upon their granite foundations—all are less imposing than a living man in the possession of his highest faculties.

Demosthenes urging the Athenians to march against Philip interests us more than all Greece. Hannibal scaling the Alps with his victorious legions is a sublimer object than the Alps themselves. Marius seated upon the ruins of Carthage makes us forget the fall of an empire in contemplating the fortunes of a man. Nelson upon the deck of the Victory, with the star glittering upon his breast, is a grander sight than the two hostile fleets. Napoleon at Waterloo, riding to the brow of the hill at

the head of the Imperial Guard when they were to make their last charge upon the British lines, is an object of higher interest than all the stern array of battle beside. Lord Chatham sinking in the House of Lords is the noblest object in the British empire; and Washington crossing the Delaware at night, amid the crashing ice, fixes our attention in the midst of the dread magnificence of the winter scene, and we look upon him as we would upon an avenging archangel going forth to smite the invading army.

Our country has produced some great men. They glow in the heaven of the past like stars in the firmament, and in that splendid constellation we see Webster in full-orbed glory. In history, as in the heavens, one star differeth from another star in glory.

The Same, continued.

It is not always that the majesty of the intellect is symbolized in the external man, but in the case of Webster it was so. His appearance was nothing less than grand. In the midst of his peers in the Senate, he stood like a tower, in shape and gesture proudly eminent; or he sat, amid its august deliberations, as if upon his broad shoulders alone he could bear the weight of the government. His head rose with an ample swell, which reminded one of that dome which Michael Angelo hung in the heavens. His eyes were large, dark, and of that fathomless depth which gives so fine an expression to the face.

These, with his dark complexion and hair, presented at all times a spectacle which would fix the attention if seen in any assemblage of men; but it was when he was roused by some great theme, or fired by some important debate, that he rose into an aspect of Olympian power and grandeur. Then we could comprehend Milton's description of the style of Demosthenes:—

“He shook the Arsenal,
And fulmined over Greece.”

A thunder-cloud seemed at times to hang upon his brow, but as he advanced in his argument, something like a smile, resembling a ray of sunlight, would pass over his features.

No grander spectacle could be witnessed than that which he presented when his mighty intellect was in full play, and the great passions of his nature glowed in his countenance. It was like looking upon a great mountain, in whose depths the molten

ore, under the intense heat of internal fires, begins to flow, and at length pours out in a broad stream of living flame. There was a great deal of poetry in Mr. Webster's nature, and it was this that gave him his preëminence as a writer and an orator. There can be no true eloquence which is not in some way allied to poetry, nor can there be true greatness of any kind which is the work of the head; the *heart* must originate it, or it is no greatness at all.

* Among the mighty and ponderous thoughts conceived by the capacious mind of this great man, he was once asked by an intimate friend to name the greatest and most sublime. Without a moment's hesitancy he replied, "MY INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY TO GOD" — a thought which can be apprehended in all the grandeur of its proportions only by the highest created intelligence. * * *

His politics must not now be discussed; but we may be allowed to say that it is the crowning glory of his career that the last great utterance which he ever made — his speech of the 7th of March, 1850 — was an utterance of great and patriotic sentiments, sounding out through the whole land; appealing to Massachusetts to stand by the constitution; assuring the south of his purpose to carry out the provisions of the national compact; calling upon the country, as a conscript father might have appealed to Rome, to be true to herself — an utterance which will sound out to future ages.

Youthful Love. — POLLOCK'S COURSE OF TIME.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood.
 The cornfields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
 Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
 And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed,
 In silent contemplation, to adore
 Its Maker. Now and then the aged leaf
 Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground,
 And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
 On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
 With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
 Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth,
 From out her western hermitage, and smiled;

* We have taken the liberty of interpolating this paragraph.

And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon,
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer,
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honor far
Beyond the wave; and hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone,
"Her lover's safety, and his quick return."
In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardor streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as zephyr sighs
On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang, at dawning time,
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon looked stedfastly; the stars,
That circle nightly round the eternal throne,
Glanced down, well pleased; and Everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

O, had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not: for oftentimes Providence
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapped in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure

To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
 Beseeching for his ward, before the throne,
 Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!
 But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
 That she was flesh and blood, formed for himself,
 The plighted partner of his future life.
 And as they met, embraced, and sat, embowered,
 In woody chambers of the starry night,
 Spirits of love about them ministered,
 And God, approving, blessed the holy joy.

The Control of Spirit over Matter. — REV. DR. WINANS.

No one thinks of holding either infants or insane persons of mature age responsible for the moral character of their action; though they are the subjects of passion, and resolutely will their own course of action. This is the case, because they are deemed incapable of perceiving the moral relations of the action upon which they have determined, and for no other reason. Whereas perceptions of moral relations, susceptibility to passion and will, wherever they coëxist, constitute the spirit which is endowed with them a responsible agent. That power to *control matter* belongs to spirit, none can doubt, after duly considering the control which the mind or spirit in man exerts over the material portion of his own nature — his *nerves* and his *muscles*, and, through these, over the world of matter without himself. *How* this control is exerted, it is idle to inquire; but the fact itself is so notorious and so indisputable, that, however inscrutable the mode of operation, the power is, we suppose, universally admitted to exist.

What mighty achievements, by means of these few and simple capabilities, has spirit — creature-spirit — performed. To what heights of science, to what depths of discovery, to what an extent of knowledge has it attained! How has it dazzled the eye and charmed the imagination, by the splendors and the beauty of architecture, sculpture, and painting! With what heart-melting melodies and soul-thrilling harmonies has it, by means of eloquence, music, and song, enraptured the listening thousands, whose happiness it has been to come within the range of their influence! How has it multiplied to man the means of subsistence and comfort, and abridged the toils of the condition

in which his rebellion has placed him, in which he is doomed "in the sweat of his face to eat bread all the days of his life."

What efficient forms of government has it instituted, to repress the vices of the refractory, and to protect society in the enjoyment of its rights and privileges! What noble examples of moral virtue, in sages, in statesmen, in martyrs, and in the poor and unregarded among men, has it produced, to display the true and elevated dignity to which man, in all kinds of society and in all kinds of circumstances, may attain! And now pure, how ennobling, how worthy of God, and how suited to the nature, condition, and capabilities of man, the system of religion, which, under the instruction of revelation, has been compassed by the spirit of man!

Sublimity and Beneficence of Creative Power.

REV. DR. WINANS.

"AND God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear; and it was so. And God called the dry land earth, and the gathering together of the waters called he seas." Immediately, upon the divine command, down sank more than half the earth's surface, in many parts of it to unfathomable depths. From all portions not thus depressed rushed the waters under the whole heavens; till by suitable drains were drawn together, in ocean's capacious basins, the superfluous waters of the whole earth, and the dry land emerged, with mountain and valley, hill and dale, diversifying its face, to be the proper scene of those vegetable and animal organizations with which the all-wise Creator was about to adorn and people its vast area.

The sea has been called *the wide waste of waters*. Nothing could be more unjust; for, besides that the sea is occupied by innumerable tribes of sensuous beings, whose constitutions are adapted to the circumstances in which they are placed, is it not notorious that, without such a surface as is spread out by the seas, evaporation, sufficient to the purpose of watering the earth, by dews and rains, would be impracticable; and earth, throughout its whole extent, would be as sterile and as arid as the deserts of Sahara? Then how greatly has the intercourse between the most distant parts of the globe been facilitated by the existence of this highway of nations!

A waste of waters! Nay, verily, but a scene of abundant

and varied life and enjoyment—a reservoir, whence the earth is irrigated and rendered fruitful—the artery of social existence—the great thoroughfare of commerce! To render it the more suitable for this latter purpose, as well as to prevent noxious exhalations from its immensely extended surface, the water of the seas is strongly impregnated with salts, which increase its buoyancy and lessen its tendency to stagnation and decomposition. Well might the Psalmist adoringly exclaim, “In wisdom hast thou made them all!—so is this great and wide sea; wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships!’ Such and so important is the sea. * * *

Upon the earth or dry land was simultaneously spread out the beautiful carpet of green, variegated with flowers of every hue, and sending up delicious fragrance to regale the sense of beings capable of such gratification; then rose the shrub, in lowly beauty, by the side of the stately pine, the majestic oak, the beautiful cedar, and the graceful palm. Then, too, the laden boughs of herb, shrub, and tree displayed their various fruits, rich, delicious, and nutritive—the bounty of Providence abundant in resources, and as munificent as abundant. Every variety of taste is catered to in this provision. Every sense, capable of being served by such ministry, is provided with appropriate gratification in these fruits of the field and of the forest. Feeling, and smell, and taste, and sight are as intensely regaled as if pleasure were the only object of the provision, instead of being a mere accessory to the more important purpose of perpetuating existence. * * *

The broad world had already been surrounded by a firmament, or atmosphere, which, besides being the great magazine of meteoric agencies, by which the earth is rendered productive of vegetation, and rendered habitable by the various tribes of animals which live upon its surface, is, moreover, the great instrument of *sound*—the chord whose vibrations give utterance to all the varied notes of nature’s mighty concert. By its means is heard the eloquence of the orator and the melody of the musician—the whisper of the zephyr and the roar of the thunder. The instruction and the pleasure of conversation could not be enjoyed without its intervention. And what is most important of all, perhaps, in the uses of the atmosphere, is that, by means of respiration, it imparts vitality to the blood, upon which the continuance of life is constantly and absolutely dependent.

Marmion and the Douglas. — SCOTT.

Not far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The train from out the castle drew;
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, how'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer:
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone —
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."
Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire
And shook his very frame for ire,
And, "This to me!" he said:
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!

And if thou saidst, I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied."
 On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
 Fierce he broke forth: "And dar'st thou then
 To beard the lion in his den,
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?
 No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms — what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall."
 Lord Marmion turned, — well was his need, —
 And dashed the rowels in his steed,
 Like arrow through the archway sprung;
 The ponderous grate behind him rung:
 To pass there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The Death of Marmion. — Scott.

WITH that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drenched with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strained the broken brand;
 His arms were smeared with blood and sand;
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,
 With dinted shield and helmet beat,
 The falcon crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion?
 When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where.
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
 Redeem my pennon — charge again!
 Cry — 'Marmion to the rescue!' — Vain!
 Last of my race, on battle plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again! —
 Yet my last thought is England's — fly!
 Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets! fly!

Leave Marmion here alone — to die."
 They parted, and alone he lay :
 With fruitless labor Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound :
 The monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear ;
 For that she ever sung,
 " In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying !
 So the notes rung : —
 " Avoid thee, fiend ! — with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !
 O, look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
 O, think on faith and bliss !
 By many a death bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
 And, " Stanley ! " was the cry.
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye :
 With dying hand, above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted, " Victory ! —
 Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on ! "
 Were the last words of Marmion.

The Union. — WEBSTER,

It is not to be denied that we live in the midst of strong agitations ; in the midst of dangers to the institutions of our government. The imprisoned winds are let loose. " The east the north, and the stormy south are all combined to make the whole ocean toss its billows to the skies, and disclose its profoundest depths." I do not affect to hold, or to be fit to hold, the helm in this combat with the political elements ; but I have a duty to perform, and I intend to perform it with fidelity — not

without a sense of surrounding dangers, and not without hope. I have a part to act; not for my own security and safety, — for I am looking out for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck is to ensue, — but for the good of the whole. and the preservation of the whole.

I speak to-day for the preservation of the Union; I speak from a solicitous and anxious desire for the restoration to the country of that quiet and that harmony which make the blessings of this Union so rich and so dear to us all. I should much prefer to hear from every member upon this floor declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declarations of opinion that in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with pain, and anguish, and distress, the word *secession*, when it falls from the lips of those who are eminent, patriotic, known to the country, and known to the world, for their political services. Secession! peaceable secession! Your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle.

I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, of war, pestilence, and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession; of breaking up this great government, of dismembering this great country. Gentlemen are not serious when they talk of peaceable secession and dissolution. Peaceable secession! The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is foolish enough — I ask every body's pardon — who is foolish enough to expect to see any such thing? He who sees these states now revolving in harmony around one common centre, and expects to see them quit their places, and fly off without convulsions, may look out the next day to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without producing a crush of the universe.

Such a thing as peaceable secession! It is utterly impossible. Is the constitution under which we live, covering this whole country, to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows upon the mountains are melted under the influence of a vernal sun, to disappear almost unobserved? Our ancestors would rebuke and reproach us; our children and grandchildren would cry shame upon us, if we of this generation should tarnish those ensigns of the honor, power and harmony of the Union, which we now behold with so much joy and gratitude.

Peaceable secession! A concurrent resolution of all the members of this great republic to separate! Where is the line

to be drawn? What states are to be associated? What is to become of the army? What is to become of the navy? What is to become of the public lands? Alas! what is to remain America? What am I to be? Where is our flag to remain? Where is the eagle still to soar aloft? or is he to cower, and shrink, and fall to the earth?

Sir, we could not sit down here to-day, and draw a line of separation that would satisfy any five men in the country. There are natural causes that would keep and tie us together and there are social and domestic relations which we could not break if we would, and which we should not if we could.

Rienzi's Address to the Romans. — MARY R. MITFORD.

FRIENDS,

I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave. Not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves — slaves to a horde
Of petty despots, feudal tyrants; lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell, a name. Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cry out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor, — there he stands, —
Was struck — struck like a dog — by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian. Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? — men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common
I have known deeper wrongs, — I, that speak to ye.
I had a brother, once; a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy. O, how I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years.

Brother at once and son. He left my side,
 A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
 His corse, his mangled corse; and then I cried
 For vengeance. Rouse ye, Romans! rouse ye, slaves!
 Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
 'To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonored; and if ye dare to call for justice,
 Be answered with the lash! Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne
 Of beauty ruled the world! And we are Romans!
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king! And once again, —
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus! — once again, I swear,
 The Eternal City shall be free!

Man and Woman in Contrast. — WIRT.

MAN stands before us in all his native dignity. He commands admiration by the boldness of his designs, the grandeur of his conceptions, the chivalry of his deeds, and the preëminence of his talents. He delights to figure in the world's eye, and to hear his praises rung by every tongue. He glories in the stormy agitations of life. His throne is tempest, and his state convulsion. He rules nations by a word, shakes kingdoms by his influence, overturns governments at his will, and destroys his fellow-man in the mere wantonness of power. Riding upon the whirlwind, he mocks the raging storm; playing with the lightning, he hears unmoved the thunder's voice. The wings of time make for him music as they move; and he forgets, too often, as he is wafted to eternity's brink, the dread realities of a "God in thunder, and a world on fire." Such are, generally, the aspirations of his mind, the employment of his life, and the consummation of his career. To be prepared for their strange vicissitudes, and to control with facility their wonderful mutations, *man should be educated.*

Woman sits by her fireside, in the beauty of her charms, and in the worshiped graces of her loveliness. The nature of her duties, the care of her children, the laws of the land, and the

usages of society, bind her to the home of her love. She delights to smooth the rough asperities of nature, to temper the burning heat of restless ambition, to check the adventurous spirit of daring heroism, and to sweeten, by the endearments of social intercourse, the passing hours of a brief existence. When the world is convulsed by the madness of ambition, and distracted by the vice and folly of legalized wickedness, she enlivens and purifies the domestic circle, by the affections and charities of a "well-ordered life and a blameless conversation." She watches, with maternal solicitude, the sportive tricks of helpless infancy; listens to the sweet music of its voice; exults in the endearing playfulness of its smiles; weeps at the melting accents of its cry; and, as she rocks the *little manly* spirit to its repose, strikes the silver-toned notes of merry happiness, and enjoys again the dewy freshness of life's morning hour.

In time's rapid flight, the days of childhood have passed, and the little prattler stands by his "mighty mother's" side, life's young pilgrim. With a deep sense of the responsibility of her trust, she molds his mind and forms his manners, directs his powers and regulates his conduct. In process of time, she unfolds the saving truths of his condition and danger, destination and immortality. She strikes the chord of deep-toned feeling, opens the fountains of sympathetic emotions, kindles the flame of virtuous ambition, points to the source of religious consolation, and, at last, sends forth the wanderer upon the world's wide theater, with a mother's love and a mother's blessing. To perform appropriately these high and delicate trusts, should not *woman be educated?*

Speech of Sempronius for War. — ADDISON

My voice is still for war
 Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose — slavery or death?
 No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And at the head of our remaining troops
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help.
 Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
 Or share their fate. The corpse of half her senate

Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here, deliberating, in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame ! our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, " To battle !"
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us !

Speech of Lucius for Peace. — ADDISON.

MY thoughts, I must confess, are turned on peace.
 Already have our quarrels filled the world
 With widows and with orphans. Scythia mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome.
 'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers ;
 The gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
 (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
 Were to refuse the awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
 Already have we shown our love to Rome :
 Now let us show submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth : when this end fails,
 Arms have no further use ; — our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood
 Unprofitably shed. What men could do
 Is done already : heaven and earth will witness,
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Speech of Cato. — ADDISON.

LET us appear nor rash nor diffident :
 Immoderate valor swells into a fault ;
 And fear, admitted into public councils,
 Betrays, like treason. Let us shun them both.

Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desperate : we have bulwarks round us
 Within our walls are troops inured to toil
 In Afric's heats, and seasoned to the sun :
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods ;
 But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time ?
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last.
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty.
 And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Political Conservatism. — WILLIAM BRAINARD SPENCER.*

[The *five* articles which follow, in this connection, constitute the graduating speech of a young Louisianian of great promise. It dates from Centenary College of Louisiana, July, 1855, and has only been subjected to such change as was necessary to detach the several numbers.]

THE storms of war are gathering thick about us. The dissonant thunder of artillery shakes the colossal monuments of classic Greece, portending a tempest which shall rock and convulse nations and empires to their centers. As men, as philanthropists, as members of a great and growing republic, it behooves us to pause, and consider, calmly and dispassionately, our condition. Like skillful mariners, whilst yet the storm thunders in the distance, let us sound the waters beneath us ; let us take our latitude and longitude, ascertain our true position, and determine our future course. If there be, in this vast assembly, one heart that beats warmly in the cause of humanity, one breast that feels the generous impulse of philanthropy, let that one — let all such — pause, ere he determines to act. Such is the policy wisdom would recommend, such the precaution prudence would suggest.

We know that there are among us far-seeing individuals --

* A nephew of General Cass.

would-be political seers, with sharper ken, perhaps, than is usually possessed — who, whilst gazing far out into the dim distance of future ages — whilst watching the tide of empire, in its prospective ebb and flow — foresee advantages of stupendous magnitude, of inconceivable importance, rising from the troubled waters of European politics, like Venus from the ocean spray ! We know, too, that there are those who might be called political astrologers ; whose telescopic eye, annihilating distance, and following, with mathematical accuracy, the tortuous peregrinations of the star of empire, as it mounts to its zenith, or sinks to its nadir, descries order, rising, like the sun, from the bosom of chaos ; wisdom, emerging from the gloomy folds of ignorance ; and equality, leaping, full-fledged and Minerva-like, from inequality and despotism of the deepest dye. But with these sooth-saying politicians, who seem gifted with prophetic vision, — who need only see an antecedent, a cause, and their capacious minds rest in a conclusion, without the aid of a reasoning process, (that feeble instrument of less gifted minds,) — with these we have nothing to do.

Let us descend, then, from the lofty regions of prophecy to the humbler teachings of common sense — to the dictations of groveling reason ; which, if it affords us not so entrancing a panorama, will, at least in a majority of cases, give us a more solid foundation upon which to build our calculations. There are those who plainly discern, in the present struggle of European nations, the dawn of civil and religious liberty — the advent and reign of the Prince of Peace ; and would fain persuade themselves, that, not far beyond the horizon of a trained eye, we might hail the glorious tints which herald the advent of the millennium, “when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together,” — “when righteousness and peace shall kiss each other.” If experience will warrant this conclusion, history has been read to little purpose. If reason and argument will sustain it, logic is deceptive, and the plainest principles without foundation.

Who does not see, that, in the great struggles of the Napoleonic age, the fetters of despotism were riveted more firmly ? that they were strengthened and multiplied upon the nations by a twofold process ? Not only were the people impoverished, and their political importance diminished, but the reins of government, already drawn to the utmost tension, were grasped with a yet firmer hand, and wielded by a yet more iron will. Political power was usurped and consolidated by crowned heads. France, who struggled with the energy of a giant, fell prostrate before the storm, received new fetters of oppression, and bowed to a

yet heavier yoke of despotism. Even constitutional England felt that her liberties were impaired, and her rights infringed, by an accumulation of power in the hands of her executive. And does not all experience prove and testify that wars of this kind — *wars not based upon an intelligent perception of the rights of the people* — that they must necessarily and inevitably result in an accumulation and centralization of power in the hands of a few? This is the invariable sequence. Then let us shun it, as we would the deadly shade of the Upas.

The Same, continued.

REASON guarantees the conclusion, that long and destructive wars must necessarily result in the moral, intellectual, and political prostration of the people, and in the utter mendicancy of nations. The great corner stones, upon which alone the temple of constitutional liberty can be erected and sustained, are intelligence and morality. And here we would ask, "How can a nation — how can the world — advance in the one or the other, whilst war's destructive blast breathes desolation over seas and continents, and shakes pestilence and famine from its dusky wings?" War! it is the fruitful mother of *moral* depravity, the charnel house of *education*, and the great school of military insubordination. It is the hideous monster who devours without benefit, and consumes without producing. Then cast hither your eyes, ye political seers, and tell us what benefits will accrue from these bloody conflicts of the east.

The thunder of the cannon shakes the land; nations stand marshaled "in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" whilst wan Famine, with a ghastly smile playing on her horrid features, shakes her emaciated finger at beggared nations and bankrupt governments. The great channels of commerce — those fountains of national prosperity — are clogged up with *embargoes* and *blockades*. Industry has laid aside the implements of peace — "the distaff and the loom" — to wield the battle-ax. And for what? Are the nations, are the people, to be made more enlightened, more moral, or more free? The idea is preposterous! The liberty and happiness of the world must be wrought out by other and different means.

What, then, is the grand object of these bloody struggles? Why, if the truth were known, simply to cast new fetters for the people; but, ostensibly, to maintain a metaphysical numbug

—“*a balance of power*” — that great hobby of scheming politicians and political buccaneers, whereby the clock of the world, which has so long beat the march of progress, will go back a century. But we are told that this can not last; that the people will eventually become tired of these things; that the tyrants of Europe will be swept away on the blast of popular indignation; that an exasperated people will rise up to take vengeance upon its oppressors.

This may all be; but what good will it effect? Will the people — will the world — be benefited by these terrific convulsions, these bloody paroxysms of rage? How can they be? You may goad the lion to desperation, but he can do nothing but devour; he will tear down, but can not build up. Do present circumstances favor the moral and intellectual development of the masses? Vain, indeed, is it to talk of independence without enlightenment — of liberty without intelligence. The people of Europe may cast aside the chains of a master, but they will be put into the stocks of a tyrant.

If, then, such wholesale misery is to be entailed upon humanity; if kings and princes are to be mere bubbles, blown upon the political ocean by the popular breath — the mere ephemeral creations of an ignorant, frantic, and fanatic people, who are unwilling to support, but unable to throw off, the burdens of political oppression; in a word, if they are to be flitting phantasms, which dance for a moment before the eye of distempered popular ignorance, — would it not be a safer and wiser policy even for the rulers of Europe to lay aside their family feuds and metaphysical balances, and yield to the spirit of the age, which is onward? Is it not better to suffer in the hands of enlightened justice than to become the victim of Jacobin fury? Let them weigh well their own interests, and determine accurately their own situations, before they go farther.

The Same, continued.

ENGLAND, that prince of nations, — England, whose hoarded wealth ought to surpass the wildest dreams of gold-dreaming alchemy, or the storied treasures of Ophir, — now stands, by her war policy, tottering on the brink of bankruptcy and revolution. A thousand millions of public debt, hanging like a deadly incubus about her; a languishing industry; an impeded commerce; and, worse than all, a huge army of beggared soldiers threatening to

sink her amid the storms of conflict ! The palmyest days of the English lion are evidently numbered in the past.

And France, honored and beloved France — the desolating wars of a thousand years have not yet taught her wisdom. She has forgotten that the days of dragon's teeth are past, and that men no longer spring up, as by magic, ready armed and panoplied for battle. A Utopian dreamer has usurped her liberties, and now sacrifices hecatombs of her brave sons on a foreign strand, in the vain hope of realizing the ambitious, exploded undertakings of a great but misguided predecessor. Let Louis Napoleon tremble. His dreams of conquest will be waked by the thunders of retribution. A breath made him a king ; a breath will make him a beggar and a criminal. Successful treason led him to a throne ; successful treason will lead him to a guillotine. The wrath of a deluded nation will burst, in fearful storms, upon his guilty head.

If, then, these things be true of centralized, consolidated, monarchical governments, wielded by the energy of a single will, who can not foresee the evils which a war policy would inflict upon a country like our own ? War is not the element of a confederated government. There is not that unity of action, that secrecy of design, that celerity of movement, which alone insure success. But, in contravention of all this, we are told that America is a great country, and that the limits of her dominions should be commensurate with the extent of the globe ; that the sun, in time, will never rise upon her spacious bounds, nor set upon her illimitable empire.

“ Seas roll to waft me — suns to light me rise ;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.”

But where is the common sense, or sound policy, in such Quixotic ravings as this ? 'Tis the idle dream of a distempered mind ; the vain bawble that elicits the applause of crazy fanaticism ; an idea at once warring with common experience, transcending the bounds of rational credulity, and breaking down the restrictions which nature, God, and man have imposed for the common good.

The Same, continued.

It is indeed true that we are a great nation. The sun, in his lofty march, never shone upon a greater — nay, upon an equal. Based upon half a continent, she stands forth, the political Pharos

of the world! The well-proportioned columns, the symmetrical structure of constitutional government, rear their lofty heads in proud sublimity, in solitary grandeur, above the western waves. Lofty mountains and wide-extended plains, inland seas and pilgrim streams, mark out her giant dimensions. We are proud of her; we love her. But let us keep constantly in mind the important, the vital truth, that unity of feeling and identity of interest are the great fountains which alone can turn, with regularity and forever, the nicely-balanced wheels of a well-constructed government.

It is lamentable, but not less true, that *self-interest* wields the arm of the world, and is the mighty lever which moves and directs the actions and feelings of humanity. Climate and situation change the characters and modify the interests of men. How, then, can you expect an assimilation in manners and customs—a *union*—among adverse races, actuated by adverse motives, and led by adverse interests? Away, then, with the gay delusion of universal empire; away with this ultra, pseudo-progressive spirit of the nineteenth century! Nature is consistent with herself, and defies the puny, paltry, insignificant efforts of man to contravene her eternal and immutable laws.

There is a limit to this government, as well as to all others, and experience and prudence would suggest that we have well nigh attained that limit. Let us not draw down upon ourselves the bickering thunder-shafts of disunion, which have already swept, with such fearful violence, over our heads. Let us not nurse the storm, and cradle the hurricane, which is to demolish this colossal structure of republicanism. Let us not challenge the retributions of nature, by repeating the dangerous experiment of further extension. The great champions, who breasted the storm of 1850, are gone. Should the winds of civil contention again blow their trumpets, to wreak their vengeance upon this happy and yet prosperous country, who will assure us that we shall find another Clay, Webster, or Calhoun, to speak peace to the raging elements, or pour oil upon the troubled waters? Beware, then, lest, in grasping after the golden fruit of empire, you topple over the precipice of destruction.

But they tell us, principle is principle, wherever it is found; that like causes must produce like effects; that the principles of self-government are as applicable to a world as to a province. But does this prove that the world, or half of it, can be united under one and the same line of policy—under one government? The great law of gravitation is the same, not only the world over but extends to, pervades, and governs the stupendous

mechanism of the universe, to the farthest nebula that hangs on the outskirts of creation. But this does not prove that its action in China may not be diametrically opposite to its action on this side of the globe. The policy of a country must vary with its circumstances, and with the character and condition of its inhabitants. The policy which will suit one portion of the globe will not necessarily suit another.

But we would not be understood as wishing to curtail the dominions of civil and religious liberty. Far from it. We will go as far as the farthest in wishing them God-speed and victory. We would hail the day when the banners of republicanism should be planted upon the poles of the globe; when the glad acclaim of redeemed millions, swelling above the roar of the ocean and the hoarse thunder of the storm, should proclaim from *experience*, "Liberty is priceless; liberty is priceless!" We only suggest the expediency of limiting *ourselves* to proper bounds, and of ceasing to grasp after new territorial acquisitions in defiance of the plainest principles of prudence.

The Same, concluded.

WE are already rich in territory. The American eagle, planting one foot upon the Alleghanies, and the other upon the Rocky Mountains, stretches his broad pinions over half a continent. What need we more? Let us cease, then, to dream of conquest, save by the force of example. Let us adopt, as the inviolable rule of action, that great international code—that symmetrical structure, which has been built upon the wreck of ages. Let us act upon its broad and immutable principles, yield what it demands, and grasp with a firm hand what it gives. Fight for justice, not for empire, if fight we must.

We repeat, again, that the character of this government is not suited to military operations. It is not sufficiently centralized to insure success. Let us welcome, then, the rich smile of Ceres; but shun, if we are able, the destructive frowns of Mars. But, aside from all this, even if victory, in every struggle, should perch upon our standard—if the treasures of vanquished nations should be poured out at the feet of our triumphant armies—"’twould be but a losing game." Beware of standing armies and victorious generals; beware of military insubordination, that bane of all republics. Our liberties may be prostrated beneath the feet of military greatness and military

licentiousness. The heel of a conqueror may be planted upon the constitution.

Does this provoke a smile? The stern Roman, too, would have laughed to scorn the idea of a victorious Cæsar trampling down the sacred prerogatives of Roman citizens. But would Americans propagate the inestimable blessings of republicanism? Would they behold the world basking beneath the genial influences of justice and equality? Then let them cease to dream of proselyting the world by sword argument and gunpowder logic. War will neither give intelligence nor morality, peace nor prosperity; and these alone are the Titan energies which must work out the deliverance of the political world.

America must be an instructor, not an avenger; the great missionary of nations, ministering to the sorrowing millions of humanity, like an angel of mercy — proclaiming “peace on earth, and good will to men.” Let her be the great political sun in the heavens, whose benign, resplendent, and powerful rays shall warm into life, and stimulate into action, the germinating elements of political reformation, and wake from his embryo sleep the young giant of republicanism. But this can not be effected while somber war clouds float over and obscure her radiant and burning disk.

Then let us away with this crusading, all-grasping spirit, which prompts and directs the delusive and frantic dreams of young America, whose patriotic rapacity vainly expects to build up and sustain constitutional government upon the wreck of national honor and upon the dissolution of national unity. Let us listen no longer to his siren songs of dominion, nor taste his Circean cup of conquest. Let us close our ears to his “sonorous metal, blowing martial sounds,” and leave the young hero to pipe out his war strains in merited oblivion. Then there will be heard no discordant note from the harp of republicanism, touched in unison by *thirty-two* sister planets, rolling in grand perspective, like the mighty landmarks of God, in the great orbit prescribed by the constitution. No constituent member will be without the “sphere of influence.” Unity of interest, unity of thought, and unity of feeling will be the great laws of gravitation, which bind and sustain in one harmonious whole the great planets and suns of this governmental system.

Unfounded Prejudices ; or, Aversion subdued.

AIXIN.

Belford. Pray, who is the present possessor of the Brookby estate ?

Arbury. A man of the name of Goodwin.

Bel. Is he a good neighbor to you ?

Arb. Far from it ; and I wish he had settled a hundred miles off, rather than come here to spoil our neighborhood.

Bel. I am sorry to hear that. But what is your objection to him ?

Arb. O, there is nothing in which we agree. In the first place, he is quite of the other side in politics ; and that, you know, is enough to prevent all intimacy.

Bel. I am not entirely of that opinion. But what else ?

Arb. He is no sportsman, and refuses to join in our association for protecting the game. Neither does he choose to be a member of any of our clubs.

Bel. Has he been asked ?

Arb. I do not know that he has, directly ; but he might easily propose himself, if he liked it. But he is of a close, unsociable temper, and, I believe, very niggardly.

Bel. How has he shown it ?

Arb. His style of living is not equal to his fortune, and I have heard of several instances of his attention to petty economy.

Bel. Perhaps he spends his money in charity.

Arb. Not he, I dare say. It was but last week that a poor fellow, who had lost his all by a fire, went to him with a subscription paper, in which were the names of all the gentlemen in the neighborhood ; and the only answer he received was, that he would consider of it.

Bel. And did he consider ?

Arb. I do not know, but I suppose it was only an excuse. Then his predecessor had a park well stocked with deer, and used to make liberal presents of venison to all his neighbors. But this frugal gentleman has sold them all off, and keeps a flock of sheep instead of them.

Bel. I do not see much harm in that, now mutton is so dear.

Arb. To be sure, he has a right to do as he pleases with his park ; but that is not the way to be beloved, you know. As to myself, I have reason to think he bears me particular ill will.

Bel. Then he is much in the wrong ; for I presume you are as free from ill will to others as any man living. But how has he shown it, pray ?

Arb. In twenty instances. He had a horse upon sale, the other day, to which I took a liking, and bid money for it. As soon as he found I wanted it, he sent it off to a fair, in another part of the country. My wife, you know, is passionately fond of cultivating flowers. Riding lately by his grounds, she observed something new, and took a great longing for a root or cutting of it. My gardener mentioned her wish to his, (contrary, I own, to my inclination,) and he told his master; but, instead of obliging her, he charged the gardener on no account to touch the plant. A little while ago, I turned off a man for saucy behavior; but, as he had lived many years with me, and was a very useful servant, I meant to take him again, upon his submission, which I did not doubt would soon happen. Instead of that, he goes and offers himself to my civil neighbor, who, without deigning to apply to me even for a character, engages him immediately. In short, he has not the least of a gentleman about him, and I would give any thing to be well rid of him.

Bel. Nothing, to be sure, can be more unpleasant, in the country, than a bad neighbor, and I am concerned it is your lot to have one. But there is a man who seems as if he wanted to speak with you.

(*A countryman approaches.*)

Arb. Ah! it is the poor fellow that was burned out. Well Richard, how do you succeed? What has the subscription produced you?

Richard. Thank your honor — my losses are nearly all made up.

Arb. I am very glad of that; but, when I saw the paper last, it did not reach half way.

Rich. It did not, sir; but you may remember asking me what Mr. Goodwin had done for me, and I told you he took time to consider of it. Well, sir, I found that, the very next day, he had been at our town, and had made very particular inquiry about me and my losses, among my neighbors. When I called upon him, a few days after, he told me he was very glad to find that I bore such a good character, and that the gentlemen round had so kindly taken up my case; and he would prevent the necessity of my going any farther for relief. Upon which he gave me — God bless him! — a draft upon his banker for two hundred dollars.

Arb. Two hundred dollars!

Rich. Yes, sir. It has made me quite my own man again and I am now going to purchase a new cart and team of horses

Arb. A noble gift, indeed. I could never have thought it

Well, Richard, I rejoice at your good fortune. I am sure you are much obliged to Mr. Goodwin.

Rich. Indeed I am, sir, and to all my good friends. God bless you, sir. (*Exit.*)

Bel. Niggardliness, at least, is not this man's foible.

Arb. No. I was mistaken in that point. I wronged him, and I am sorry for it. But what a pity it is that men of real generosity should not be amiable in their manners, and as ready to oblige in trifles as in matters of consequence!

Bel. True, it is a pity, when that is really the case.

Arb. How much less an exertion it would have been to have shown some civility about a horse or a flower root!

Bel. Speaking of flowers, there is your gardener coming, with a large one in a pot.

(*Enter Gardener.*)

Arb. Now, James, what have you there?

Gardener. A flower, sir, for madam, from Mr. Goodwin's.

Arb. How did you come by it?

Gard. His gardener, sir, sent me word to come for it. We should have had it before, but Mr. Goodwin thought it could not be moved safely.

Arb. I hope he has more of them.

Gard. He has only a seedling plant or two, sir; but, hearing that madam took a liking to this, he was resolved to send it to her; and a choice thing it is. I have a note for madam in my pocket.

Arb. Well, take it home. (*Exit Gardener.*)

Bel. Methinks this does not look like deficiency in civility.

Arb. No; it is a very polite action; I cannot deny it, and I am obliged to him for it. Perhaps, indeed, he may feel he owes me a little amends.

Bel. Possibly. It shows he can feel, most certainly.

Arb. It does. Ha! there is Yorkshire Tom coming from the fair. I will step up, and speak to him. Well, Tom, how have horses gone at Market Hill?

Tom. Dear enough, your honor.

Arb. How much more did you get for Mr. Goodwin's mare than I offered him?

Tom. Ah, sir, that was not an animal for your riding, and Mr. Goodwin well knew it. You never saw such a vicious creature. She liked to have killed the groom, two or three times. So I was ordered to offer her to the mail coach people, and get what I could from them. I might have sold her to better advantage, if Mr. Goodwin would have let me; for she was as fine a creature to look at as need be, and quite sound.

Arb. And was that the true reason, Tom, why the mare was not sold to me?

Tom. It was, indeed, sir.

Arb. Then I am highly obliged to Mr. Goodwin. (*Tom goes.*) This was handsome behavior, indeed!

Bel. Yes, I think it was somewhat more than politeness: it was real goodness of heart.

Arb. It was. I find I must alter my opinion of him, and I do it with pleasure. But, after all, his conduct with respect to my servant is somewhat unaccountable.

Bel. I see reason to think so well of him in relation to most transactions, that I am inclined to hope he will be acquitted in this matter, too.

Arb. There comes Ned now; I wonder that he has my old ivory on yet.

(*Ned approaches, pulling off his hat.*)

Ned. Sir, I was coming to your honor to —

Arb. What can you have to say to me now, Ned?

Ned. To ask pardon, sir, for my misbehavior, and beg you to take me again.

Arb. What, have you so soon parted with your new master?

Ned. Mr. Goodwin never was my master, sir. He only kept me in his house till I could make up with you again; for he said he was sure you were too honorable a gentleman to turn off an old servant, without good reason, and he hoped you would admit my excuses after your anger was over.

Arb. Did he say all that?

Ned. Yes, sir; and he advised me not to delay any longer asking your pardon.

Arb. Well, go to my house, and I will talk with you on my return.

Bel. Now, my friend, what think you of this?

Arb. I think more than I can well express. It will be a lesson to me never to make hasty judgments again.

Bel. Why, indeed, to have concluded that such a man had nothing of the gentleman about him, must have been rather hasty.

Arb. I acknowledge it. But it is the misfortune of these reserved characters, that they are so long in making themselves known; though, when they are known, they often prove the most truly estimable. I am afraid, even now, that I must be content with esteeming him at a distance.

Bel. Why so?

Arb. You know I am of an open, sociable disposition.

Bel. Perhaps he is so, too.

Arb. If he was, surely we should have been better acquainted before this time.

Bel. It may have been prejudice, rather than temper, that has kept you asunder.

Arb. Possibly so. That vile spirit of party has such a sway in the country, that men of the most liberal dispositions can hardly free themselves from its influence. It poisons all the kindness of society; and yonder comes an instance of its pernicious effects.

Bel. Who is he?

Arb. A poor schoolmaster, with a large family, in the next market town, who has lost all his scholars by his activity on our side in the last election. I heartily wish it was in my power to do something for him; for he is a very honest man, though perhaps rather too ardent.

(The schoolmaster comes up.)

Arb. Well, Mr. Penman, how go things with you?

Penman. I thank you, sir, they have gone poorly enough, but I hope they are in the way to mend.

Arb. I am glad to hear it; but how?

Pen. Why, sir, the free school of Stoke is vacant, and I believe I am likely to get it.

Arb. Ah! I wonder at that. I thought it was in the hands of the other party.

Pen. It is, sir; but Mr. Goodwin has been so kind as to give me a recommendation, and his interest is sufficient to carry it.

Arb. Mr. Goodwin! you surprise me.

Pen. I was much surprised, too, sir. He sent for me of his own accord, (for I should never have thought of asking a favor from him,) and told me he was sorry a man should be injured in his profession on account of party; and, as I could not live comfortably where I was, he would try to settle me in a better place. So he mentioned the vacancy of Stoke, and offered me letters to the trustees. I was never so affected in my life, sir. I could hardly speak to return him thanks. He kept me to dinner, and treated me with the greatest respect. Indeed, I believe there is not a kinder man breathing than Mr. Goodwin.

Arb. You have the best reason in the world for saying so, Mr. Penman. What, did he converse familiarly with you?

Pen. Quite so, sir. We talked a great deal about party affairs in this neighborhood; and he lamented much that differences of this kind should keep worthy men at a distance from

each other. I took the liberty, sir, of mentioning your name. He said he had not the honor of being acquainted with you, but that he had a sincere esteem for your character, and should be glad of any occasion to cultivate a friendship with you. For my part, I confess, to my shame, I did not think there could have been such a man on that side.

Arb. Well, good morning.

Pen. Your most obedient, sir. (*He goes.*)

Arb. (*After some silence.*) Come, my friend, let us go.

Bel. Whither?

Arb. Can you doubt? To Mr. Goodwin's, to be sure. After all that I have heard, can I exist a moment without acknowledging the injustice I have done him, and soliciting his friendship?

Bel. I shall be happy, I am sure, to accompany you on that errand. But who is to introduce us?

Arb. What is form and ceremony in a case like this? Come come.

Bel. Most willingly.

Resistance to Oppression in its Rudiments.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

EVERY encroachment, great or small, is important enough to awaken the attention of those who are intrusted with the preservation of a constitutional government. We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put in extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers, were we so to regard great questions, affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms.

They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood, like water, in a contest in opposition to an assertion, which those less sagacious, and not so well schooled in

the principles of civil liberty, would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye, or their well-directed blow, till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts; whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.

The Long Ago. — ANON.

[It requires not especially "sentiment" to appreciate the lines which ensue. *Feeling*, deep, true feeling, is their characteristic; and they who look upon the loved and lost, who have gone before, will feel them in *their* "heart of hearts."]

O, A wonderful stream is the river TIME,
 As it runs through the realms of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm, and a musical rhyme,
 And a broader sweep, and a surge sublime,
 And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
 And the summers like buds between,
 And the year in the sheaf—so they come and go
 On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
 As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the river Time,
 Where the softest of airs are playing;
 There's a cloudless sky, and a tropical clime,
 And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
 And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the LONG AGO
 And we bury our treasures there;

There are brows of beauty, and besoms of snow —
 There are heaps of dust, but we love them so! —
 There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
 And a part of an infant's prayer;
 There's a lute unswept and a harp without strings,
 There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
 And the garments that *she* used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
 By the mirage is lifted in air;
 And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
 Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
 When the wind down the river is fair.

O, remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
 All the day of life till night.
 When the evening comes, with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing to slumber a while,
 May that "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

Eruption of the Volcano of Cosaguina,

JOHN L. STEPHENS.

FOLLOWING the coast, at eleven o'clock we were opposite the volcano of Cosaguina, a long, dark mountain range, with another ridge running below it, and then an extensive plain, covered with lava to the sea. The wind headed us, and, in order to weather the point of headland from which we could lay our course, the boatmen got into the water to tow the bongo. I followed them, and, with a broad-brimmed straw hat to protect me from the sun, I found the water was delightful. Unable, however, to weather the point, at half past one we came to anchor, and very soon nearly every man on board was asleep.

Before me was the volcano of Cosaguina, with its field of lava and its desolate shore, and not a living being was in sight except my sleeping boatmen. Five years before, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and at the foot of Mount Etna, I read in a newspaper an account of the eruption of this volcano. Little did I then ever expect to see it; the most awful in the history of volcanic eruptions, the noise of which startled the people of

Guatimala, four hundred miles off, and at Kingston, Jamaica, *eight hundred miles* distant, was supposed to be signal guns of distress from some vessel at sea.

The face of nature was changed; the cone of the volcano was gone; a mountain and field of lava ran down to the sea; a forest old as creation had entirely disappeared, and two islands were formed in the sea; shoals were discovered, in one of which a large tree was fixed upside down; one river was completely choked up, and another formed, running in an opposite direction. Seven men, in the employ of my bungo proprietor, ran down to the water, pushed off in a bungo, and were never heard of more; wild beasts, howling, left their caves in the mountains, and ounces, leopards, and snakes fled for shelter to the abodes of men.

Mr. Savage, the American consul, was on that day on the side of the volcano of San Miguel, distant one hundred and twenty miles. At eight o'clock he saw a dense cloud rising in the south in a pyramidal form, and heard a noise which sounded like the roaring of the sea. Very soon the thick clouds were lighted up by vivid flashes, rose-colored and forked, shooting and disappearing, which he supposed to be some electrical phenomenon. These appearances increased so fast, that the men whom he had in his employ became exceedingly frightened, believing, as they said, that the end of the world was approaching. Very soon he himself was satisfied that it was the eruption of a volcano; and as Cosaguina was at that time a quiet mountain, not suspected to contain subterraneous fires, he supposed it to proceed from the volcano of Tigris.

He returned to the town of San Miguel, which, as he entered it, felt, in quick succession, several severe shocks of earthquake. The inhabitants were distracted with terror. Birds flew wildly through the streets, and, blinded by the dust, fell dead on the ground. At four o'clock, it was so dark, that, as Mr. Savage says, he held up his hand before his eyes, and could not see it. Nobody moved without a candle, which gave a dim and misty light, extending only a few feet.

At this time the church was full, and could not contain half who wished to enter. The figure of the Virgin was brought out into the plaza, and borne through the streets, followed by the inhabitants, with candles and torches, in penitential procession crying upon the Lord to pardon their sins; bells tolled; and during the procession there was another earthquake, so violent and long that it threw to the ground many people walking in the procession. The darkness continued till eleven o'clock the next

day, when the sun was partially visible, but dim and hazy, and without any brightness. The dust on the ground was four inches thick; the branches of trees broke with its weight, and people were so disfigured by it that they could not be recognized.

At this time Mr. Savage set out for his hacienda at Zonzonate. He slept at the first village, and, at two or three o'clock in the morning, was roused by a report like the breaking of most terrific thunder, or the firing of thousands of cannon. This was the report which startled the people of Guatimala, when the commandant sallied out, supposing that the quartel was attacked and which was heard at Kingston in Jamaica.

To the Eagle. — PERSONAL.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing,
 Thy home is high in heaven,
 Where wide the storms their banners fling,
 And the tempest clouds are driven.
 Thy throne is on the mountain top;
 Thy fields, the boundless air;
 And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
 The skies, thy dwellings are.

Lord of the boundless realm of air,
 In thy imperial name
 The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
 The dangerous path of fame.
 Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
 The Roman legions bore,
 From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
 Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
 And their oath was on thee laid;
 To thee the clarions raised their swell,
 And the dying warrior prayed.
 Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
 The image of pride and power,
 Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
 Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread ;
And it swept the earth, till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood
With the low and crouching slave,
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight ?
" O'er the dark, mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of Liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages, I watched alone ;
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.

" But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave ;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore ;
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

" And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong ;
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song ;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory."

Bonaparte. — E. A. NISBET.

FROM an island of the middle sea came the man of destiny. No title graced his name, no heraldic insignia emblazoned his shield. Age had scarce marked him with the impress of maturity, yet in his heart fluttered the high hopes, and around his

soul circled the daring resolves of unparalleled genius. With his mind and his good sword the means, and glory his end, he headed the soldiery. He bade the boiling caldron of popular licentiousness to cease its bubbleings, and it yielded to his incantations. He seized on power as his guerdon, and victory was his familiar spirit. The antiquated tactics of the continent dissolved before the energy of the conqueror, like frostwork before the sun of the tropics; nor alpine heights, nor swollen streams, nor veteran hosts, nor time, nor space, could limit his career. In his ire he scourged the nations, and in his complacency he hushed their mournings; around him he scattered, as if in very wantonness, scepters, crowns, and diadems, and kingdoms were to him but holiday souvenirs.

Onward was his watchword, and onward he marched, over fallen thrones, and vanquished realms, and prostrate systems. On the field of Waterloo went down the star of the lord paramount of Europe; in gloom, 'tis true, yet still in glory; and we must yet doubt whether it was most conspicuous in the blaze of its ascendant, or the beauty of its occident. His name attained to an elevation of sublimer altitude than any that is known to the registry of fame. For him history has no peers, and futurity no oblivion. If mind and its development in action is the test of greatness, then was Napoleon surpassingly great. He was the instrument of good, and Europe may long bless his advent; yet Azrael himself is not a more fell destroyer than was Bonaparte. He was the minister of misery, and the great high priest of suffering.

Emotions on returning to the United States.

LEGARÉ,

SIR, I dare not trust myself to speak of my country with the rapture which I habitually feel when I contemplate her marvellous history. But this I will say, that, on my return to it, after an absence of only four years, I was filled with wonder at all I saw and all I heard. What is to be compared with it? I found New York grown up to almost double its former size, with the air of a great capital instead of a mere flourishing commercial town, as I had known it. I listened to accounts of voyages of a thousand miles, in magnificent steamboats, on the waters of those great lakes, which, but the other day, I left sleeping in the primeval silence of nature, in the recesses of a vast wilderness; and I felt that there are a grandeur and a majesty in this irresistible

onward march of a race — created, as I believe, and elected, to possess and people a continent — which belong to few other objects, either of the moral or material world.

We may become so much accustomed to such things, that they shall make as little impression upon our minds as the glories of the heavens above us ; but, looking on them lately as with the eye of the stranger, I felt, what a recent English traveler is said to have remarked, that, far from being without poetry, as some have vainly alleged, our whole country is one great poem. Sir, it is so ; and if there be a man that can think of what is doing, in all parts of this most blessed of all lands, to embellish and advance it — who can contemplate that living mass of intelligence, activity, and improvement, as it rolls on in its sure and steady progress to the uttermost extremities of the west — who can see scenes of savage desolation transformed, almost with the suddenness of enchantment, into those of fruitfulness and beauty, crowned with flourishing cities filled with the noblest of all populations — if there be a man, I say, that can witness all this passing under his very eyes, without feeling his heart beat high and his imagination warmed and transported by it, be sure, sir, that the raptures of song exist not for him ; he would listen in vain to Tasso or Camoëns, telling a tale of the wars of knights and crusaders, or of the discovery and conquest of another hemisphere.

William Tell on Switzerland. — J. S. KNOWLES.

ONCE Switzerland was free. With what a pride
I used to walk these hills, look up to heaven,
And bless God that it was so ! It was free
From end to end ; from cliff to lake 'twas free.
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks
And plow our valleys without asking leave ;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was I in it then ! I loved
Its very storms. Ay, often have I sat
In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring — I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.

You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two abreast to pass? O'ertaken there
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there — the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish; and I have raised my head,
And cried in thrall'dom to that furious wind,
“Blow on! This is the land of liberty.”

In Favor of prosecuting the War.

HENRY CLAY

WHEN the administration was striving, by the operation of peaceful measures, to bring Great Britain back to a sense of justice, the gentlemen of the opposition were for old-fashioned war. And, now they have got old-fashioned war, their sensibilities are cruelly shocked, and all their sympathies lavished upon the harmless inhabitants of the adjoining provinces. What does a state of war present? The united energies of one people arrayed against the combined energies of another; a conflict in which each party aims to inflict all the injury it can, by sea and land, upon the territories, property, and citizens of the other, subject only to the rules of mitigated war practiced by civilized nations. The gentlemen would not touch the continental provinces of the enemy, nor, I presume, for the same reason, her possessions in the West Indies. The same humane spirit would spare the seamen and soldiers of the enemy. The sacred person of his majesty must not be attacked, for the learned gentlemen on the other side are quite familiar with the maxim that the king can do no wrong. Indeed, sir, I know of no person on whom we may make war, upon the principles of the honorable gentlemen, but Mr. Stephen, the celebrated author of the orders in council, or the board of admiralty, who authorize and regulate the practice of impressment.

The disasters of the war admonish us, we are told, of the necessity of terminating the contest. If our achievements by land have been less splendid than those of our intrepid seamen by

water, it is not because the American soldier is less brave. On the one element, organization, discipline, and a thorough knowledge of their duties exist on the part of the officers and their men. On the other, almost every thing is yet to be acquired. We have, however, the consolation that our country abounds with the richest materials, and that in no instance, when engaged in action, have our arms been tarnished.

An honorable peace is attainable only by an efficient war. My plan would be, to call out the ample resources of the country, give them a judicious direction, prosecute the war with the utmost vigor, strike wherever we can reach the enemy, at sea or on land, and negotiate the terms of a peace at Quebec or at Halifax. We are told that England is a proud and lofty nation, which, disdaining to wait for danger, meets it half way. Haughty as she is, we once triumphed over her; and, if we do not listen to the counsels of timidity and despair, we shall again prevail. In such a cause, with the aid of Providence, we must come out crowned with success; but, if we fail, let us fail like men—lash ourselves to our gallant tars, and expire together in one common struggle, fighting for **FREE TRADE AND SEAMEN'S RIGHTS.**

The American Flag.—NEW ORLEANS CRESCENT.

FLING out the nation's stripes and stars,
 The glorious standard of the free,
 The banner borne through freedom's wars,
 The hallowed gem of liberty.
 On mountain top, in valley deep,
 Wherever dwell the free and brave,
 O'er graves where freedom's martyrs sleep,
 Columbia's flag must freely wave.

Raise high the bright, auspicious flag,
 From every high and lowly glen,
 In forest dell, on jutting crag,
 Afar among the hearts of men.
 The sparkling banner, widely flung
 Shall proudly wave o'er land and sea;
 And freedom's anthem, sweetly sung,
 Shall swell our country's jubilee.

O, let the world that flag behold,
 The emblem of the brave and free

The brightest crown of streaming gold
 That decks the goddess Liberty.
 Spread out its folds, till heaven's dome
 Reverberates the holy sound,
 That all oppressed have found a home
 On freedom's consecrated ground.

Fling out our country's banner wide,
 Our emblematic starry gem ;
 OUR UNION NEVER SHALL DIVIDE,
 While floats that silken diadem.
 Year after year the brilliant stars
 Shall indicate the strength of all ;
 Let all beware of civil wars,
 That curse of monarchs, freedom's fall.

Defence of Jefferson. — HENRY CLAY,

NEXT to the notice which the opposition has found itself called upon to bestow upon the French emperor, a distinguished citizen of Virginia, formerly President of the United States, has never for a moment failed to receive their kindest and most respectful attention. An honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, of whom I am sorry to say it becomes necessary for me, in the course of my remarks, to take some notice, has alluded to him in a remarkable manner. Neither his retirement from public office, his eminent services, nor his advanced age, can exempt this patriot from the coarse assaults of party malevolence. No, sir. In 1801 he snatched from the rude hand of usurpation the violated constitution of his country, and *that* is his crime. He preserved that instrument, in form, and substance, and spirit, a precious inheritance for generations to come ; and for *this* he can never be forgiven. How vain and impotent is party rage, directed against such a man ! He is not more elevated by his lofty residence upon the summit of his own favorite mountain, than he is lifted, by the serenity of his mind and the consciousness of a well-spent life, above the malignant passions and bitter feelings of the day. No ; his own beloved Monticello is not less moved by the storms that beat against its sides, than is this illustrious man by the howlings of the whole British pack let loose from the Essex kennel. When the gentleman to whom I have been compelled to allude shall have mingled his dust with that of his

abused ancestors — when he shall have been consigned to oblivion, or, if he lives at all, shall live only in the treasonable annals of a certain junto — the name of Jefferson will be hailed with gratitude, his memory honored and cherished as the second founder of the liberties of the people, and the period of his administration will be looked back to as one of the happiest and brightest epochs of American history.

The Noblest Public Virtue. — HENRY CLAY,

THERE is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess it, I do not possess ; a boldness to which I dare not aspire ; a valor which I can not covet. I can not lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I can not, I have not the courage to do. I can not interpose the power with which I may be invested — a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good — to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough. I am too cowardly for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a threat, lie down and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and personal relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

Apprehensions of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impel us to perform rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions can not see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism which, soaring towards heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, grov-

eling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues.

On Recognizing the Independence of Greece.

HENRY CLAY,

ARE we so low, so base, so despicable, that we may not express our horror, articulate our detestation, of the most brutal and ferocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high Heaven with the atrocious deeds of a brutal soldiery, set on by the clergy and followers of a fanatical and inimical religion, rioting in excess of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens? If the great mass of Christendom can look coolly and calmly on while all this is perpetrated on a Christian people in their own vicinity, in their very presence, let us, at least, show that in this distant extremity there is still some sensibility and sympathy for Christian wrongs and sufferings—that there are still feelings which can kindle into indignation at the oppression of a people endeared to us by every ancient recollection and every modern tie. But, sir, it is not first and chiefly for Greece that I wish to see this measure adopted. It will give them but little aid—that aid purely of a moral kind. It is, indeed, soothing and solacing in distress to hear the accents of a friendly voice. We know this as a people. But, sir, it is principally and mainly for America herself, for the credit and character of our common country, that I hope to see this resolution pass; it is for our own unsullied name that I feel.

What appearance, sir, on the page of history would a record like this make!—“In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Saviour 1824, while all European Christendom beheld with cold, unfeeling apathy the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States—almost the sole, the last, the greatest repository of human hope and of human freedom; the representatives of a nation capable of bringing into the field a million of bayonets—while the freemen of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, its fervent prayer for Grecian success; while the whole continent was rising, by one simultaneous motion, solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking the aid of Heaven to spare Greece and to invigorate her arms; while temples and senate houses were all re-

soundings with one burst of generous sympathy ; in the year of our Lord and Saviour — that Saviour alike of Christian Greece and of us — a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece to inquire into her state and condition, with an expression of our good wishes and our sympathies, and it was rejected !” Go home, if you dare — go home, if you can — to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down. Meet, if you dare, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments ; that you can not tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, affrighted you ; that the specters of cimeters, and crowns, and crescents gleamed before you and alarmed you ; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity. I can not bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling of a majority of this house.

The Advice of Polonius to his Son. — SHAKESPEARE.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of ev'ry new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance into quarrel ; but, being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This, above all — to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Perpetual Vigilance the Price of Liberty.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

WE make a great mistake in supposing all people capable of self-government. Acting under that impression, many are anxious to force free governments on all the people of this continent, and over the world, if they had the power. It has been lately urged, in a very respectable quarter, that it is the mission of this country to spread civil and religious liberty over all the globe, and especially over this continent, even by force, if necessary. It is a sad delusion. None but a people advanced to a high state of moral and intellectual excellence are capable, in a civilized condition, of forming and maintaining free governments; and, among those who are so far advanced, very few indeed have had the good fortune to form constitutions capable of endurance. It is a remarkable fact in the political history of man, that there is scarcely an instance of a free constitutional government which has been the work exclusively of foresight and wisdom. They have all been the result of a fortunate combination of circumstances. It is a very difficult task to make a constitution worthy of being called so. This admirable federal constitution of ours is the result of such a combination. It is superior to the wisdom of any or of all the men by whose agency it was made. The force of circumstances, and not foresight or wisdom, induced them to adopt many of its wisest provisions.

But of the few nations who have been so fortunate as to adopt a wise constitution, still fewer have had the wisdom long to preserve one. It is harder to preserve than to obtain liberty. After years of prosperity, the tenure by which it is held is but too often forgotten; and I fear, senators, that such is the case with us. There is no solicitude now for liberty. Who talks of liberty when any great question comes up? Here is a question of the first magnitude as to the conduct of this war; do you hear any body talk about its effects upon our liberties and our free institutions? No, sir. That was not the case formerly. In the early stages of our government, the great anxiety was, how to preserve liberty. The great anxiety now is for the attainment of mere military glory. In the one we are forgetting the other. The maxim of former times was, that power is always stealing from the many to the few; *the price of liberty was perpetual vigilance*. They were constantly looking out and watching for danger. Not so now. Is it because there has been any decay of liberty among the people? Not at all. I believe the love of

liberty was never more ardent; but they have forgotten the tenure of liberty, by which alone it is preserved.

We think we may now indulge in every thing with impunity, as if we held our charter by "right divine"—from Heaven itself. Under these impressions we plunge into war, we contract heavy debts, we increase the patronage of the executive, and we talk of a crusade to force our institutions of liberty upon all people. There is no species of extravagance which our people imagine will endanger their liberty in any degree. Sir, the hour is approaching, the day of retribution will come. It will come as certainly as I am now addressing the Senate; and, when it does come, awful will be the reckoning, heavy the responsibility somewhere.

On the Prospect of War.—JOHN C. CALHOUN,

WE are told of the danger of war. We are ready to acknowledge its hazard and misfortune, but I cannot think that we have any extraordinary danger to apprehend—at least, none to warrant an acquiescence in the injuries we have received. On the contrary, I believe no war would be less dangerous to internal peace or the safety of the country.

In speaking of Canada, the gentleman from Virginia introduced the name of Montgomery with much feeling and interest. Sir, there is danger in that name to the gentleman's argument. It is sacred to heroism. It is indignant of submission. It calls our memory back to the time of our revolution, to the Congress of 1774 and 1775. Suppose a speaker of that day had risen and urged all the arguments which we have heard on this occasion; had told *that* Congress, "Your contest is about the right of laying a tax; the attempt on Canada has nothing to do with it; the war will be expensive; danger and devastation will overspread our country, and the power of Great Britain is irresistible." With what sentiment, think you, would such doctrines have been received? Happy for us, they had no force at that period of our country's glory. Had such been acted on, this hall would never have witnessed a great people convened to deliberate for the general good; a mighty empire, with prouder prospects than any nation the sun ever shone on, would not have risen in the west. No; we would have been vile, subjected colonies, governed by that imperious rod which Britain holds over her distant provinces.

The gentleman is at a loss to account for what he calls our

hatred to England. He asks, "How can we hate the country of Locke, of Newton, Hampden, and Chatham—a country having the same language and customs with ourselves, and descended from a common ancestry?" Sir, the laws of human affections are steady and uniform. If we have so much to attach us to that country, powerful, indeed, must be the cause which has overpowered it. Yes, sir, there is a cause strong enough. Not that occult, courtly affection which he has supposed to be entertained for France, but continued and unprovoked insult and injury; a cause so manifest, that the gentleman had to exert much ingenuity to overlook it. But, in his eager admiration of that country, he has not been sufficiently guarded in his argument. Has he reflected on the cause of that admiration? Has he examined the reasons of our high regard for her Chatham? It is his ardent patriotism; his heroic courage, which could not brook the least insult or injury offered to his country, but thought that her interest and honor ought to be vindicated, be the hazard and expense what they might. I hope when we are called on to admire, we shall also be asked to imitate.

Against the Force Bill.—JOHN C. CALHOUN,

It is said that the bill ought to pass, because the law must be enforced. *The law must be enforced! The imperial edict must be executed!* It is under such sophistry, couched in general terms, without looking to the limitations which must ever exist in the practical exercise of power, that the most cruel and despotic acts ever have been covered. It was such sophistry as this that cast Daniel into the lions' den, and the three innocents into the fiery furnace. Under the same sophistry the bloody edicts of Nero and Caligula were executed. *The law must be enforced!* Yes, the act imposing the tea tax "*must be executed.*" This was the very argument which impelled Lord North and his administration in that mad career which forever separated us from the British crown. Under a similar sophistry, "that religion must be protected," how many massacres have been perpetrated, and how many martyrs have been tied to the stake! What! acting on this vague abstraction, are you prepared to enforce a law, without considering whether it be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional? Will you collect money when it is acknowledged that it is not wanted? He who earns the money, who digs it from the earth with the sweat of

his brow, has a just title to it against the universe. No one has a right to touch it without his consent, except his government, and that only to the extent of its legitimate wants. To take more is robbery; and you propose by this bill to enforce robbery by murder. Yes, to this result you must come, by this miserable sophistry, this vague abstraction of enforcing the law, without a regard to the fact whether the law be just or unjust, constitutional or unconstitutional.

In the same spirit we are told that the Union must be preserved, without regard to the means. And how is it proposed to preserve the Union? By force. Does any man in his senses believe that this beautiful structure, this harmonious aggregate of states, produced by the joint consent of all, can be preserved by force? Its very introduction would be the certain destruction of this Federal Union. No, no! You can not keep the states united in their constitutional and federal bonds by force. Has reason fled from our borders? Have we ceased to reflect? It is madness to suppose that the Union can be preserved by force. I tell you plainly that the bill, should it pass, can not be enforced. It will prove only a blot upon your statute book, a reproach to the year, and a disgrace to the American Senate. I repeat that it will not be executed; it will rouse the dormant spirit of the people, and open their eyes to the approach of despotism. The country has sunk into avarice and political corruption, from which nothing can arouse it but some measure, on the part of the government, of folly and madness, such as that now under consideration.

Time. — G. D. PRENTICE.

REMORSELESS Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! What power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag. But Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind

His rushing pinions. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow ; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water ; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns ; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain ; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations ; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God.
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void. Yet Time,
Time the tomb builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not,
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

The Purse and the Sword. — JOHN C. CALHOUN,

THERE was a time, in the better days of the republic, when to show what ought to be done was to insure the adoption of the measure. Those days have passed away, I fear, forever. A power has risen up in the government greater than the people themselves, consisting of many, and various, and powerful interests, combined into one mass, and held together by the cohesive power of the vast surplus in the banks. This mighty combination will be opposed to any change ; and it is to be feared that, such is its influence, no measure to which it is opposed can become a law, however expedient and necessary ; and that the public money will remain in their possession, to be disposed of, not as the public interest, but as theirs, may dictate. The time, indeed, seems fast approaching when no law can pass, nor any honor can be conferred, from the chief magistrate to the tide waiter, without the assent of this powerful and interested combination, which is steadily becoming the government itself to the utter subversion of the authority of the people. Nay, I fear we are in the midst of it ; and I look with anxiety to the fate of this measure, as the test whether we are or not.

If nothing should be done — if the money which justly belongs to the people be left where it is, with the many and overwhelming objections to it — the fact will prove that a great and radical change has been effected; that the government is subverted; that the authority of the people is suppressed by a union of the banks and the executive — a union a hundred times more dangerous than that of church and state, against which the constitution has so jealously guarded. It would be the announcement of a state of things from which, it is to be feared, there can be no recovery — a state of boundless corruption and the lowest and basest subserviency. It seems to be the order of Providence that, with the exception of these, a people may recover from any other evil. Piracy, robbery, and violence of every description may, as history proves, be succeeded by virtue, patriotism, and national greatness; but where is the example to be found of a degenerate, corrupt, and subservient people, who have ever recovered their virtue and patriotism? Their doom has ever been the lowest state of wretchedness and misery; scorned, trodden down, and obliterated forever from the list of nations. May Heaven grant that such may never be our doom.

Liberty the Meed of Intelligence.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

SOCIETY can no more exist without government, in one form or another, than man without society. It is the political, then, which includes the social, that is his natural state. It is the one for which his Creator formed him, into which he is impelled irresistibly, and in which only his race can exist, and all his faculties be fully developed. Such being the case, it follows that any, the worst form of government is better than anarchy, and that individual liberty or freedom must be subordinate to whatever power may be necessary to protect society against anarchy within or destruction from without; for the safety and well being of society are as paramount to individual liberty as the safety and well being of the race are to that of individuals; and, in the same proportion, the power necessary for the safety of society is paramount to individual liberty. On the contrary, government has no right to control individual liberty beyond what is necessary to the safety and well being of society. Such is the boundary which separates the power of government and the liberty of the citizen or subject in the political state, which as I have

shown, is the natural state of man, the only one in which his race can exist, and the one in which he is born, lives, and dies.

It follows from all this that the quantum of power on the part of the government, and of liberty on that of individuals, instead of being equal in all cases, must necessarily be very unequal among different people, according to their different conditions. For just in proportion as a people are ignorant, stupid, debased, corrupt, exposed to violence within and danger without, the power necessary for government to possess, in order to preserve society against anarchy and destruction, becomes greater and greater, and individual liberty less and less, until the lowest condition is reached, when absolute and despotic power becomes necessary on the part of the government, and individual liberty extinct. So, on the contrary, just as a people rise in the scale of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, and the more perfectly they become acquainted with the nature of government, the ends for which it was ordered, and how it ought to be administered, and the less the tendency to violence and disorder within and danger from abroad, the power necessary for government becomes less and less, and individual liberty greater and greater. Instead, then, of all men having the same right to liberty and equality, as is claimed by those who hold that they are all born free and equal, liberty is the noblest and highest reward bestowed on mental and moral development, combined with favorable circumstances. Instead, then, of liberty and equality being born with man, — instead of all men, and all classes and descriptions, being equally entitled to them, — they are high prizes to be won; and are, in their most perfect state, not only the highest reward that can be bestowed on our race, but the most difficult to be won, and, when won, the most difficult to be preserved.

Music. — SHAKSPEARE.

THEFORE the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
 Since naught so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change its nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted

Lines. — WORDSWORTH

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky :
 So was it when my life began ;
 So is it now I am a man ;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die.
 The child is father of the man ;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

Genius.

WHAT is genius ? 'Tis a flame
 Kindling all the human frame ;
 'Tis a ray that lights the eye,
 Soft in love, in battle high ;
 'Tis the lightning of the mind,
 Unsubdued and undefined ;
 'Tis the flood that pours along
 The full, clear melody of song ;
 'Tis the sacred boon of Heaven,
 To its choicest favorites given.
 They who feel can paint it well.
 What is genius ? Byron, tell !

Portraiture of S. S. Prentiss. — J. G. BALDWIN.

THERE was no element of oratory that Prentiss's genius did not supply. It was plain to see whence his boyhood had drawn its romantic inspiration. His imagination was colored and imbued with the light of the shadowy past, and was richly stored with the unreal but life-like creations which the genius of Shakspeare and Scott had evoked from the ideal world. He had lingered spell-bound among the scenes of medieval chivalry. His spirit had dwelt, until almost naturalized, in the mystic dream-land they peopled — among paladins, and crusaders, and knights templars.

He could speak the thoughts of poetry with the inspiration of oratory and the tones of music. The fluency of his speech was unbroken — no syllable unpronounced — not a ripple on the smooth and brilliant tide. Probably he never hesitated for a word in his life. His diction adapted itself without effort to the thought: now easy and familiar, now stately and dignified, now beautiful and various as the hues of the rainbow; again compact, even rugged in sinewy strength, and lofty and grand in eloquent declamation.

His face and manner were alike uncommon. The turn of his head was like Byron's; the face and the action were just what the mind made them. The excitement of the features, the motions of the head and body, the gesticulation he used, were all in absolute harmony with the words you heard. You saw and took cognizance of the general effect only; the particular instrumentalities did not strike you; they certainly did not call off attention to themselves. How a countenance so redolent of good humor as his at times could so soon be overcast, and express such intense bitterness, seemed a marvel. But bitterness and the angry passions were probably as strongly implanted in him as any other sentiments or qualities.

There was much about him to remind you of Byron: the cast of head, the classic features, the fiery and restive nature, the moral and personal daring, the imaginative and poetical temperament, the scorn and deep passion, the deformity of which I have spoken, the satiric wit, the craving for excitement and the air of melancholy he sometimes wore, his early neglect and the imagined slights put upon him in his unfriended youth, the collisions, mental and physical, which he had with others, his brilliant and sudden reputation, and the romantic interest which invested him, make up a list of correspondences still farther increased, alas! by his untimely death.

He is gone. He died, and lies buried near that noble river which first, when a raw Yankee boy, caught his poetic eye, and stirred by its aspect of grandeur his sublime imagination; upon whose shores first fell his burning and impassioned words, as they aroused the rapturous applause of his astonished auditors. And long will that noble river flow out its tide into the gulf, ere the roar of its current shall mingle with the tones of such eloquence again — eloquence as full and majestic, as resistless and sublime, and as wild in its sweep as its own sea-like flood.

"The mightiest river
Rolls mingling with his time forever."

Mississippi Contested Election. — S. S. PRENTISS,

SIR, if you consummate this usurpation, you degrade the State of Mississippi; and if she submits, never again can she wear the lofty look of conscious independence. Burning shame will set its seal upon her brow; and when her proud sons travel in other lands, they will blush at the history of her dishonor, as it falls from the sneering lip of the stranger. Sir, place her not in that terrible and trying position, in which her love for this glorious Union will be found at war with her own honor and the paramount obligation which binds her to transmit to the next generation, untarnished and undiminished, her portion of that rich legacy of the revolution, which was bought with blood, and which should never be parted with for a price less than what it cost. Is there a state in this Union that would part with it—that would submit to have her representatives chosen by this house, and forced upon her against her will?

Come, what says the Bay State, time-honored *Massachusetts*? From the cradle in which young Liberty was first rocked, even from old Faneuil Hall, comes forth her ready answer; and before it dies away, again it is repeated from Bunker Hill—"It was for this very right of representation our fathers fought the battles of the revolution, and ere we will surrender this dear-bought right, those battles shall again become dread realities." Would *Kentucky* submit? Ask her, Mr. Speaker, and her *Mammoth Cavern* will find a voice to thunder in your ear her stern response—"No; sooner than submit to such an outrage, our soil shall be rebaptized with a new claim to the proud but melancholy title of *the dark and bloody ground*." And what says *Virginia*, with her high device—her "*sic semper tyrannis*," the loftiest motto that ever blazed upon a warrior's shield or a nation's arms? How would she brook such usurpation? What says the mother of states and state-right doctrines—she who has placed *instruction* as a guardian over *representation*? What says she to the proposition that this house can make representatives and force them upon a state in violation of its choice and will? And where is *South Carolina*, the Harry Percy of the Union? On which side, in this great controversy, does she couch her lance and draw her blade? I trust upon the side of her sister state; upon the side, too, of the constitutional rights of all the states; and let her lend the full strength of her good right arm to the blow, when she strikes in so righteous a quarrel

Upon all the states I do most solemnly call for that justice so another which they would expect for themselves. Let this cup pass from Mississippi. Compel her not to drink its bitter ingredients, lest, some day, "even-handed justice should commend the poisoned chalice to your own lips." Rescind that resolution, which presses like a foul incubus upon the constitution. You sit here, twenty-five sovereign states, in judgment upon the most sacred right of a sister state. Should you decide against her, you tear from her brow the richest jewel which sparkles there, and forever bow her head in shame and dishonor. But if your determination is taken—if the blow must fall—if the violated constitution must bleed—I have but one request on her behalf to make. When you decide that she can not choose her own representation, at that self same moment blot from the spangled banner of this *Union* the bright *star* that glitters to the name of *Mississippi*, but leave the *stripe* behind, a fit emblem of her degradation.

Lafayette's Visit to America. — S. S. PRENTISS.

IN 1824, on Sunday, a single ship furled her snowy sails in the harbor of New York. Scarcely had her prow touched the shore, when a murmur was heard among the multitude, which gradually deepened into a mighty shout, and that shout was a shout of joy. Again and again were the heavens rent with the inspiring sound. Nor did it cease; for the loud strain was carried from city to city, and from state to state, till not a tongue was silent throughout this wide republic, from the lisping infant to the tremulous old man. All were united in one wild shout of gratulation. The voices of more than ten millions of freemen gushed up towards the sky, and broke the stillness of its silent depths. But one note and but one tone went to form this acclamation. Up in those pure regions clearly and sweetly did it sound—"Honor to Lafayette! Welcome to the nation's guest!" It was Lafayette, the war-worn veteran, whose arrival upon our shores had caused this wide-spread, this universal joy. He came among us to behold the independence and the freedom which his young arm had so well assisted in achieving; and never before did eye behold, or heart of man conceive, such homage paid to virtue.

His whole stay amongst us was a continued triumph. Every day's march was an ovation. The United States became for months one great festive hall. People forgot the usual occupa-

tions of life, and crowded to behold the benefactor of mankind. The iron-hearted, gray-haired veterans of the revolution thronged around him, to touch his hand, to behold his face, and to call down Heaven's benison upon their old companion in arms. Lispering infancy and garrulous age, beauty, talents, wealth, and power, all for a while forsook their usual pursuits, and united to pay a willing tribute of gratitude and welcome to the nation's guest. The name of Lafayette was upon every lip, and wherever was his name, there too was an invocation for blessings on his head. What were the triumphs of the classic ages, compared with this unbought love and homage of a mighty people? Take them in Rome's best days, when the invincible generals of the Eternal City returned from their foreign conquests with captive kings bound to their chariot wheels, and the spoils of nations in their train—followed by their stern and bearded warriors, and surrounded by the interminable multitudes of the seven-hilled city shouting a fierce welcome home—what was such a triumph, compared with that of Lafayette?

Not a single city, but a whole nation rising as one man, and greeting him with an affectionate embrace. One single day of such spontaneous homage were worth whole years of courtly adulation; one hour might well reward a man for a whole life of danger and of toil. Then, too, the joy with which he must have viewed the prosperity of the people for whom he had so heroically struggled—to behold the nation which he had left a little child now grown up in the full proportions of lusty manhood—to see the tender sapling, which he had left with hardly shade enough to cover its own roots, now waxing into the sturdy and unwedgeable oak, beneath whose grateful umbrage the oppressed of all nations find shelter and protection. That oak still grows on in its majestic strength, and wider and wider still extend its mighty branches. But the hand that watered and nourished it while yet a tender plant is now cold; the heart that watched with strong affection its early growth has ceased to beat.

Death of Lafayette.—S. S. PRENTISS.

DEATH, who knocks with equal hand at the door of the cottage and the palace gate, has been busy at his appointed work. Mourning prevails throughout the land, and the countenances of all are shrouded in the mantle of regret. Far across the wild Atlantic, amid the pleasant vineyards in the sunny land of

France, there too is mourning, and the weeds of sorrow are alike worn by prince and peasant. And against whom has the monarch of the tomb turned his remorseless dart, that such widespread sorrow should prevail? Hark! and the agonized voice of Freedom, weeping for her favorite son, will tell you, in strains sadder than those with which she shrieked at Kosciusko's fall, that LAFAYETTE, the gallant and the good, has ceased to live.

The friend and companion of Washington is no more. He who taught the eagle of our country, while yet unfledged, to plume his young wing and mate his talons with the lion's strength, has taken his flight far beyond the stars, beneath whose influence he fought so well. Lafayette is dead. The gallant ship, whose pennon has so often bravely streamed above the roar of battle and the tempest's rage, has at length gone slowly down in the still and quiet waters. Well mightst thou, O Death, now recline beneath the laurels thou hast won, and for a while forego thy relentless task; for never, since, as the grim messenger of almighty vengeance, thou camest into this world, did a more generous heart cease to heave beneath thy chilling touch, and never will thy insatiable dart be hurled against a nobler breast. Who does not feel, at the mournful intelligence, as if he had lost something cheering from his own path through life? as if some bright star, at which he had been accustomed frequently and fondly to gaze, had been suddenly extinguished in the firmament?

The page of history abounds with those who have struggled forth from the nameless crowd, and, standing forward in the front ranks, challenged the notice of their fellow-men. But when, in obedience to their bold demands, we examine their claims to our admiration, how seldom do we find aught that excites our respect or commands our veneration! With what pleasure do we turn from the contemplation of the Cæsars and Napoleons of the human race to meditate upon the character of Lafayette! We feel proud that we belong to the same species, we feel proud that we live in the same age, and we feel still more proud that our own country drew forth and nurtured those generous virtues which went to form a character that, for love of liberty, romantic chivalry, unbounded generosity, and unwavering integrity, has never had a parallel.

The Same, concluded.

VIR-^{TUE} forms no shield to ward off the arrows of death. Could it have availed, even when joined with the prayers of a

whole civilized world, then, indeed, this mournful occasion would never have occurred, and the life of Lafayette would have been as eternal as his fame. Yet, though he has passed from among us — though that countenance will no more be seen that used to lighten up the van of freedom's battles as he led her eaglets to their feast — still has he left behind his better part, the legacy of his bright example, the memory of his deeds. The lisping infant will learn to speak his venerated name. The youth of every country will be taught to look upon his career and follow in his footsteps. When, hereafter, a gallant people are fighting for freedom against the oppressor, and their cause begins to wane before the mercenary bands of tyranny, then will the name of Lafayette become a watchword that will strike with terror on the tyrant's ear, and nerve with redoubled vigor the freeman's arm. At that name many a heart before unmoved will wake in the glorious cause; many a sword, rusting ingloriously in its scabbard, will leap forth to battle. And, even amid the mourning with which our souls are shrouded, is there not some room for gratulation?

Our departed friend and benefactor has gone down to the grave, peacefully and quietly, at a good old age. He had performed his appointed work. His virtues were ripe. He had done nothing to sully his fair fame. No blot or soil of envy or calumny can now affect him. His character will stand upon the pages of history pure and unsullied as the lily emblem on his country's banner. He has departed from among us, but he has become again the companion of Washington. He has but left the friends of his old age to associate with the friends of his youth. Peace be to his ashes. Calm and quiet may they rest upon some vine-clad hill of his own beloved land; and it shall be called the Mount Vernon of France. And let no cunning sculpture, no monumental marble, deface with its mock dignity the patriot's grave; but rather let the unpruned vine, the wild flower, and the free song of the uncaged bird — all that speaks of freedom and of peace — be gathered round it. Lafayette needs no mausoleum. His fame is mingled with a nation's history. His epitaph is engraved upon the hearts of men.

Toasting. — S. S. PRENTISS.

PERHAPS the most remarkable property of *toasting* is its wonderful facility in making *great men*. It was the ancient opinion

— though one which has long been exploded — that, to be great, a man must have performed some great, virtuous, or noble action — must have shown, either mentally or physically, some superiority over his fellow-beings. Now, thank Heaven, nothing of this sort is required ; for the whole secret of greatness is comprised in the single word *notoriety* ; and the most approved method of becoming notorious is by toasting. Does a man wish to become notorious, — that is, great, — he gets a friend to propose his health at some public dinner, with an enumeration of all the good qualities he does not possess. The people, filled almost to bursting with the fat things prepared for them, overflowing with charity and good liquor, drink the health with great applause ; which is elicited, however, in most cases, not by the person, but by the flavor of the wine.

Fired by such manifest signs of popular favor, the candidate for greatness rises, and assures them, very truly, that they are pleased to honor him more than he deserves ; that modesty would induce him to be silent, but his heart (he had better say his stomach) is too full for restraint ; that no sacrifices would be too great for their kindness towards him ; that he would go even to Congress, for the love he bears his country ; he assures them that the United States is the greatest nation on the globe, — his own state the first in the Union — the county in which they are eating the best in the state — at the same time modestly insinuating that he is himself the greatest man in the county — and, finally, winds up by proposing himself a candidate for the next election. The people are astonished to find they have had so great a man amongst them without ever dreaming of it ; and they send him to Congress forthwith. Thus sure and easy is the toasting path to greatness.

Craniology. — S. S. PRENTISS.

THE god Momus found fault with Jupiter for not placing a window in the heart of man ; which would have enabled one, merely by looking in at it, to have ascertained a person's character as well at first sight as after a dozen years' acquaintance. Mankind have sanctioned the criticism of the heathen deity ; as is manifested by the great pains they are continually taking for finding out the real sentiments of their fellow-beings. It is to their anxiety on this subject that we owe the various theories which have, from time to time, been broached for discovering a

man's character by outward signs or appearances. Thus Lavater considered the features, and the various and complex lines upon the countenance, as the true handwriting of Nature, which she hath affixed as a label upon the face—precisely as an apothecary marks upon a vial the nature of its contents.

Within a few years, craniology has been made to answer the purpose of the window of Momus; and the human head, like the United States, is divided off into a number of independent bumps, which have, however, a reciprocal influence upon each other. The character of each of these bumps is as well ascertained as that of the people of any of the aforesaid states, and the character of the individual is made up by a compound of them all—each bump being taxed for this purpose just in proportion to its bigness. Now, although it is a digression, I can not help observing, what a wonderful argument this system affords in favor of a republican form of government, showing that Nature herself has chosen it as the best, in her arrangement of the human mind.

Take an example: suppose that, like honest Jack Falstaff, my bump of discretion exceeds my bump of valor, and that some one insults me; the community of Courage, residing in the bump of Valor, is immediately enraged, and rises in arms to punish the aggressor: but, "Stop," cry the cautious, though more numerous citizens of the commonwealth of Discretion, "most haughty Valor; we don't choose to be dragged into this contest; if you wish to fight, you must fight it out alone: for ourselves, we have advised with counsel, and intend taking the law of the fellow." At this remonstrance, the community of Courage lay down their arms, like good citizens, obedient to the will of the majority.

But to return. Though I have great belief in physiognomy, and though I doubt not that the rapid development of intellect may force out corresponding protuberances of the cranium, just as we see mountains arise on the face of the globe by the operation of internal fire, yet both these theories are so liable to error, the exceptions to the general rule are so numerous, that I have been led to try some other method of getting out a man's true character.

Virginia Patriotism. — J. G. BALDWIN.

THE disposition to be proud and vain of one's country, and to boast of it, is a natural feeling, indulged or not, in respect to the

pride, vanity, and boasting, according to the character of the native : but with a Virginian, it is a passion. It inheres in him even as the flavor of a York River oyster in that bivalve, and no distance of deportation, and no trimmings of a gracious prosperity, and no pickling in the sharp acids of adversity, can destroy it. It is a part of the Virginia character, — just as the flavor is a distinctive part of the oyster, — “ which can not, save by annihilating, die.” It is no use talking about it — the thing may be right, or wrong : like Falstaff’s victims at Gadshill, it is past praying for : it is a sort of cocoa grass that has got into the soil, and has so matted over it, and so *fibred* through it, as to have become a part of it ; at least, there is no telling which is the grass and which is the soil ; and certainly it is useless labor to try to root it out. You may destroy the soil, but you can’t root out the grass.

Patriotism with a Virginian is a noun personal. It is the Virginian himself and something over. He loves Virginia *per se* and *propter se* : he loves her for herself and for himself — because *she is* Virginia and — every thing else beside. He loves to talk about her : “ Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” It makes no odds where he goes, he carries Virginia with him ; not in the entirety always, — but the little spot he came from is Virginia, — as Swedenborg says, “ The smallest part of the brain is an abridgment of all of it.” “ *Cælum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt,*” * was made for a Virginian. He never gets acclimated elsewhere ; he never loses citizenship to the old home. The right of expatriation is a pure abstraction to him. He may breathe in Alabama, but he lives in Virginia. His treasure is there, and his heart also. If he looks at the Delta of the Mississippi, it reminds him of James River “ low grounds ;” if he sees the vast prairies of Texas, it is a memorial of the meadows of “ the Valley.” Richmond is the centre of attraction, the *depot* of all that is grand, great, good, and glorious.

The Same, concluded.

THERE is nothing presumptuous y froward in this Virginianism. The Virginian does not make broad his phylacteries, and crow over the poor Carolinian and Tennessecan. He does not reproach him with his misfortune of birthplace. No ; he thinks the

* Those who cross the sea change their *clime*, but not their mind. — Horace

affliction is enough without the triumph. The franchise of having been born in Virginia, and the prerogative founded thereon, are too patent of honor and distinction to be arrogantly pretended. The bare mention is enough. He finds occasion to let the fact be known, and then the fact is fully able to protect and take care of itself. Like a ducal title, there is no need of saying more than to name it: modesty, then, is a becoming and expected virtue; forbearance to boast is true dignity.

The Virginian is a magnanimous man. He never throws up to a Yankee the fact of his birthplace. He feels on the subject as a man of delicacy feels in alluding to a rope in the presence of a person, one of whose brothers "stood upon nothing and kicked at the United States;" and so far do they carry this refinement, that I have known one of my countrymen, on occasion of a Bostonian owning where he was born, generously protest that he had never heard of it before; as if honest confession half obliterated the shame of the fact. Yet he does not lack the grace to acknowledge worth or merit in another, wherever the native place of that other; for it is a common thing to hear them say of a neighbor, "He is a clever fellow, *though* he *did* come from New Jersey, or even from Connecticut." * * *

It is not, however, to be denied, that Virginia is the land of orators, heroes, and statesmen; and that, directly or indirectly, she has exerted an influence upon the national councils nearly as great as all the rest of the states combined. It is wonderful that a state of its size and population should have turned out such an unprecedented quantum of talent, and of talent as various in kind as prodigious in amount. She has reason to be proud; and the other states, so largely in her debt, ought, therefore, to allow her the harmless privilege of a little bragging.

Henry Clay.—ANON.

PRIDE OF THE WEST! whose clarion tone
Thrilled grandly through her forest lone
And waked to bounding life the shore
Where darkness only sat before;
How millions bent before thy shrine,
Beholding there a light divine—
Caught on the golden chain of love,
From its majestic course above.

STAR OF OUR HOPE ! when Battle's call
 Had wove the soldier's gory pall —
 When, blazing o'er the troubled seas,
 Death came tumultuous on the breeze,
 And men beheld Columbia's frame
 Scorched by the lurid levin flame —
 Thou, thou didst pour the patriot strain,*
 And thrilled with it each bleeding vein,
 Until the star-lit banner streamed
 Like tempest fires around the foe,
 Whose crimson cross no longer gleamed
 In triumph where it erst had beamed,
 But sunk beneath our gallant blow.

SUN OF THE FREE ! where Summer smiles
 Eternal o'er the clustered isles —
 Where Greece unsheathed her olden blade
 For glory in the haunted shade —
 Where Chimborazo, stands sublime,
 A landmark by the sea of Time † —
 Thy name shall, as a blessing given
 For man, O ! never to depart,
 Peal from our gladdened earth to heaven —
 The warm, wild music of the heart.

PRIDE OF THE JUST ! what though dark Hate
 Her frenzied storm around thee rolls ;
 Has it not ever been the fate
 Of all this earth's truth-speaking souls ?
 Lightnings may play upon the rock
 Whose star-kissed forehead woos the gale,
 While they escape the thunder shock
 Who dwell within the lonely vale —
 Living unnoted ! — not so thou,
 Chief of the fearless soul and brow ;
 Yet let the lightning and the storm
 Beat on thy long-devoted form ;
 The silvery daydream bursts, and lo,
 Around thee curls the promise-bow.

Look ! on yon height Columbia stands,
 Immortal laurels in her hands ;

* Alluding to his efforts as representative in Congress during the late war.

† Whereat to get Henry's late written discourse in advocacy of Grecian and South American independence.

And hark her voice — “ Rise ! Freemen, rise !
 Unloose the chain from every breast ;
 See, see the splendor in yon skies,
 Flashed from the bosom of the west ! ”
 Roused at the sound, lo, millions leap
 Like giants from inglorious sleep.
 What cries are here ? What sounds prevail ?
 Whose name is thundering on the gale ? —
 (Far in the mountains of the north,
 Far in the sunny south away,
 A winged luster bounding forth)
 The deathless name of HENRY CLAY !

*Henry Clay's Last Speech, made during his Last
 Illness, in an Interview with Louis Kossuth.*

[We find the following report of the interview between these two distinguished men in the National Intelligencer. It was written by Hon. Presley Ewing, of Kentucky, and revised by Senator Jones, of Tennessee, both of whom were present, together with General Cass, and Mr. Fendal, of Washington City : —

M. Kossuth was introduced by Mr. Cass at about three o'clock, and, on being presented to Mr. Clay, who rose to receive him, said, “ Sir, I thank you for the honor of this interview.”

“ I beg you to believe,” said Mr. Clay, interrupting him, “ that it is I who am honored. Will you be pleased to be seated ? ”

After the mutual interchange of civilities, — “ I owe you, sir,” said Mr. Clay, “ an apology for not having acceded before to the desire you were kind enough to intimate more than once to see me. But really my health has been so feeble that I did not dare to hazard the excitement of so interesting an interview. Besides, sir,” he added, with some pleasantry, “ your wonderful and fascinating eloquence has mesmerized so large a portion of our people, wherever you have gone, and even some of our members of Congress,” waving his hand toward the two or three gentlemen who were present, “ that I feared to come under its influence, lest you might shake my faith in some principles in regard to the foreign policy of this government, which I have long and constantly cherished.”]

In regard to the foreign policy of this government, you will allow me, I hope, to speak with that sincerity and candor which becomes the interest the subject has for you and myself, and which is due to us both as the votaries of freedom. I trust you will believe me, too, when I tell you that I entertain ever the liveliest sympathies in every struggle for liberty, in Hungary and in every country. And in this, I believe, I express the universal sentiment of my countrymen. But, sir, for the sake of my

country you must allow me to protest against the policy you propose to her. Waiving the grave and momentous question of the right of one nation to assume the executive power among nations for the enforcement of international law, or of the right of the United States to dictate to Russia the character of her relations with the nations around her, let us come at once to the practical consideration of the matter. You tell us yourself, with great truth and propriety, that mere sympathy, or the expression of sympathy, can not advance your purposes. You require material aid. And indeed it is manifest that the mere declarations of the sympathy of Congress, or of the president, or of the public, would be of little avail, unless we were prepared to enforce these declarations by a resort to arms, and unless other nations could see that preparation and determination upon our part. Well, sir, suppose that war should be the issue of the course you propose to us; could we then effect any thing for you, ourselves, or the cause of liberty? To transport men and arms across the ocean in sufficient numbers and quantities to be effective against Russia and Austria would be impossible. It is a fact which perhaps may not be generally known, that the most imperative reason with Great Britain for the close of her last war with us, was the immense cost of the transportation and maintenance of forces and munitions of war on such a distant theater; and yet she had not, perhaps, more than thirty thousand men upon this continent at any time. Upon land Russia is invulnerable to us, as we are to her. Upon the ocean, a war between Russia and this country would result in the mutual annoyance to commerce, but probably in little else. I learn recently that her war marine is superior to that of any nation in Europe, except perhaps Great Britain. Her ports are few, her commerce limited; while we, on our part, would offer as a prey to her cruisers a rich and extensive commerce. Thus, sir, after effecting nothing in such a war; after abandoning our ancient policy of amity and non-intervention in the affairs of other nations, and thus justifying them in abandoning the terms of forbearance and non-interference which they have hitherto preserved toward us; after the downfall, perhaps, of the friends of liberal institutions in Europe,—her despots, imitating and provoked by our fatal example, may turn upon us in the hour of our weakness and exhaustion, and, with an almost equally irresistible force of reason and of arms, they may say to us, “You have set us the example; you have quit your own to stand on foreign ground; you have abandoned the policy you professed in the day of your weakness, to interfere in the affairs of the people upon this con-

continent, in behalf of those principles the supremacy of which, you say, is necessary to your prosperity, to your existence. We, in our turn, believing that your anarchical doctrines are destructive of, and that monarchical principles are essential to, the peace, security, and happiness of our subjects, will obliterate the bed which has nourished such noxious weeds; we will crush you, as the propagandists of doctrines so destructive of the peace and good order of the world." The indomitable spirit of our people might and would be equal to the emergency, and we might remain unsubdued even by so tremendous a combination; but the consequences to us would be terrible enough. You must allow me, sir, to speak thus freely, as I feel deeply, though my opinion may be of but little import, as the expression of a dying man.

Sir, the recent melancholy subversion of the republican government of France, and that enlightened nation voluntarily placing its neck under the yoke of despotism, teach us to despair of any present success for liberal institutions in Europe; it gives us an impressive warning not to rely upon others for the vindication of our principles, but to look to ourselves, and to cherish with more care than ever the security of our institutions and the preservation of our policy and principles. By the policy to which we have adhered since the days of Washington, we have prospered beyond precedent; we have done more for the cause of liberty in the world than arms could effect; we have shown to other nations the way to greatness and happiness. And if we but continue united as one people, and persevere in the policy which our experience has so clearly and triumphantly vindicated, we may in another quarter of a century furnish an example which the reason of the world can not resist. But if we should involve ourselves in the tangled web of European politics, in a war in which we could effect nothing, and if in that struggle Hungary should go down, and we should go down with her, where then would be the last hope of the friends of freedom throughout the world? Far better is it for ourselves, for Hungary, and for the cause of liberty, that, adhering to our wise pacific system, and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this western shore, as a light to all nations, than to hazard its utter extinction, amid the ruins of fallen or falling republics in Europe.

Specimen of Kossuth's Eloquence, No. 1.

A HOME and true friends are two of the fairest gifts of Heaven allotted to man on earth. The exiled chief of Hungary, who has now the honor to acknowledge your kindness, has no home. The soil upon which my cradle stood — the soil where I dreamed the short, rosy dreams of childhood, though even then interrupted by the inspirations of the patriot's heart — the soil which saw me struggle and strive for my people's freedom, and for the independence of my native land — the soil to which I have devoted my life, and for which I will readily die, — that soil is a valley of desolation now. The sanguinary tools of foreign violence have polluted its sacred fields, watered by torrents of patriotic martyr blood. The fair land is a vast prison, wherein nature groans, and, though fettered, with clinched fists looks up to Heaven for the day of retribution and of deliverance. The storm of oppression, the clouds of tyranny hang gloomily over the land. It has lost every thing, only not its honor — not its trust in God — not its hope for the future — not the manly resolution once more to rise in inexorable judgment over tyrants and oppressors.

And O, how I love thee, my poor native land! How I love thee in thy gloom! How keenly thy sorrows affect my bleeding heart! How I long for thee, my own dear native land, with the fond desire of an exile's heart! Home of my people, which I left, and which God will once more lead on the path of glory and freedom! home of my recollections — of my love! I greet thee out of the very midst of thy generous friends of America, who, benevolent because free, stretch out their gigantic arms over the waves with consolation to thee, and shout out over the vast regions of this republic thy name with millions of tongues, in token that there is yet a future to this, because there is an America, free and powerful, watching the laws of nations, and ready to defend what despots dare to offend.

Thus, though I have no home, yet the home of my people has good friends, who, with the aid of God, I hope will yet restore myself also to my home, that I may have at least a homely grave in which to lay down my weary head, that the sun of freedom may cast its rays over the flower of memory which the kind remembrance of my people will plant over the grave of its faithful servant.

Specimen No. 2.

I PASSED the last night in a sleepless dream. And my soul wandered, on the magnetic wings of the past, home to my beloved, bleeding land, and I saw, in the dead of the night, dark, veiled shapes, with the paleness of eternal grief upon their sad brows, but terrible in the tearless silence of that grief, gliding over the churchyards of Hungary, and kneeling down at the head of the *graves*, and depositing the pious tributes of green cypress upon them, and, after a short prayer, rising with *clinch*ed fists, and *gnashing* teeth, and then stealing away tearless and silent as they came — stealing away because the bloodhounds of my country's murderers lurked from every corner on that night, and on this day, and led to prison those who dared to show a pious remembrance to the beloved. To-day a smile on the lips of a Magyar is taken for a crime of defiance to tyranny, and a tear in his eye equivalent to a revolt. And yet I have seen, with the eye of my home-wandering soul, thousands performing the work of patriotic virtue.

And I saw more. When the pious offerers have stolen away, I saw the honored dead, half risen from their tombs, looking to the offerings, and whispering gloomily, "Still a cypress, and still no flower of joy! Is there still the chill of winter and the gloom of night over thee, fatherland? Are we not yet revenged?" And the sky of the east reddened suddenly, and boiled with bloody flames, and from the far, far west, a lightning flashed like a star-spangled stripe, and within its light a young eagle mounted and soared towards the bloody flames of the east, and as he drew near, upon his approaching, the boiling flames changed into a radiant morning sun, and a voice from above was heard, in answer to the question of the dead, "Sleep yet a short while — mine is the revenge! I will make the stars of the west the sun of the east! and when ye next awake, you will find the flower of joy upon your cold bed." And the dead took the twig of cypress, the sign of resurrection, into their bony hands and lay down.

Specimen No. 3.

FAREWELL, my beloved country! Farewell, land of the Magyars! Farewell, thou land of sorrow! I shall never more behold the summit of thy mountains. My last looks are fixed

upon my country, and I see thee overwhelmed with anguish. I look into the future, but that is overshadowed.

Land of my love, thou art in slavery. From thy very bosom will be forged the chains to bind all that is sacred. I hoped for thee even in the dark moment when on thy brow was written the withering word, Despair. I lifted my voice in thy behalf when men said, "Be thou a slave."

My principles have not been those of Washington, nor my acts those of Tell. I desired a free nation—free as man can not be made but by God. And thou art fallen; faded as the lily. The united forces of powerful nations have dug thy tomb: the withering grasp of tyranny has seized upon thy vitals, and O, my country, the blighting curse of oppression is upon thee.

Marco Bozzaris. — HALLOCK.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power :
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror ;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring ;
 Then pressed that monarch's throne, — a king ;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood
 On old Plataea's day ;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke
 That bright dream was his last ;

He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
 He woke — to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
 And death shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band:
 "Strike — till the last armed foe expires,
 Strike — for your altars and your fires;
 Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
 God — and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well:
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
 They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
 And thou art terrible — the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's work;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh,
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

The Poet. — SARAH J. CLARKE.

(A PARODY ON MARCO BOZZARIS.)

At midnight, in his cottage small,
 The bard was dreaming of the times
 When cheerily from camp and hall
 Rang out the minstrel's rhymes :
 In dreams through courtly scenes he roved
 In dreams a royal mistress loved ;
 In dreams he clasped her as his bride ;
 Then revelled at the board of kings,
 Bedecked with ribbons, stars, and rings ,
 And ever woke his harp's wild strings
 To notes of joy and pride !

At midnight, in the court beneath,
 The sheriff ranged a savage band,
 Following their game up to the death
 With murderous notes of hand.
 There was the draper, trim and neat,
 'There was the burly man of meat,
 Landlord, and tailors four, —
 Bound on an errand all unblest,
 Like envious cranes met to molest,
 With their long bills, a skylark's nest
 They thronged the poet's door.

An hour passed on — the bard awoke :
 That poet-dream was past ;
 He wakened to a cry of fear —
 Of " Hide, dear Tom : the sheriff's here ! "
 He woke to find him self safe hid
 Beneath a meal chest's friendly lid .

To mutter *sacrés*, fierce and fast,
 On baffled foes that round him crowd,
 And hear, in accents sharp and loud,
 The sheriff cheer his band !
 Search — till each closet is explored ;
 Search, landlord — for thy bill of board
 Search — for the wines against him scored .
 And, tailors, lend a hand !

They sought, like Shylocks, long and hard,
 Around, beneath, and overhead ;
 But vainly all — they left the bard
 Snug in his mealy bed.
 Then his indignant Susan saw
 Those shameless wreckers of the law
 Had nabbed his Sunday coat ;
 She saw the fearful look he wore,
 As then and there he roundly swore
 To leave his thankless native shore,
 Upon that morning's boat !

On Mr. Clay's Resolutions. — WEBSTER,

AND now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in these caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day ; let us enjoy the fresh air of liberty and union ; let us cherish those hopes which belong to us ; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action ; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us ; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny ; let us not be pygmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this constitution, and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain, which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the states to this constitution for ages to come.

We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the whole affections

of the people. No monarchical throne presses these states together ; no iron chain of military power encircles them ; they live and stand upon a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last forever. In all its history it has been beneficent ; it has trodden down no man's liberty — it has crushed no state. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism ; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize, on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental edging of the buckler of Achilles, —

“ Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round :
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole

Justice to the Whole Country. — WEBSTER,

I THINK, sir, the country calls upon us loudly and imperatively to settle this question. I think that the whole world is looking to see whether this great popular government can get through such a crisis. We are the observed of all observers. It is not to be disputed or doubted that the eyes of all Christendom are upon us. We have stood through many trials. Can we stand through this, which takes so much the character of a sectional controversy ? Can we stand that ? There is no inquiring man in all Europe who does not ask himself that question every day, when he reads the intelligence of the morning. Can this country, with one set of interests at the south, and another set of interests at the north, — these interests supposed, but falsely supposed, to be at variance, — can this people see, what is so evident to the whole world beside, that this Union is their main hope and greatest benefit, and that their interests are entirely compatible ? Can they see, and will they feel, that their prosperity, their respectability among the nations of the earth, and their happiness at home, depend upon the maintenance of their union and their constitution ? That is the question. I agree that local divisions are apt to overturn the understandings

of men, and to excite a belligerent feeling between section and section. It is natural, in times of irritation, for one part of the country to say, "If you do that," I will do this, and so get up a feeling of hostility and defiance. Then comes belligerent legislation, and then an appeal to arms. The question is, whether we have the true patriotism, the Americanism, necessary to carry us through such a trial. The whole world is looking towards us, with extreme anxiety.

For myself, I propose, sir, to abide by the principles and the purposes which I have avowed. I shall stand by the Union, and by all who stand by it. I shall do justice to the whole country, according to the best of my ability, in all I say, and act for the good of the whole country in all I do. I mean to stand upon the constitution. I need no other platform. I shall know but one country. The ends I aim at shall be my Country's, my God's, and Truth's. I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this, with absolute disregard of personal consequences. What are personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country in a crisis like this, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer, or if he fall, in defence of the liberties and constitution of his country.

All for Good Order.—D. P. PAGE.

Characters. — SCHOOLMASTER; — ISAAC, a schoolboy; — MR. FOSDICK; BILL, his son; — MRS. O'CLARY, (Irish;) PATRICK, her son; — 'SQUIRE SNYDER; JONAS, his son; — SAUNDERS, a drunken fellow; JABEZ, his son; — some half dozen schoolboys.

Master. (*Setting copies alone.*) WELL, so here I am again, after another night's sleep. But, sleep or no sleep, I feel about as much fatigued in the morning as I do at night. It is impossible to get the cares and anxieties of my profession out of my mind. It does seem to me that the parents of some of my pupils are very unfeeling; for I know I have done my very best to keep a good school, and however I may have failed in some instances I have the satisfaction of feeling, in my conscience,

that my best endeavors have been devoted to my work. — A merry lot of copies here, to be set before school time. (*Looking at his watch.*) But “a diligent hand will accomplish much.” By the way, that will do for a copy for Jonas Snyder — little culprit! He was very idle yesterday. (*Thinking and busy.*) What can that story mean, which Mr. Truetell told me this morning? Five or six! — who could they be? — five or six of the parents of my scholars dreadfully offended! Let me see: What have I done? Nothing very lately, that I recollect. Let’s see; yesterday? No, there was nothing yesterday, except that I detained the class in geography till they got their lessons. O, yes; Jonas Snyder was punished for idleness. But I spoke to him four or five times, and he would do nothing but whisper, and whittle his bench; and when at last he half ate up an apple, and threw the rest at Jacob Readslow, I thought he deserved it. Let’s see: I gave him six claps — three on each hand. Well, he did not get more than his deserts. (*Enter one of the scholars, with his books under his arm, walking slowly, and eying the master, to his seat. Master, still busy, and thinking, by and by says,*) Isaac, you may come to me.

(*He walks along, and says,*) Sir!

Master. Do you remember (*placing his pen over his ear, and turning earnestly and portentously round*) whether I punished any scholars yesterday?

Isaac. Yes, sir; you feruled Jone Snyder, for playing and laughing.

Master. Did I punish any one else?

Isaac. Not as I recollect.

Master. Think, Isaac; think carefully.

Isaac. You kept a lot of us after school, for not saying our lessons —

Master. (*Quickly.*) You mean, Isaac, rather, I kept you to get your lessons, which you had neglected.

Isaac. Yes, sir; and you made Patrick O’Clary stop and sweep, because he staid out too late after recess.

Master. O, yes; I remember that.

Isaac. He was as mad as a hop about it; he said he meant to tell his mother that you made him sweep for nothing.

Master. Hush! hush! You shouldn’t tell tales. Do you remember any other punishments?

Isaac. No, sir; not yesterday. You hit Jabe Saunders a clip across the knuckles, with the cowskin, day before yesterday. Don’t you remember? Just as he stretched out his hand to hook that old rag upon Tom Willis’s collar, you came

along behind him, and clip went the old whip, right across his fingers, and down went the old rag. There, I never was more glad to see any thing in my life ! Little dirty, mean fellow ! -- he's always sticking things upon fellows. I saw him once pin an old dirty rag upon a man's coat, just as he was putting a letter into the post office. I never saw such a fellow !

(*The other boys coming in gradually, the master rings his little bell, and says,*) Boys, come to order, and take your books. Now, boys, I wish to see if we can't have a good school to-day. Let's see : are we all here ?

Boys. No, sir ! No, sir !

Master. Who is absent ?

Boys. Jone Snyder ! Jabe Saunders ! Patrick O'Clary ! and ——

Master. Speak one at a time, my boys. Don't make confusion, to begin with ; — and, (*looking around them,*) — O, Bill Fosdick, — only four !

One of the boys. Pat O'Clary is late. I saw him down in Baker Street, poking along. He always comes late ——

Master. Did he say he was coming ?

Same Boy. I asked him if he was coming to school, and he shook his head, and muttered out something about his mother, and I ran along and left him.

Master. Well, boys, now let us try to have a still school and close study to-day, and see if it is not more pleasant to learn than to play. (*Rises and walks to and fro on the stage.*) Take the geography lesson, James and Samuel, first thing this morning ; and, Isaac, I don't wish to detain you again to-day. (*Loud knock at the door.*)

(*Enter Bill Fosdick, walking importantly and consequentially up to the master, and says,*) Here ! father wants to see you at the door !

(*Master turns to go to the door, followed by Bill, who wishes to hear all that's said, and Mr. Fosdick, looking quite savage, steps right inside, the master politely bowing, with a "good morning."*)

Fosdick. Here, sir ; I want to see you about my boy. I don't like to have you keep him after school every day ; I want him at home, — and I should like to have you dismiss him when school is done. If he wants lickin', lick him — that's all ; but don't you keep him here an hour or two every day after school. I don't send him here for that !

Master. But, my good sir, I have not often detained him not more than twice within a fort ——

Fos. Well, don't you do it again — that's all !

Master. But, sir, I have only detained him to learn the lessons which he might learn in school ; and surely, if ——

Fos. Well, well, sir ! don't you do it again ! — that's all I have to say ! If he behaves bad, you lick him — only do it in reason. But when school is done, I want him dismissed.

Master. Sir, I do what I conceive to be my duty ; and I serve all my scholars alike ; and while I would be willing to accommodate you, I shall do what I think is my duty. (*Gathering spirit and gravity, and advancing.*) Sir, do I understand you wish me to whip your son for not getting his lesson ?

Fos. Yes — no — yes — in reason ; I don't want my children's bones broke.

Master. (*Taking from the desk a cowhide.*) Do you prefer your son should be whipped to being detained ?

Fos. I don't think not getting his lessons is such a dreadful crime. I never used to get my lessons, and old Master Peppermint never used to lick me, and I am sure he never kept me after school ; but we used to have schools good for sumfin in them days. — Bill, go to your seat, and behave yourself ; and when school is done, you come home. That's all I have to say.

Master. But stop, my boy ! (*Speaking to Bill, decidedly.*) There happen to be two sides to this question. There is something further to be said, before you go to your seat in this school.

Fos. What ! you don't mean to turn him out of school, du ye ? (*Somebody knocks.*)

(*A boy steps to the door, and in steps Mrs. O'Clary, who, approaching Fosdick, says,*) Is it you that's the schoolmaster, sure ? It's I that's after spaking to the schoolmaster. (*Curtiesying.*)

Fos. No ; I'm no schoolmaster.

Master. What is your wish, madam ?

Mrs. O'Clary. I wants to spake with the schoolmaster, I do, w. (*Curtiesies.*)

Master. Well, madam, (*rapping to keep the boys still, who are disposed to laugh,*) I am the schoolmaster. What is your wish ?

Mrs. O'C. Why, sir, my little spalpeen of a son goes to this school, he does ; and he says he's made to swape every day, he is ; and it's all for nothing, he tills me ; and sure I don't like it, I don't ; and I'm kim to complain to ye, I have. It's Patrick O'Clary that I'm spaking of ; and it's I that's his mither, I be ; and his poor father was Paddy O'Clary from Cork, it was — rest his sowl !

Master. We I, madam, he has never swept but once, I believe, and that, surely, was not without a good reason.

Mrs. O'C. But himself tills a different story, he does; and I niver knew him till but one lie in my life, I didn't; and that was as good as none. But the little spalpeen shall be after tilling his own stowry, he shall; for it's he that's waiting in the entry, and will till ye no lie, at all, at all,—upon that ye may depend; though it's his mither that says it, and sure! (*Calls.*) Patrick! Patrick! Patrick! My dear, here's your mither wants ye to come in, and till master how it's you that's kept to swape ivry day, and it's all for nothing, it is. Come in, I say, in a jiffy! (*Patrick, scratching his head, enters.*) Here's your mither, dear: now till your master,—and till the truth,—didn't ye till your mither that ye had to swape ivry day for nothing; and it's you that's going to be kept swaping ivry day for a month to come, and sure?

Master. Now tell the truth, Patrick.

Patrick. (*Looking at his mother.*) No; I niver said no such words, and sure. I said how I's kept to swape yisterday, for staying out too late; and that's all I said 'bout it, at all, at all.

Mrs. O'C. “Cush la macree!” Little sonny, how you talk! He's frightened, he is, and sure. (*Turning to Fosdick.*) He's always bashful before company, he is. But, master, it's I that don't like to have him made to swape the school, indade; and if you can do nothing else, I shall be in sad taking, I shall, and sure. If you should be after bating him, I should make no complaint; for I bates him myself, whiniver he lies to his mither—a little spalpeen that he is. But I can't bear to have him made to do the humbling work of swaping, at all, at all; and it's I that shall make a “clish ma claver,” an' it's not stopped—indade I shall. (*Somebody knocks.*)

(*Isaac steps to the door, and returning, says,*) 'Squire Snyder wishes to see you, sir.

Master. (*Smiling.*) Well, ask Mr. Snyder to step in. We may as well have a regular court of it.

(*Isaac waits upon him in, leading Jonas, with his hands poulticed.*)

Master. (*Smiling.*) Good morning, Mr. Snyder;—walk in, sir.

Mr. Snyder. (*Rather gentlemanly.*) I hope you will excuse my interrupting your school; but I called to inquire what Jonas, here, could have done, that you bruised him up at such a rate. Poor little fellow! he came home, taking on as if his heart

would break ; and both his hands swelled up bigger than mine ; and he said you had been beating him for nothing. I thought I'd come up and inquire into it ; for I don't hold to this banging and abusing children, and especially when they haven't done any thing ; though I'm a friend to good order.

Mr. Snyder. I was not aware that I punished him very severely, sir.

Mr. Snyder. O, it was dreadfully severe. Why, the poor little fellow's hands pained him so, that his mother had to poultice them, and sit up with him all night ; and this morning she wanted to come up to school with him herself ; but I told her I guessed she better let me come. Jonas, do your hands ache now, dear ?

Jonas. (*Holding them both out together.*) O, dreadfully ! They feel as if they were in the fire.

Mr. Snyder. Well, dear, keep composed ; don't cry, dear. Now, sir, (*addressing the master,*) this was all for nothing.

Master. No, sir. It was for something, I am thinking.

Jonas. I say I did not do nothing ; so there, now. (*Some body knocks.*)

Master. Gentlemen, sit down. (*Looking perplexed.*) Sit down, madam. Give me a little time, and I'll endeavor to set the matter right. (*All sitting down but the boys.*)

Mr. Snyder. Why, I don't wish to make a serious matter of it. I shan't prosecute you. I was only going to ask if you couldn't devise some other kind of punishment than pommeling. If you'd made him stop after school, or set him to sweeping the house, or scouring the benches, or even whipped him with a cowhide or a switch stick, I should not have complained ; but I don't like this beating boys. (*Knocking again.*)

Master. Isaac, go and see who is at the door. (*Isaac goes, and in stalks Saunders, with his son Jabez.*)

Saunders. (*Bowing and flourishing.*) Here ! halloo ! Here, I say, Mr. Schoolmaster, settle up the score as ye goes along. I say, (*snatching a cowhide,*) you have been horsewhipping my boy here, hain't you ? By the fifteen gallon law, you don't come that game over the son of Nehemiah Saunders, you see, you pale-faced, good-for-nothing — But pardon me, master ; I ax your pardon ; for 'Miah Saunders always was, and always will be, a gentleman. — Ye see, — don't ye see ? — (*hiccoughing — lifts off his hat,*) — ye see — I'll tell ye what, master — if I'd only known it yesterday, ye see, I'd a been here and — but — ye see — yesterday — I was very particularly engaged —

but now (*approaching, and switching the cowhide,*) ye see we'll know who's the strongest. I'll give you ——

Mrs. O'C. (*Screeching.*) La! what shall I do? If there's a going to be fighting, by St. Patrick, I shall go into hysterics. — O dear! dear! dear!

Master. O, don't be frightened, madam.

Saunders. (*Looking at the woman.*) O, ha, ha! Why, Cathleen O'Clary — ye see — why, have you left your washtub to go to school? Why, bless my heart! Why, ye see, bless me! — the master here will have a most tractable pupil in you, Cathleen. Why, my stars! ye see — and here is neighbor Fosdick: why, how de du, neighbor Fosdick? (*Bowing very low to Snyder.*) How do you do, 'Squire Snyder? Why, I hope I hain't been disturbing a court, nor nothing. (*Rubbing his head, &c.*) The truth is, I felt dreadfully provoked, when I heard that master here had been whipping my son with a raw hide, like a horse; and says I, I don't sleep till I have whipped him — and all for nothing, too! — I've nothing against licking, Mr. Schoolmaster, if you use the right kind of licking. Ferule a boy, or give him a stick, till he cries "Enough!" but none of your horsewhipping, I say! — ye see — I can't stand that! (*During this speech, Jabe archly hangs an old rag upon his father's coat, and steps back, and laughs at it.*)

Mr. Fosdick. (*Who saw it.*) Mr. Saunders, what is that you've got upon your coat? (*Examining.*)

Saunders. On my coat, — where? (*Looks, and after a while finds it, and says, in awful rage,*) "Who did that?"

Fos. It was your hopeful son, there.

Saunders. You little villain of a scamp! (*Attempting to hit him with the whip, but staggering, fails.*) I'll whip the hide all off of you, I will. Master, he's in your house; order him to me, and I'll show you how to use the cowhide!

Master. Be calm, sir; be calm. Will you be good enough to sit down? You are a gentleman, you say; then oblige me by sitting down between these two gentlemen.

Saunders. That I will. I'll oblige any gentleman. (*After many attempts, gets to the seat.*)

Master. And now, gentlemen, and (*bowing*) madam, I think we may each of us begin to see the beauty of variety, especially in the matter of opinion. That you may all understand the whole case, I will state, in a few words, the facts, as they actually occurred. Day before yesterday, our young friend Jabez (*pointing to him*) was playing his favorite trick of hanging his rag signal upon a schoolmate, after the fashion in which he has

here so filially served his father, within a few minutes ; and standing near him at the time, with my whip in hand, I could not resist the temptation to salute his mischievous knuckles with a well-directed stroke, which, however effectually it may have cut his own fingers and his father's sensibilities, it seems has not cut off his ruling propensity. Yesterday was emphatically a day of sinning on my part. Jonas Snyder, whose little hands have swelled to such enormous magnitude, for constant idleness was often reprovèd ; and after all this, when he threw a portion of an apple at a more industrious boy, thus disturbing many of those well-disposed boys, he was called and feruled, receiving six strokes — three on each hand — with the rule I now show you. Little Patrick O'Clary was required to sweep the school-room floor for a strong instance of tardiness at recess ; and this punishment was given because I did not wish to inflict a severer one upon so small a lad. And last, this little fellow (*pointing to Bill Fosdick*) was detained, in common with seven others, to learn a lesson which he neglected to learn at the proper time.

Such are the facts. And yet each of you has assured me that I have incurred your displeasure by using a punishment you disapprove, and "all for nothing." You have each one taken the trouble to come to this room, to render my task — already sufficiently perplexing — still more so, by giving parental support to childish complaints, and imparting your censure, in no measured terms, upon the instructor of your children. But this is a most interesting case. You all happen to be here together, and you thus give me the opportunity I have long wished, to show you your own inconsistencies.

It is easy to complain of your teacher ; but perhaps either of you, in your wisdom, would find it not quite so easy to take my place and escape censure. How would either of you have got along in the present instance ? Mr. Fosdick, who is displeased with detention after school, would have, according to his own recommendation, resorted to "licking," either with ferule or whip. In this case, he would have incurred the censure of his friends, Squire Snyder and Mr. Saunders. The squire, in turn, would have raised the displeasure of both his friends, by resorting to his favorite mode of detaining and cowhiding. Mistress O'Clary would give the "spalpeens" a "bating," as she says, after her own peculiar fashion, with which the squire and Mr. Saunders could not have been over-much pleased. And Mr. Saunders — ay, Mr. Miah Saunders — if we may judge from the exhibition he has just given us, would have displeased even himself, by proving to be what he most of all things detests

—a champion of the cowhide. But what is a little curious, as it appears, is, that while I have not carried out the favorite scheme of either one of you, — which, we have already seen, would be objectionable to each of the others, — but have adopted a variety of punishments, and the very variety which your own collective suffrage would fix upon, I have got myself equally deep into hot water ; and the grand question is now, what shall I do ? If I take the course suggested by you collectively, the result is the same. I see no other way but to take my own course, performing conscientiously my duties, in their time and after their manners, and then to demand of you, and all others, the right of being sustained.

Saunders. (*Jumping up.*) Them is my sentiments, exactly Ye see — I say — ye see — you go ahead, and — ye see — whip that little rascal of mine — ye see — just as much as you've a mind to, — (*turning to the squire, who is rising,*) — and you shall have this whip to do it with. (*Handing it to the master.*)

Mr. Snyder. Well, gentlemen, my opinion is, that we have been tried and condemned by our own testimony, and there is no appeal. My judgment approves the master ; and hereafter I shall neither hear nor make any more complaints. Jonas, (*turning to Jonas,*) my son, if the master is willing, you may go home and tell your mother to take off those poultices, and then do you come to school and do as you are told ; and if I hear of any more of your complaints, I will double the dose you may receive at school.

Mrs. O'C. And sure, master, the wife of Paddy O'Clary is not the woman to resist authority in the new country ; and bless your sowl, if you'll make my little spalpeen but a good boy, it's I that will kindly remember the favor, though ye make him swape until nixt Christmas. Here, Patrick, down upon the little knees of your own, and crave the master's forgiveness : for it's not Cathleen O'Clary —

Master. No, madam ; that I shall not allow. I ask no one to kneel to me. I shall only require that he correct his past faults, and obey me in future.

Mrs. O'C. It's an ungrateful child he would be, if ever again he should be after troubling so kind a master. St. Patrick bless ye. (*Taking little Pat by the hand, they go out.*)

Fos. (*Taking the master by the hand, pleasantly.*) Sir I hope I shall profit by this day's lesson. I have only to say, that I am perfectly satisfied we are all wrong ; and that is, perhaps the best assurance I can give you that I think you are right That's all I have to say.

Saunders. Right ! right ! neighbor Fosdick. We are all — ye see — we are all come out on the wrong side this time ; ain't we squire ? I tell ye what, Mr. Schoolmaster, — 'Miah Saunders never is ashamed to back out (*suits the action, &c.*) when he's wrong. I says, I — ye see — 'Miah Saunders is all for good order. Whip that boy of mine — ye see — as much as you please. I'll not complain again — ye see ; — whip him — says I — ye see — whip him, and I — tell ye — if 'Miah Saunders don't back ye up — then, ye see — may I be chosen president of — Cold Water Society. (*Exeunt.*)

The Righteous never forsaken. — ΔΝΟΧ.

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the pine cottage sat by her blazing fagots with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter : she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around.

But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amidst the bounding pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the coals before her ; it was the only article of food she possessed ; and no wonder her forlorn, desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children ; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow and to the orphan can not forget his word.

Providence had many years before taken from her her eldest son, who went from his forest home to try his fortune on the nigh seas, since which she had heard no note or tidings of him ; and in latter time, had, by the hand of death, deprived her of the companion and staff of her earthly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne ; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty, while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope; for Charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her.

And such an one was the widow of the pine cottage; but as she bent over the fire, and took up the last scanty remnant of food, to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sudden and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind —

“ Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.”

The smoked herring was scarcely laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door, and the loud barking of a dog, attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging, and a mouthful of food. Said he, “It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread.” The widow's heart bled anew as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not round her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and a share of all she had she proffered to the stranger. “We shall not be forsaken,” said she, “or suffer deeper for an act of charity.”

The traveler drew near the board; but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes towards heaven with astonishment. “And is this *all* your store?” said he, “and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? Then never saw I *charity* before. But, madam,” said he, continuing, “do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?”

“Ah,” said the poor widow, — and the tear drops gushed into her eyes as she said it, — “I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless Heaven has taken him away, and I only act toward you as I would that others should act toward him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as

you, and he should have provided for him a home, even poor as this — were I to turn you unrelieved away !”

The widow ended, and the stranger, springing from his seat, clasped her in his arms — “ God indeed has provided your son a home, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress. My mother ! O my mother ! ”

It was her long lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise that he might the more completely surprise his family ; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, and indeed beautiful, in the valley, and the widow lived long with her dutiful son, in the enjoyment of worldly plenty, and in the delightful employments of virtue, and at this day the passer by is pointed to the willow that spreads its branches above her grave.

The Tomb of Washington. — ANON.

PASSING from the house, down a rude and neglected pathway, and then over a little broken, but already verdant ground, we came to an open space, and found ourselves standing before the humble tomb of George Washington. It was a happy moment to visit the spot. There was something in the time fortunate for the feelings. The very elements seemed in accordance with the season. The day was beautiful ; the sunlight was streaming full upon the trees round about, and glowing with a mellow beam upon the grave. The place was quiet and embosomed ; and the only sound that we heard, save that of our own hearts, was the voice of the wind through the pines, or of the waters as they broke upon the shore below us.

Who can analyze his feelings as he stands before that sepulcher ! Who can tell the story of his associations, or do any justice, by his tongue or his pen, to the emotions which the memories of the past awaken there ! The history of a whole country is overpowering him at once. Its struggles, its darkness, its despair, its victory, rush upon him. Its gratitude, its glory, and its loss pass before him, and in a few moments he lives through an age of interest and wonder. Strange power of human mind ! What an intimation does this rapid communion with the past, and with the spirits of the past, give, at once, of their immortality and our own ! But it is vain to follow out these feelings here. They would fill volumes.

There is no inscription upon the tomb. The simple words "WASHINGTON FAMILY," chiseled in granite, surmounts the plain brick work. The masonry was originally wretched, and the plaster is now falling from it. The door is well secured, and of iron. There is a total absence of every thing like parade or circumstance about the resting-place of the hero. He sleeps there in the midst of the very simplicities of nature. Laurel trees wave over his dust, on every side, and the pilgrim who goes to stand by his grave finds no careful enclosure to forbid his too near approach. In short, Washington rests in an obscurity — just that obscurity which he would have chosen, but which seems hardly compatible with the vast gratitude and deep reverence of a great country.

As we were standing upon this spot, a couple of spaniels came bounding along, and following close was an old servant of the family, and formerly a slave of Washington. On examining him, we found he was born on the place, and recollected his master, and all he said, with great distinctness. He was a very aged negro, and quite gray.

I found there was something to be gathered from this ancient of the family, and accordingly, as I stood leaning upon the broken gate, which swung before the door of the old tomb, put him in the train by a few questions. "In front of the new grave-place yonder," said he, "lie buried a hundred people of color." These, it seemed, were slaves of the plantation, who from time to time had died here.

He spoke of the great kindness of Washington, and his emancipating a hundred of his people. "His wife did the same," added he. There were now, he said, but about fifteen attached to the establishment. Passing from one thing to another without much connection, he went on to say, referring to Washington — "I never see that man laugh to show his teeth — *he done all his laughing inside.*" This I thought worth a page of description.

We then recurred to Lafayette's visit in 1825. "We were obliged to *tote* him all about," said he; by which I understood that the general was so overcome, that he was literally supported by the arms of attendants. I inquired how he appeared at the tomb. "He cried like a little infant." "Did he go in?" I asked. "O, yes — he went in, sir — alone — *and he made a mighty long talk there* — but I don't know what it was about."

All these little things were jewels. I loved to hear such simple narrations, from such a source, and it was with reluctance I turned away, after gathering a relic or two, and followed

our old guide up to the house again. But we had seen all we could see, and after glancing at the garden and greenhouse, which appeared in all the coming beauty of spring, and turning one more melancholy gaze upon the cluster of buildings, which had once been improved by the great one who now slept in their shadow, we entered our carriage, and rode slowly away from Mount Vernon.

Anecdote of Judge Marshall.—ANON.

It is not long since a gentleman was traveling in one of the counties of Virginia, and about the close of the day stopped at a public house, to obtain refreshment and spend the night. He had been there but a short time, before an old man alighted from his gig, with the apparent intention of becoming his fellow-guest at the same house.

As the old man drove up, he observed that both the shafts of his gig were broken, and that they were held together by withes formed from the bark of a hickory sapling. Our traveler observed further, that he was plainly clad, that his knee buckles were loosened, and that something like negligence pervaded his dress.

Conceiving him to be one of the honest yeomanry of our land, the courtesies of strangers passed between them, and they entered the tavern. It was about the same time that an addition of three or four young gentlemen was made to their number—most, if not all of them, of the legal profession.

As soon as they became conveniently accommodated, the conversation was turned, by one of the latter, upon the eloquent harangue which had that day been displayed at the bar.

It was replied by the other, that he had witnessed the same day a degree of eloquence, no doubt equal, but that it was from the pulpit.

Something like a sarcastic rejoinder was made to the eloquence of the pulpit; and a warm and able altercation ensued, in which the merits of the Christian religion became the subject of discussion. From six o'clock until eleven, the young champions wielded the sword of argument, adducing with ingenuity and ability every thing that could be said pro and con.

During this protracted period, the old gentleman listened with all the meekness and modesty of a child; as if he was adding new information to the stores of his own mind; or perhaps he was observing, with philosophic eye, the faculties of the youthful

mind, and how new energies are evolved by repeated action; or, perhaps, with patriotic emotion, he was reflecting upon the future destinies of his country, and on the rising generation, upon whom these future destinies must devolve; or, most probably, with a sentiment of moral and religious feeling, he was collecting an argument which (characteristic of himself) no art would be "able to elude, and no force to resist." Our traveler remained a spectator, and took no part in what was said.

At last one of the young men, remarking that it was impossible to combat with long and established prejudices, wheeled around, and with some familiarity, exclaimed, "Well, my old gentleman, what think you of these things?" If, said the traveler, a streak of vivid lightning had at that moment crossed the room, their amazement could not have been greater than it was with what followed.

The most eloquent and unanswerable appeal was made for nearly an hour, by the old gentleman, that he ever heard or read. So perfect was his recollection, that every argument urged against the Christian religion was met in the order in which it was advanced. Hume's sophistry on the subject of miracles was, if possible, more perfectly answered than it had already been done by Campbell. And in the whole lecture there was so much simplicity and energy, pathos and sublimity, that not another word was uttered.

An attempt to describe it, said the traveler, would be an attempt to paint the sunbeams. It was now a matter of curiosity and inquiry who the old gentleman was. The traveler concluded that it was the preacher from whom the pulpit eloquence was heard: but no — it was the CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Buena Vista. — ALBERT PIKE.

FROM the Rio Grandé's waters to the icy lakes of Maine,
Let all exult! for we have met the enemy again —
Beneath their stern old mountains, we have met them in their
pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide;
Where the enemy came surging, like the Mississippi's flood,
And the reaper, Death, was busy with his sickle red with blood

Santa Anna boasted loudly, that, before two hours were past,
His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast.

On came his solid regiments, line marching after line ;
 Lo, their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine .
 With thousands upon thousands, yea, with more than four to
 one,
 A forest of bright bayonets gleams fiercely in the sun.

Upon them with your squadrons, May ! — Out leaps the flaming
 steel.

Before his serried column how the frightened lancers reel !
 They flee amain. Now to the left, to stay their triumph there,
 Or else the day is surely lost in horror and despair ;
 For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the spring
 Our flank is turned, and on our left their cannon thundering.

Now, brave artillery ! bold dragoons ! — Steady, my men, and
 calm !

Through rain, cold, hail, and thunder ; now nerve each gallant
 arm !

What though their shot falls round us here, still thicker than the
 hail !

We'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against the
 gale.

Lo ! their battery is silenced now : our iron hail still showers :
 They falter, halt, retreat ! Hurrah ! the glorious day is ours !

Now charge again, Santa Anna ! or the day is surely lost ;
 For back, like broken waves, along our left your hordes are
 tossed.

Still louder roar two batteries — his strong reserve moves on ; —
 More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight is won ;
 Now for your wives and children stand ! steady, my braves,
 once more !

Now for your lives, your honor, fight ! as you never fought
 before.

Ho ! Hardin breasts it bravely ! McKee and Bissell there
 Stand firm before the storm of balls that fills th' astonished air.
 The lancers are upon them, too ! — the foe swarms ten to one —
 Hardin is slain — McKee and Clay the last time see the sun ;
 And many another gallant heart, in that last desperate fray,
 Grew cold, its last thoughts turning to its loved ones far away.

Still sullenly the cannon roared — but died away at last,
 And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast,

And they were enemies ; they met beside
 The dying embers of an altar-place,
 Where had been heaped a mass of holy things,
 For an unholy usage : they raked up,
 And, shivering, scraped, with their cold, skeleton hands,
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame,
 Which was a mockery : then they lifted
 Their eyes, as it grew lighter, and beheld
 Each other's aspects ; saw, and shrieked, and died.
 Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
 Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
 Famine had written *fiend*. The world was void ;
 The populous and the powerful was a lump —
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless ;
 A lump of death — a chaos of hard clay.
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
 And nothing stirred within their silent depths :
 Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
 And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropped,
 They slept, on the abyss, without a surge :
 The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave ;
 The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
 The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
 And the clouds perished : darkness had no need
 Of aid from them ; *she* was the *universe*.

Solitude. — BYRON.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been ;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock, that never needs a fold ;
 Alone, o'er steeps and foaming folds to lean ; —
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unrolled.

But, 'midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,

With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,
 Minions of splendor, shrinking from distress;
 None, that, with kindred consciousness endued,
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
 Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued;—
 This is to be alone; this, this is solitude.

Disappointed Ambition. — JOHNSON.

IN full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
 Law in his voice and fortune in his hand;
 To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
 Through him the rays of regal bounty shine;
 Turned by his nod, the stream of honor flows;
 His smile alone security bestows.
 Still to new heights his restless wishes tower;
 Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
 Till conquest, unresisted, ceased to please,
 And rights submitted left him none to seize.
 At length his sovereign frowns; the train of state
 Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
 Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye;
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly.
 How drops at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liveried army, and the menial lord!
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

The Little Philosopher. — DAY

Mr. L. (*Looking at the boy, and admiring his ruddy cheerful countenance.*) I thank you, my good lad: you have caught my horse very cleverly. What shall I give you for your trouble? (*Putting his hand into his pocket.*)

Boy. I want nothing, sir.

Mr. L. Don't you? So much the better for you. Few men

can say as much. But pray what were you doing in the field ?

B. I was rooting up weeds, and tending the sheep that are feeding on the turnips, and keeping the crows from the corn.

Mr. L. And do you like this employment ?

B. Yes, sir, very well, this fine weather.

Mr. L. But had you not rather play ?

B. This is not hard work ; it is almost as good as play.

Mr. L. Who sent you to work ?

B. My father, sir.

Mr. L. Where does he live ?

B. Just by, among the trees, there, sir.

Mr. L. What is his name ?

B. Thomas Hurdle, sir.

Mr. L. And what is yours ?

B. Peter, sir.

Mr. L. How old are you ?

B. I shall be eight at Michaelmas.

Mr. L. How long have you been out in this field ?

B. Ever since six in the morning, sir.

Mr. L. And are you not hungry ?

B. Yes, sir ; I shall go to my dinner soon.

Mr. L. If you had sixpence now, what would you do with it ?

B. I don't know ; I never had so much in my life.

Mr. L. Have you no playthings ?

B. Playthings ! what are they ?

Mr. L. Such as balls, ninepins, marbles, tops, and wooden horses.

B. No, sir ; but our Tom makes footballs to kick in cold weather, and we set traps for birds ; and then I have a jumping pole, and a pair of stilts to walk through the dirt with ; and I had a hoop, but it is broken.

Mr. L. And do you want nothing else ?

B. No, sir ; I have hardly time for those ; for I always ride the horses to the field, and bring up the cows, and run to the town on errands ; and these are as good as play, you know.

Mr. L. Well, but you could buy apples or gingerbread at the town, I suppose, if you had money.

B. O, I can get apples at home ! and as for gingerbread, I don't mind it much, for my mother gives me a piece of pie now and then, and that is as good.

Mr. L. Would you not like a knife to cut sticks ?

B. I have one — here it is — brother Tom gave it me.

Mr. L. Your shoes are full of holes — don't you want a better pair ?

B. I have a better pair for Sundays.

Mr. L. But these let in water.

B. I don't care for that ; they let it out again.

Mr. L. Your hat is all torn, too.

B. I have a better hat at home ; but I had as lief have none at all, for it hurts my head.

Mr. L. What do you do when it rains ?

B. If it rains very hard, I get under the hedge till it is over.

Mr. L. What do you do when you are hungry before it is time to go home ?

B. I sometimes eat a raw turnip.

Mr. L. But if there are none ?

B. Then I do as well as I can ; I work on, and never think of it.

Mr. L. Are you not dry, sometimes, this hot weather ?

B. Yes, sir ; but there is water enough.

Mr. L. Why, my little fellow, you are quite a philosopher.

B. Sir ?

Mr. L. I say you are a philosopher ; but I am sure you do not know what that means.

B. No, sir — no harm, I hope.

Mr. L. No, no. Well, my boy, you seem to want nothing at all ; so I shall not give you money, to make you want any thing. But were you ever at school ?

B. No, sir ; but father says I shall go, after harvest.

Mr. L. You will want books then.

B. Yes, sir ; the boys have all a spelling book and a Testament.

Mr. L. Well, then, I will give you them — tell your father so, and that it is because I thought you a very good, contented boy. — So now go to your sheep again

B. I will, sir. Thank you.

Mr. L. Good by, Peter.

B. Good by, sir.

Patience essential to Success.

DR. TALMADGE, *President of Oglethorpe University,*

“ A MASTERLY INACTIVITY ” was the motto of one of that illustrious trio of sages who have gone down to the grave amid a nation's tears, and whose loss to the nation seems like leaving the people orphans — like blotting out the luminary of day from

the heavens — like taking the weather-beaten pilot from the helm, and surrendering the rudder to the hands of inexperienced boys.

In this age of fevered excitement, and in this nation, whose position and institutions have communicated so fearful a momentum to political action, we are in danger, in our hot haste and our spirit of self-glorification, of forgetting our dependence on God, and of bidding defiance, in every department of life, to all the laws of solid progress. * * *

Among the proverbs which experience and age have embodied, is the common and trite one, "The more hurry the less speed." The engineer, although the road be well graded, does not undertake to run the locomotive until the superstructure is laid. But in real life many a man attempts to run without grade or superstructure, and it requires no oracle to say that he will make poor headway.

Let me present a scene which I wish were always fancy, but which I am sorry to say is enacted not unfrequently. Of two youths about prepared to enter the Freshman Class of a college, one takes his proper place; the other, at the earnest entreaty of an injudicious father, and by the pliancy of a yielding Faculty, enters the Sophomore Class. The latter, with some rare and happy exceptions, if he is able at all to retain his position, is found to graduate in *three years* at the bottom of his class; and you shall never more hear of him unless you go to within a few miles of his residence. The former in *four years* graduates, with honor, among the leaders of his class, and is soon fifty years ahead of the other in usefulness and fame. Here a year's time seemed to be gained at the start, but the gain proved in the end to be a dead loss. * * *

Who are those orators with so facile a manner — so easy a flow of words — so copious a torrent of thoughts — and with such profound philosophy, clothed in illustrations so rich, gathered from nature and from every science and art — enchaining yonder Senate chamber, and fascinating yonder bar, and from the pulpit wringing tears of sorrow and of joy alternately from the eyes of the enraptured audience? They are Chatham, and Grattan, and Curran, and Calhoun, and Clay, and Webster, and Massillon, and Chalmers, and Robert Hall. And what writer is that who plays upon the English language as upon a harp, and who evokes the sweetest music in the utterance of the richest thoughts and the profoundest philosophy? That is Edmund Burke, the philosophic statesman.

To all these men thought and language seemed playthings, to

be uttered in mere wantonness and sport. But they gained their envied achievements by industry and toil. They were all men of severe and patient thought and laborious study.

The Consular System of the United States.

JOHN PERKINS, JR., of Louisiana,

MR. SPEAKER : It is utterly useless, under our existing system, to request of the committee on foreign affairs an opinion upon the legality of any claim that is preferred against the government by one in the foreign service. There is no law to guide its decisions, and almost every claim depends upon precedent or the discretion of the secretary of state. These claims are multiplying with each year, and they will continue to multiply to a fearful extent unless there is some positive law defining the duties to be discharged, and fixing their proper remuneration. Last session about thirty thousand dollars were expended in meeting these demands. They come into the House without explanation ; get attached to our general appropriation bills, no one knows how ; and pass, no one knows why ; running up our aggregate expenditures, each one becoming a precedent, prolific of similar demands in the future. This should not be. It is a great abuse. It reflects discredit upon those in the foreign service, subjects them to personal humiliation, and is entirely opposed to the genius of our institutions.

In all that I have said I have avoided reference either to party or to individuals. This is a national reform, equally affecting every portion of the country ; and, until it is accomplished, good men of all parties engaged in the foreign service will participate alike in the popular prejudice that now exists, created by the abuses of a defective system. I have also avoided any reference to the foreign policy of our government, either in the past or present. Its discussion has nothing to do with the reforms of this bill. Although embarrassed by jealousies in our early relations with foreign powers, we have found, in our remoteness from the conflicts of Europe, and our geographical position at the head of a great continent, advantages which, with the cautious maxims of Washington, are destined, beyond doubt, to make us the commercial and political center of the world.

In sixty-five years we have grown from a few comparatively feeble settlements into a great empire. Civilization has, within this period, poured its light into our great central valley, and

forests have disappeared ; cities sprung up, and a magnificent landscape every where spread itself out, beautiful in the results of religion and law. In this it may be questioned whether the internal or foreign policy of the government has had the most influence.

The extension of our territory, the rapid development of our wealth, the opening of new and the increase of old sources of foreign trade, and the participation in it of the capital and products of all sections of the Union, have caused to sympathize nearly every domestic interest with foreign affairs. It is no exaggeration to say that there is not an acre of corn or cotton grown in the west or south, not an American vessel in any port in the world insured, not a loan made, nor a note discounted at any of our banks, which is not affected in its value, or in some way acted upon, and made a vibration of the great political and financial movements of the rest of the world. The fact that these domestic interests, which thus, like nerves, spread all over the globe, connect remote localities with interior points of our own country, can not be protected by our own legislation, but depend upon treaties and the regard of the other powers of the earth for certain great principles of international law, makes the perfecting of the agency, through which we communicate with the rest of the world, a matter of great practical importance.

A distinguished statesman of England, speaking on this subject, has called ministers and consuls "the ears, eyes, and mouths of a government, by which it hears, sees, and communicates with the rest of the world." The object of this bill is to make these organs of communication respond more distinctly to the purpose of their creation. It is time that something was done to reform existing abuses. Our interests at home and abroad demand it. The honor of the country requires it. The occasion is a fit one.

American Literature. — GRIMKÉ.

WE can not honor our country with too deep a reverence ; we can not love her with an affection too pure and fervent ; we can not serve her with an energy of purpose, or a faithfulness of zeal, too stedfast and ardent. And what is our country ? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores. It is not the North, with her thousand villages, and her harvest home, with her frontiers

of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest æa and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses, clothed in the verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio, and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it yet the South, opulent in the mimic snow of the cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of the rice field. What are these but the sister families of one greater, better, holier family — our country ?

If, indeed, we desire to behold a literature like that which has sculptured, with such energy of expression, which has painted so faithfully and vividly, the crimes, the vices, the follies of ancient and modern Europe : if we desire that our land should furnish for the orator and the novelist, for the painter and the poet, age after age, the wild and romantic scenery of war ; the glittering march of armies, and the revelry of the camp ; the shrieks and blasphemies, and all the horrors of the battle field ; the desolation of the harvest, and the burning cottage ; the storm, the sack, and the ruin of cities : if we desire to unchain the furious passions of jealousy and selfishness, of hatred, revenge, and ambition, those lions that now sleep harmless in their den : if we desire that the lake, the river, the ocean, should blush with the blood of brothers ; that the winds should waft from the land to the sea, from the sea to the land, the roar and the smoke of battle ; that the very mountain tops should become altars for the sacrifice of brothers, — if we desire that these, and such as these — the elements, to an incredible extent, of the literature of the old world — should be the elements of our literature, then, but then only, let us hurl from its pedestal the majestic statue of our Union, and scatter its fragments over all our land.

But, if we covet for our country the noblest, purest, loveliest literature the world has ever seen, such a literature as shall honor God and bless mankind, a literature whose smiles might play upon an angel's face, whose "tears would not stain an angel's cheek," then let us cling to the union of these states with a patriot's love, with a scholar's enthusiasm, with a Christian's hope. In her heavenly character, as a holocaust self-sacrificed to God ; at the height of her glory, as the ornament of a free, educated, peaceful, Christian people, American literature will find that the intellectual spirit is her very tree of life and that union her garden of paradise.

Predictions of Disunion. — WM. PINKNEY,

SIR, the people of the United States, if I do not wholly mistake their character, are wise as well as virtuous. They know the value of that federal association, which is to them the single pledge and guarantee of power and peace. Their warm and pious affections will cling to it, as to their only hope of prosperity and happiness, in defiance of pernicious abstractions, by whomsoever inculcated, or howsoever seductive and alluring in their aspect. Sir, it is not an occasion like this, — although connected, as, contrary to all reasonable expectation, it has been, with fearful and disorganizing theories, which would make our estimates, whether fanciful or sound, of natural law the measure of civil rights and political sovereignty in the social state, — it is not, I say, an occasion like this that can harm the Union. It must, indeed, be a mighty storm that can push from its moorings this sacred ark of the common safety. It is not every trifling breeze, however it may be made to sob and howl in imitation of the tempest, by the auxiliary breath of the ambitious, the timid, or the discontented, that can drive this gallant vessel, freighted with every thing that is dear to an American bosom, upon the rocks, or lay it a sheer hulk upon the ocean.

I may, perhaps, mistake the flattering suggestions of hope (the greatest of all flatterers, as we are told) for the conclusions of sober reason. Yet it is a pleasing error, if it be an error, and no man shall take it from me. I will continue to cherish the belief, — ay, sir, in defiance of the public patronage given to deadly speculations, which, invoking the name of Deity to aid their faculties for mischief, strike at *all* establishments, — I will continue to cherish the belief that the Union of these states is formed to bear up against far greater shocks than, through all vicissitudes, it is ever likely to encounter. I will continue to cherish the belief that, although, like all other human institutions, it may for a season be disturbed, or suffer momentary eclipse by the transit across its disk of some malignant planet, it possesses a recuperative force, a redeeming energy, in the hearts of the people, that will soon restore it to its wonted calm, and give it back its accustomed splendor. On such a subject I will discard all hysterical apprehensions; I will deal in no sinister auguries, I will indulge in no hypochondriacal forebodings. I will look forward to the future with gay and cheerful hope, and will make the prospect smile, in fancy at least, until overwhelming reality shall render it no longer possible.

Value of Knowledge. — H. L. PINCKNEY.

WHAT is it that unfolds the structure of the human frame showing, indeed, how fearfully and wonderfully it is made, or has invested Surgery with the admirable precision and dexterity which it now exhibits, or that enables Medicine to conquer all the maladies to which mankind is subject, those plagues and pestilences alone excepted which seem destined by Providence to perform the office of special judgments, and to remain incurable scourges of the human race? What is it that disarms the lightning of its power, elevates valleys and depresses hills, cleaves the ocean, and ascends the sky? What is it that we behold in every elegant and useful art, in the diversified hues that attract the eye, in the dresses and decorations of our persons and our houses, in every implement of husbandry or war, in the subterraneous aqueduct, or the heaven-kissing monument, in the animated canvas, or speaking marble? What are all these but the varied triumphs of the human mind?

And who can estimate their value? To say nothing of that absolute state of barbarism, "when wild in woods the noble savage ran," who can measure the difference between the splendid illumination of the nineteenth century and that glimmering condition of society; when astrology assumed to regulate events, and alchymy to transmute all other metals into gold; when ignorance was affrighted by an ignis fatuus, and comets and meteors were regarded as the immediate precursors of the dissolution of the world; when science was considered synonymous with magic, and punished as the evidence of atrocious crimes; when superstition occupied the seat of justice, and guilt or innocence was established by the righteous decisions of fire or water, or the infallible ordeal of military prowess? Science is, indeed, to the moral, what the great orb of day is to the natural world; and as the extinction of the latter would necessarily be followed by universal darkness and decay, so, were art and science lost, society would inevitably relapse into the savagism from which it is their proud boast to have elevated and redeemed it

Patriotism. — H. L. PINCKNEY.

THE American constitution is, in fact, the political luminary of the world; and he who would extinguish its sacred light, is not only a traitor to American liberty, but justly deserves to be

egarded as an enemy to the human race. Patriotism, therefore, requires you *to cultivate an ardent and abiding attachment to that constitution as the bond of our political union.*

This is the ark of our political salvation, the citadel from which the light of liberty shines and its inspiring banner waves, that sacred light, at which mourning humanity may relume its hopes, that banner which proudly proclaims that there is still one republic in the world, one land where man walks erect in all the dignity of his nature, and where the oppressed of other nations may happily exchange the miseries of despotism for the inestimable fruition of the rights of man.

And who would overthrow it if he could? Who is he that would rise on the ruins of his country, or that desires to see the American capitol rocking on its base, and the proud emblem of freedom torn from its walls, and this glorious confederacy broken into fragments, and the sun of liberty extinguished in fraternal blood, and the whole world enveloped in the deep and interminable darkness of political death?

If there be an American, so utterly unworthy of the name, let me tell him, for his consolation, that his parricidal aspiration never can be gratified. The American confederacy can never be dissolved, never, whilst the people retain a recollection of their common sufferings and glories, or are actuated by the principles of the revolution, or whilst reason is left free to combat error, and popular education is promoted, and that great engine, the press, remains untrammelled, and men dare to think, and speak, and act like freemen.

"I love thee; next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers — thee I love;
And rail thy slanderers as they will,
With all thy faults, I love thee still."

Knowledge without Religion. — H. L. PINCKNEY.

BUT what is knowledge without religion? Of what avail will it be, that thou make the voyage of life with favoring currents and propitious gales, if it only bring you at last to an undone eternity? Of what avail will be all the honors and enjoyments of this transitory scene, if they are destined to terminate in that unending misery which no eloquence can soothe, no learning alleviate, no applause divert? What then! Are you fond of roaming in the fair fields of literature, and can you not be per-

suaded to cultivate the sacred as well as the profane? Is there no flowery height but Helicon, no golden stream but Hermus? Is there no virtue but in the dreams of Plato, no immortality but in the hopes of Socrates, no heaven but Elysium? Have you no desire to explore the exquisite beauties of Lebanon or Carmel, or to drink of the pure water of "Siloa's brook, that flows fast by the oracles of God"? Is there nothing in the Bible that can enlarge your understandings, elevate your imaginations, or refine your tastes? Has it no sublimity of conception, no richness of imagery, no power of description? Has it nothing useful in ethics, or valuable in philosophy — nothing instructive as a history, or interesting as a system of religion — nothing elevated in its poetry, or affecting in its incidents, or important in its moral?

Have you determined to know no God, except he be found in the ancient mythology — no religion, unless it has been proved fabulous — no morality, unless it be notoriously defective as to the true springs of virtue and the true principles of duty? Are you only solicitous for the esteem of men, and utterly regardless of the opinion of your Maker, anxious to obtain earthly fame and wisdom, but caring nothing for "that honor which cometh from on high," or for that knowledge which alone can "make you wise unto salvation"? Can this be so? Was it for this that you were educated here, and that you intend to prosecute the improvement of your minds? Is it indeed the only object of your future lives, so to acquire every thing useful and beautiful, except religion, that you may be decorated like victims for the sacrifice, and sink forever, like a richly-freighted bark, to the fathomless abyss of eternal woe? Bear with me for a moment! Are you reveling in youthful vigor, and know you not that the domain of death is peopled with the young?

Do you anticipate a long career of activity and usefulness, and know you not that there is nothing more uncertain than the frail tenure of human existence? Are you proud of your talents, glowing with the ardor of ambition, and longing for distinction in the race of life, and know you not that the most buoyant heart may soon be chilled by the icy touch of the destroyer, and the most eloquent tongue be hushed forever in the silent tomb?

"Begin — be bold, and venture to be wise;
 He who defers this work from day to day
 Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
 Till the whole stream that stopped him shall be gone,
 Which runs, and, as it runs, forever shall run on."

The Best of Classics. — GRIMMÉ.

THERE is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration unrivaled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature, and of angels; yea, even of "God manifest in the flesh," of "God blessed forever." If we consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time that can be compared with it. If we examine its authority, — for it speaks as never man spake, — we discover that it came from heaven, in vision and prophecy, under the sanction of Him who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy, as God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness, of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom. If we inquire who are the men that have recorded its truths, vindicated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme, — from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea, comes forth the answer, the patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the martyr.

If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty or injustice, and inquire what are its benefits, even in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order, and peace, faith, hope, and charity, are its blessings upon earth. And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity, from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect, from the visible creation, marvelous, beautiful, and glorious as it is, to the invisible creation of angels and seraphs, from the footstool of God to the throne of God himself, we ask what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, — let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life. Such is the best of classics the world has ever admired; such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide.

The Family Bible. — ANON.

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connections and innocent joy,
When blessed with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high !
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring are ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excelled every other
That family Bible that lay on the stand ;
The old-fashioned Bible, the dear, blessed Bible,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

That Bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening, could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation
For mercy by day and for safety through night.
Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half-raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling
Described in the Bible that lay on the stand ;
That richest of books, which excelled every other,
The family Bible, that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted ;
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more ;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far-distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Savior's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand !
O, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
And think of the Bible that lay on the stand ;
That richest of books, which excelled every other,
That family Bible that lay on the stand.

Absalom. — WILLIS.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery vail hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glossy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.

The reeds bent down the stream. The willow leaves,
 With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
 Forgot the lifting winds ; and the long stems,
 Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
 Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
 And leaned in graceful attitudes to rest.
 How strikingly the course of nature tells,
 By its light heed of human suffering,
 That it was fashioned for a perfect world !

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
 From far Jerusalem, and now he stood
 With his faint people for a little rest
 Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
 Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
 To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn
 The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
 That he could see his people until now.
 They gathered round him on the fresh, green bank,
 And spoke their kindly words ; and as the sun
 Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
 And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
 O, when the heart is full, when bitter thoughts
 Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
 And the poor common words of courtesy
 Are such a very mockery, how much
 The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer !
 He prayed for Israel ; and his voice went up
 Strongly and fervently ; he prayed for those
 Whose love had been his shield ; and his deep tone
 Grew tremulous ; but O, for Absalom !
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom —
 The proud, bright being who had burst away,
 In all his princely beauty, to defy
 The heart that cherished him — for him he poured,
 In agony that would not be controlled,
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

The hosts were numbered. At Mahanaim's gate
 Sat David, as the glittering thousands passed
 Forth to the battle. With a troubled eye
 He looked upon their pomp, and as the helms
 Bent low before him, and the banners swayed

Like burnished wings to do him reverence,
His look grew restless, and he did not wear
The lofty sternness of a monarch's brow.
The leader of the host came by. His form
Was like a son of Anak, and he strode
Majestically on, and bore his crest
As men were waters, and his frame a rock.
The king rose up to Joab, and came near,
As his tall helm was bowed ; and by the love
He bore his master, he besought him there
That he would spare him Absalom alive.
He passed with his stern warriors on ; the trumpet
And the loud cymbal died upon the ear ;
And as the king turned off his weary gaze,
The last faint gleam had vanished, and the wood
Of Ephraim had received a thousand men,
To whom its pleasant shadows were a grave.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave ; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet ; his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid
Reversed beside him ; and the jeweled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested like mockery on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle, and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside his bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall stedfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang ; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with his dead.*

Hamlet and Horatio. — SHAKESPEARE

Horatio. Hail to your lordship !

Hamlet. I am glad to see you well : (*approaches.*)

Horatio, — or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it trustor of your own report

Against yourself : I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in *Elsinore* ?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee do not mock me, fellow-student :
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !
My father — methinks I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once ; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ?

Hor. My lord, the king, your father.

Ham. The king, my father ?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear ; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For Heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered : A figure like your father
Armed at all points, exactly, cap-à-pie,

Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him.

Ham. But where was this ?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none. Yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange !

Hor. As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham Indeed, indeed, sir, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night ?

Hor. We do, my lord.

Ham. Armed, say you ?

Hor. Armed, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Hor. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. O, yes, my lord : he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like ; staid it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Ham. His beard was grizzled ? — no ? —

Hor. It was as I have seen it in his life,
sable silvered.

Ham. I'll watch to-night ; perchance 'twill walk again

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you, sir,
 If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
 Let it be tenable in your silence still ;
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
 Give it an understanding, but no tongue ;
 I will requite your love : so, fare you well.
 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 I'll visit you.

Hard to please.—MISS EDGEWORTH.

Mrs. Bolingbroke. I wish I knew what was the matter with me this morning. Why do you keep the newspaper all to yourself, my dear ?

Mr. Bolingbroke. Here it is for you, my dear : I have finished it.

Mrs. B. I humbly thank you for giving it to me when you have done with it. I hate stale news. Is there any thing in the paper ? for I can not be at the trouble of hunting it.

Mr. B. Yes, my dear ; there are the marriages of two of our friends.

Mrs. B. Who ? who ?

Mr. B. Your friend, the widow Nettleby, to her cousin, John Nettleby.

Mrs. B. Mrs. Nettleby ! Lord ! But why did you tell me ?

Mr. B. Because you asked me, my dear.

Mrs. B. O, but it is a hundred times pleasanter to read the paragraph one's self. One loses all the pleasure of the surprise by being told. Well, whose was the other marriage ?

Mr. B. O, my dear, I will not tell you ; I will leave you the pleasure of the surprise.

Mrs. B. But you see I can not find it. How provoking you are, my dear ! Do pray tell it me.

Mr. B. Our friend, Mr. Granby.

Mrs. B. Mr. Granby ! Dear ! Why did you not make me guess ? I should have guessed him directly. But why do you call him our friend ? I am sure he is no friend of mine, nor ever was. I took an aversion to him, as you may remember, the very first day I saw him. I am sure he is no friend of mine.

Mr. B. I am sorry for it, my dear ; but I hope you will go and see Mrs. Granby.

Mrs. B. Not I, indeed, my dear. Who was she?

Mr. B. Miss Cooke.

Mrs. B. Cooke! But there are so many Cookes; can't you distinguish her in some way? Has she no Christian name?

Mr. B. Emma, I think. Yes, Emma.

Mrs. B. Emma Cooke! No; it can not be my friend Emma Cooke; for I am sure she was cut out for an old maid.

Mr. B. This lady seems to me to be cut out for a good wife.

Mrs. B. May be so. I am sure I'll never go to see her. Pray, my dear, how came you to see so much of her?

Mr. B. I have seen very little of her, my dear. I only saw her two or three times before she was married.

Mrs. B. Then, my dear, how could you decide that she was cut out for a good wife? I am sure you could not judge of her by seeing her only two or three times, and before she was married.

Mr. B. Indeed, my love, that is a very just observation.

Mrs. B. I understand that compliment perfectly, and thank you for it, my dear. I must own I can bear any thing better than irony.

Mr. B. Irony! my dear, I was perfectly in earnest.

Mrs. B. Yes, yes; in earnest—so I perceive. I may naturally be dull of apprehension, but my feelings are quick enough; I comprehend you too well. Yes; it is impossible to judge of a woman before marriage, or to guess what sort of a wife she will make. I presume you speak from experience; you have been disappointed yourself, and repent your choice.

Mr. B. My dear, what did I say that was like this? Upon my word, I meant no such thing. I really was not thinking of you in the least.

Mrs. B. No; you never think of me now. I can easily believe that you were not thinking of me in the least.

Mr. B. But I said that only to prove to you that I could not be thinking ill of you, my dear.

Mrs. B. But I would rather that you thought ill of me, than that you did not think of me at all.

Mr. B. Well, my dear, I will even think ill of you, if that will please you.

Mrs. B. Do you laugh at me? When it comes to this, I am wretched indeed. Never man laughed at the woman he loved. As long as you had the slightest remains of love for me, you could not make me an object of derision: ridicule and love are incompatible; absolutely incompatible. Well, I have done

my best, my very best, to make you happy, but in vain. I see I am not cut out to be a good wife. Happy, happy Mrs Granby !

Mr. B. Happy, I hope sincerely, that she will be with my friend ; but my happiness must depend on you, my love ; so, for my sake, if not for your own, be composed, and do not torment yourself with such fancies.

Mrs. B. I do wonder whether this Mrs. Granby is really that Miss Emma Cooke. I'll go and see her directly ; see her I must.

Mr. B. I am heartily glad of it, my dear ; for I am sure a visit to his wife will give my friend Granby real pleasure.

Mrs. B. I promise you, my dear, I do not go to give him pleasure or you either ; but to satisfy my own — curiosity.

Old Grimes. — ALBERT G. GREENE.

OLD Grimes is dead ; that good old man
We never shall see more ;
He used to wear a long black coat,
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true ;
His hair was some inclined to gray —
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned ;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all ;
He knew no base design :
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind ·
In friendship he was true ;
His coat had pocket holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes
He passed securely o'er ;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest
Nor fears misfortune's frown :
He wore a double-breasted vest —
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert ;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse —
Was sociable and gay ,
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise, town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to Fortune's chances ;
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And every body said he was
A fine old gentleman.

Major Brown. — Hood.

If any man, in any age, in any town or city,
Was ever valiant courteous, sage, experienced, wise, or witty,
That man was Major Brown by name : the fact you can not
doubt,
For he himself would say the same, ten times a day, about.

The major in the foreign wars indifferently had fared ;
 For he was covered o'er with scars, though he was never scared
 But war had now retired to rest, and piping peace returned ;
 Yet still within his ardent breast the major's spirit burned.

When suddenly he heard of one who in an air balloon
 Had gone—I can't tell where he'd gone—almost into the
 moon.

“ Let me—let me,” the major cries, “ let me, like him, ascend ,
 And if it fall that I should rise, who knows where it may end ? ”
 The cords are cut—a mighty shout—the globe ascends on
 high ;

And, like a ball from gun shot out, the major mounts the sky —
 Or would have done, but cruel chance forbade it so to be ;
 And bade the major not advance — caught in a chestnut tree.

But soon the awkward branch gives way, he smooths his angry
 brow,

Shoots upward, rescued from delay, and makes the branch a
 bow :

Till, mounting furlongs now some dozens, and peeping down he
 pants

To see his mother, sisters, cousins, and uncles look like ants.
 That Brown looked blue I will not say, — his uniform was red, —
 But he thought that if his car gave way he should probably be
 dead.

He gave his manly breast a slap, and loudly shouted, “ Courage ! ”
 And waved above his head the cap in which he used to forage.

And up he went, and looked around to see what there might be,
 And felt convinced that on the ground were better things to see.
 A strange bird came his path across, whose name he did not
 know ;

Quoth he, “ 'Tis like an albatross ; ” it proved to be a crow.

“ I wish that you would please to drop,” quoth Brown to his
 balloon ; —

He might as well have spoken to the man that's in the moon.
 And now the heavens begin to lower, and thunders loud to roll,
 And winds and rains to blow and pour, that would daunt a
 general's soul.

Such a hurricane to Major Brown must most unpleasant be ;
 And he said “ If I can not get down, 'twill be all up with
 me ! ’

From his pocket, then, a knife he took ; in Birmingham twas made ;

The handle was of handsome look, of tempered steel the blade.
Says he, " The acquaintance of a balloon I certainly shall cut ; "

So in the silken bag full soon his penknife blade he put.

Out rushed the gas imprisoned there — the balloon began to sink ,
" I shall surely soon get out of the air," said Major Brown, " I think."

Alas for Brown, balloon, and car, the gas went out too fast ;
The car went upside down, and far poor Major Brown was cast.
Long time head over heels he tumbled, till unto the ground,
As I suppose, he must have come ; but he was never found.
The car was found in London town ; the bag to Oxford flew ;
But what became of Major Brown no mortal ever knew.

The Duel. — HOOD.

IN Brentford town, of old renown, there lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell, and so did Mister Clay.
To see her ride from Hammersmith, by all it was allowed,
Such fair " outside " * was never seen — an angel on a cloud.
Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay, " You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell ; but there your *court* no *thoroughfare*
shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit, you may repent your love ;
I, who have shot a pigeon match, can shoot a turtle dove.

" So pray, before you woo her more, consider what you do :
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell, I'll *pop* it into you."

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray, " Your threats I do explode ;

One who has been a volunteer knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you, unless your passion quiet keeps,

I, who have shot and hit *bulls'* eyes, may chance to hit a
sheep's ! "

Now gold is oft for silver changed, and that for copper red ;
But these two went away to give each other *change* for lead.

But first they found a friend apiece, this pleasant thought to give —
That when they both were dead, they'd have two *seconds* yet o
live.

* In England, women frequently ride on the outside of stage coaches.

To measure out the ground not long the seconds next forbore,
 And having taken one rash step, they took a dozen more.
 They next prepared each pistol pan against the deadly strife,
 By putting in the prime of death, against the prime of life.
 Now all was ready for the foes; but when they took their stands
 Fear made them tremble so, they found they both were *shaking*
hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B., "Here one of us may fall,
 And, like St. Paul's Cathedral now, be doomed to have a *ball*
 I do confess I did attach misconduct to your name;
 If I withdraw the charge, will then your *ramrod* do the same?"
 Said Mr. B., "I do agree. But think of honor's courts;
 If we go off without a shot, there will be strange *reports*.
 But look! the morning now is bright, though cloudy it begun,
 Why can't we aim above, as if we had *called out* the sun?"
 So up into the harmless air their bullets they did send;
 And may all other duels have that *upshot* in the end.

The Birthday of Washington.—RUFUS CHOATE.

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country"! May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts. May it ever re-awaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard to the country which he loved so well; to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life, in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which, again, he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as president of the convention that framed our constitution; which he guided and directed while in the chair of state, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering and matchless glory of his life, which enabled him to create his country, and, at the same time, secure an undying love and

regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave, and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation, and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life.

Yes, others of our great men have been appreciated — many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient, and discordant, and dissatisfied elements — no sectional prejudice nor bias — no party no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes, when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated.

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes — one — the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the west,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one."

The Indian, as he was and is.—G. SPRAGUE.

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the

bloody grapple, the defying death song, all were here ; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped ; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you ; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away ; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

Reply to Sir Robert Walpole. — PITT.

THE atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny ; but content myself with hoping that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to a man as a reproach I will not assume the province of determining ; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he

has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth is not my only crime; I am accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarity of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modeled by experience.

But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age, which always brings one privilege—that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But, with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them was the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villanies, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

Character of Mr. Pitt.—ROBERTSON

THE secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty itself. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk

him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame.

Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sank beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and decide. A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt, through all classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political his only talents. His eloquence was an era in the senate — peculiar and spontaneous; familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instructive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation, nor was he ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of the eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empires, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

British Refugees.—PATRICK HENRY.

[Extract from a speech delivered in the legislature of Virginia, in favor of permitting the British refugees, or those who had joined the English party in the war of independence, to return to the United States.]

WE have, Mr. Chairman, an extensive country without population. What can be a more obvious policy than that this country ought to be peopled? *People* form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these states rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes over this extensive country. Observe the salubrity of your climate, the variety and fertility of your soil, and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold, navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth.

Sir, you are destined, at some period or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period, lingering on through a long and sickly minority, subjected meanwhile to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies, foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them, or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proud est oppressor of the world.

If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage immigration; encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world to come and settle in the land of promise. Make it the home of the skillful, the industrious, the fortunate, and the happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed. Fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven has placed in your power; and I venture to prophesy there are now those living who will see this favored land among the most powerful on earth, able to take care of herself without resorting to that policy so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, they will see her great in arts and in arms, her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent, her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boast of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

Instead of refusing permission to the refugees to return, it is your true policy to encourage immigration to this country by every means in your power. Sir, you must have *men*. You cannot get along without them. Those heavy forests of timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away. Those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men. Your timber must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil, and find the best markets for them abroad. Your great want is the want of men; and these you *must have*, and *will have* speedily, if you are wise.

Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors, sir, and they will come. The population of the old world is full to overflowing. That population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. They are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages, which are not equaled by those of any other country on earth; a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance; a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where content and plenty lie down at every door.

They see something still more attractive than this. They see a land in which Liberty has taken up her abode; that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of the poets. They see her here, a real divinity; her altars rising on every hand, throughout these happy states; her glories chanted by three millions of tongues; and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Let but this celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the old world, tell them to come, and bid them welcome, and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west. Your wilderness will be cleared and settled, your deserts will smile, your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection to the return of those deluded people. They have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wonderfully, and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed. Their king hath acknowledged our inde-

pendence The quarrel is over. Peace hath returned, and found us a free people.

Let us have the magnanimity to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light. They are an enterprising, moneyed people. They will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, to making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making use of them, so I have no fear of any mischief they can do us. Afraid of *them*! What, sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British *lion* at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps*?

The Fourteenth Congress. — R. H. WILDE.

I HAD the honor to be a member of the fourteenth Congress. It was an honor *then*. What it is *now*, I shall not say. It is what the twenty-second Congress have been pleased to make it. I have neither time, nor strength, nor ability, to speak of the legislators of that day as they deserve, nor is this a fit occasion. Yet the coldest or most careless nature can not recur to such associates, without some touch of generous feeling, which, in quicker spirits, would kindle into high and almost holy enthusiasm.

Preëminent among them was a gentleman of South Carolina,* now no more — the purest, the calmest, the most philosophical of our country's modern statesmen; one no less remarkable for gentleness of manners and kindness of heart than for that passionless, unclouded intellect which rendered him deserving of the praise, if ever man deserved it, of merely standing by, and letting reason argue for him; the true patriot, incapable of all selfish ambition, who shunned office and distinction, yet served his country faithfully, because he loved her; him I mean who consecrated, by his example, the noble precept, so entirely his own, that the first station in a republic was neither to be sought after nor declined — a sentiment so just and so happily expressed that it continues to be repeated, because it can not be improved.

There was, also, a gentleman from Maryland,† whose ashes now slumber in your cemetery. It is not long since I stood by

* Lowndes.

† Pinckney

his tomb, and recalled him, as he was then, in all the pride and power of his genius. Among the first of his countrymen and contemporaries, as a jurist and statesman, first as an orator, he was, if not truly eloquent, the prince of rhetoricians. Nor did the soundness of his logic suffer any thing by a comparison with the richness and classical purity of the language in which he copiously poured forth those figurative illustrations of his argument, which enforced while they adorned it. But let others pronounce his eulogy. I must not. I feel as if his mighty spirit still haunted the scenes of its triumphs, and when I dared to wrong them, indignantly rebuked me.

These names have become historical. There were others, of whom it is more difficult to speak, because yet within the reach of praise or envy. For one who was, or aspired to be, a politician, it would be prudent, perhaps wise, to avoid all mention of these men. Their acts, their words, their thoughts, their very looks, have become subjects of party controversy. But he whose ambition is of a higher or lower order has no such need of reserve. Talent is of no party, exclusively, nor is justice.

Among them, but not of them, in the fearful and solitary sublimity of genius, stood a gentleman from Virginia* — whom it were superfluous to designate — whose speeches were universally read, whose satire was universally feared. Upon whose accents did this habitually listless and unlistening house hang, so frequently, with rapt attention? Whose fame was identified with that body for so long a period? Who was a more dextrous debater; a riper scholar; better versed in the politics of our own country, or deeper read in the history of others? Above all, who was more thoroughly imbued with the idiom of the English language; more completely master of its strength, and beauty, and delicacy; or more capable of breathing thoughts of flame in words of magic and tones of silver?

There was, also, a son of South Carolina,† still in the service of the republic, then, undoubtedly, the most influential member of this house. With a genius eminently metaphysical, he applied to politics his habits of analysis, abstraction, and condensation, and thus gave to the problems of government something of that grandeur which the higher mathematics have borrowed from astronomy. The wings of his mind were rapid, but capricious, and there were times when the light, which flashed from them as they passed, glanced like a mirror in the sun, only to dazzle the beholder. Engrossed with his subject, careless of his words

* Randolph.

† Calhoun.

his loftiest flights of eloquence were sometimes followed by colloquial or provincial barbarisms. But, though often incorrect, he was always fascinating. Language, with him, was merely the scaffolding of thought, employed to raise a dome, which, like Angelo's, he suspended in the heavens.

It is equally impossible to forget or to omit a gentleman from Kentucky,* whom party has since made the fruitful topic of unmeasured panegyric and detraction. Of sanguine temperament and impetuous character, his declamation was impassioned, his retorts acrimonious. Deficient in refinement rather than in strength, his style was less elegant and correct than animated and impressive. But it swept away your feelings with it like a mountain torrent, and the force of the stream left you little leisure to remark upon its clearness. His estimate of human nature was, probably, not very high. Unhappily, it is, perhaps, more likely to have been lowered, than raised, by his subsequent experience. Yet then, and ever since, except when that imprudence, so natural to genius, prevailed over his better judgment, he adopted a lofty tone of sentiment, whether he spoke of measures or of men, of friend or adversary. On many occasions he was noble and captivating. One I can never forget. It was the fine burst of indignant eloquence with which he replied to the taunting question, "What have we gained by the war?"

Nor may I pass over in silence a representative from New Hampshire,† who has almost obliterated all memory of that distinction by the superior fame he has attained as a senator from Massachusetts. Though then but in the bud of his political life, and hardly conscious, perhaps, of his own extraordinary powers, he gave promise of the greatness he has since achieved. The same vigor of thought; the same force of expression; the short sentences; the calm, cold, collected manner; the air of solemn dignity; the deep, sepulchral, unimpassioned voice; all have been developed only, not changed, even to the intense bitterness of his frigid irony. The piercing coldness of his sarcasm was, indeed, peculiar to him; they seemed to be emanations from the spirit of the icy ocean. Nothing could be at once so novel and so powerful; it was frozen mercury, becoming as caustic as red hot iron.

* Clay.

† Webster.

Beauty of Nature in Spring Time.

THERE is surely no serener or purer pleasure on earth than to ramble over the fields, through the forests, and along the rippling streams at this most beautiful and lovely season, and hold communion with Nature in all the boundlessness of her splendor and her glory. At such times, bright thoughts and fancies come and go, like the visions of a better land. Yet how few are the genuine lovers of Nature — persons who adore the visible majesty of the universe in all the countless forms in which it is made manifest to the human eye ; who regard the stars, the sea, and the mountains with appropriate feelings ; whose ears, like the chords of the wind harp, can extract music from every passing breeze, and whose thoughts penetrate beyond what is visible to the throne of the Invisible ! Want of acquaintance with natural objects, as well as familiarity with them from infancy to manhood, disqualifies thousands for the true worship of nature.

The Mammon-worshippers of the city see but little to admire in earth, ocean, or sky, and look upon every moment as wasted which is spent afar from the wearying strife of business. But in every community there are those whose hearts are loyal to nature, and catch inspiration from all those objects which are hung, like the trophies of divine power, on the walls of the great temple of creation. There is a language which is intelligible alike to civilized and savage man, that establishes a brotherhood throughout the world. It is articulated by the winds and streams, heard in the hoarse anthem of the stormy sea, and in the silence of the watches of the night, while its characters are seen in the lofty ranges of mountains and in the radiant landscapes. They who can appreciate this language have sources of happiness which are indestructible. They are true poets, whether they chant their feelings in verse, or whether their thoughts remain unspoken, unwritten, and unsung. For there is a poetry of the heart as well as of the mind, and though the former may never be uttered to the delight of thousands, yet it is an ever-abiding fountain of bliss to him who possesses it.

South Carolina. — HAYNE.

IF there be one state in the Union, Mr. President, that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is

South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform.

She has adhered to you in your prosperity ; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound ; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South, during the revolution ? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. Never was there exhibited, in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina during the revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.

"The plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black, smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitation of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

Massachusetts and South Carolina. — WEBSTER

THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me, in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor ; I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all — the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions, — Americans all, — whose

fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for *his* patriotism, or sympathy for *his* suffering, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit in Carolina a name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir—increased gratification and delight rather. Sir, I thank God that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity or virtue—in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate a tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gathered around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

Party Spirit. — M. B. LAMAR.

PARTY spirit is more to be shunned than any other vice, not only for its disastrous consequences, but because of the proneness of nature to run into it. We are all more or less, at times, secretly tinctured with the feeling, and have to rise superior to it by the force of reason and virtue: he will not be able to do it who parleys for a single moment with his duty. The vice is a deceitful one. It often wears the mask of patriotism; and under this flattering disguise, it wins the undiscerning like a harlot in array.

The vicious woo it, enamored of its prostitutions, whilst many worthy citizens and public men are seduced to its embraces from its outward similitude to virtue. But no matter in what bosom it finds its way; or in what assembly it may prevail, wherever it strikes its poisonous roots, it never fails, sooner or later, to extirpate every virtuous sentiment and generous impulse.

It is a baneful Upas, that permits no moral flower to flourish in its shade. The individual who bows to its dominion can never generate a noble purpose; the politician who consults its authority is recreant to liberty; and the nation that shall become drunk with its infernal fires will most assuredly forfeit the favor of Heaven, and become the self-inflicter of a righteous punishment. Its march is from folly to madness, from madness to crime, from crime to death. Its votaries may change their livery, but to be a violent partisan once is to be a partisan for life; he is a spell-bound being, whose infatuations may drive him, as occasions require, from turpitude to turpitude, until the very blood of infancy becomes the *Falernian* of his revels.

It is useless to confirm these truths by historical example; for what is all history but a record of the bloody march of faction? Every page is burdened with wars, not for the sacred liberties of man, but for the unhallowed exaltation of contending aspirants. Do you turn to the ancient mistress of the world? — where is the patriot that doth not sigh at the civil strifes that seated Sylla upon bleeding Rome, and his rival on the ruins of Carthage? Do you look to that sea-encircled nation whose resentful *Roses* would not bloom together? — who doth not mark in the broils of York and Lancaster a melancholy monument of the folly and madness of party?

Or will you turn for a moment to that lovely region of the olive and the vine, where the valleys are all smiling and the people are all cheerful? — who that hath a spark of nature in his

soul doth not weep at the horrid atrocities perpetrated under the name of liberty, by Robespierre and his bloody coadjutors, during the reign of the Jacobin faction in revolutionary France? These examples, by way of melancholy warning, may serve to show the unnatural lengths into which deluded and infatuated man will hurry when once enlisted under the proscriptive banner of party.

The Same, continued.

IF any other exhibition of the direful effects of party spirit be wanting, it is furnished in the history of a people whose career is familiar to us all. Look at Mexico. A few years ago she awoke from a lethargy of centuries, and in the majesty of eight millions of people, shook Castilian bondage from her, like "dew drops from a lion's mane." But see her now—the miserable victim of self-oppression and debasement; torn to pieces by civil discord; bleeding at every pore by party rage; her resources exhausted, her strength defied, and her very name despised. These are the bitter fruits of that dreadful mania which makes a whole people offer up, at the shrine of demagogues, that devotion and sacrifice which is due alone to their country.

Mexico had the chivalry to conquer, without virtue to profit by it. Her patriots achieved independence, and demagogues ruined her hopes. Enemy as she is to us, I am not a foe to her freedom; for next to the safety and welfare of my own land, I should rejoice to see our free principles and liberal institutions ingrafted into her government, so that they might finally spread their benign influence over the whole continent of America.

Once we had the promise of this in the opening career of a bold champion of freedom, who, sick of the woes of his distracted country, called upon the virtuous of all parties to unite with him in the expulsion of faction, and in the chastisement of a bloated priesthood. He published to his countrymen a system of government which promised order, stability, and safety. It was received with acclamation. Thousands gathered round his standard. They came with high hopes and devoted hearts. The cannon soon spoke upon the mountains, and the enemies of order trembled. Foes fled before him—Rebellion hid his head, and even audacious Bigotry quailed in the glance of his eye. He was born to command; and all voices hailed him the savior of his country.

But mark the sequel. No sooner was he firmly planted in power, the idol of the people, with every obstacle removed to the introduction of his new order of things, all eyes expecting and all hearts desiring it, when, lo! the veil — the silver veil — was drawn aside, and instead of the mild features of the patriot, the foul visage of Mokanna, with its terrific deformity, burst upon the astonished nation, and “grinned horribly a ghastly smile.”

And did not a thousand weapons leap indignantly from their scabbards to avenge such perfidy? No, surely. His duped and deluded followers “dropp’d some natural tears, but wiped them soon;” and instead of seeking merited vengeance, became more wedded to the traitor; so that he still went on, conquering and to conquer, until he waved his banner over bleeding Zacatecas, and stamped, in the burning characters of hell, his eternal shame on the walls of Bexar.

And do you ask the moral of this tale? The discerning mind will read in it the awful truth — that party is as cruel as the grave; that its bonds are as strong as death; that there is no receding from its unhallowed infatuations, and that he who enrolls his name under its bloody flag divorces himself from humanity, and forever sells his soul to the powers of darkness.

Party Spirit. — HENRY CLAY,

I HAVE seen many periods of great anxiety, of peril, and of danger in this country, but I have never before risen to address any assemblage, so oppressed, so appalled, and so anxious. And I hope it will not be out of place to do here what I have done again and again in my private chamber — to implore Him who holds the destinies of nations and individuals in his hands, to bestow upon our country his blessing, to calm the violence and rage of party, to still passion, to allow reason once more to resume its empire. And may I not also ask Him to bestow upon his humble servant the blessing of his smiles, and strength and ability to perform the work which now lies before him?

If I should venture to trace the cause of our present dangers, difficulties, and distractions to its original source, I should ascribe it to the violence and intemperance of party spirit. I know the jealousies, the fears, and the apprehensions which are engendered by it; but if there be in my hearing now, or out of this Capitol, any one who hopes, in his race for honors and elevation

for higher honors and higher elevation than that he may now occupy, I beg him to believe that I will never jostle him in the pursuit of those honors or that elevation. I assure him, if my wishes prevail, my name shall never be used in competition with his; for when my service is terminated in this body, my mission, so far as respects the public affairs of this world, is closed — and closed forever.

It is impossible for us not to perceive that party spirit and future elevation mix more or less in all our affairs, in all our deliberations. At a moment when the White House is in danger of conflagration, instead of all hands uniting to extinguish the flames, we are contending about who shall be its next occupant.

It is passion and party spirit which I dread in the adjustment of the great questions which unhappily, at this time, divide our distracted country. Two months ago, all was calm, in comparison to the present moment. Now, all is uproar and confusion, and menace to the existence of the Union, and to the happiness and safety of this people.

I entreat you, by all you expect hereafter, and by all that is dear to you here below, to repress the ardor of these passions, to subdue the violence of party spirit, to listen to the voice of reason and look to the interests of your country.

The Mother of Washington. — MRS SIGOURNEY.

LONG hast thou slept unnoted! Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
And spread her vernal coverings, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dews. She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds
And Autumn cast his yellow coronet
Down at thy feet, — and stormy Winter speak
Hoarsely of man's neglect.

But now we come
To do thee homage, mother of our chief! —
Fit homage — such as honoreth him who pays.

Methinks we see thee, as in olden time, —
Simple in garb — majestic and serene —
Unawed by "pomp and circumstance" — in truth
Inflexible, — and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing Vice, and making Folly grave.

Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
 Life in inglorious sloth, to sport a while
 Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
 Then fleet like the ephemeron away, —
 Building no temple in her children's hearts,
 Save to the vanity and pride of life,
 Which she had worshiped.

Of the might that clothed
 The "Pater Patriæ," — of the deeds that won
 A nation's liberty, and earth's applause,
 Making Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca haunt
 For patriot and for sage, while time shall last, —
 What part was thine, what thanks to thee are due.
 Who, 'mid his elements of being, wrought
 With no uncertain aim — nursing the germs
 Of godlike Virtue in his infant mind,
We know not — Heaven can tell.

Rise, noble pile,
 And show a race unborn *who* rests below,
 And say to mothers, what a holy charge
 Is theirs — with what a kingly power their love
 Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind —
 Warn them to wake at early dawn, and sow
 Good seed before the world doth sow its tares,
 Nor in their toil decline, — that angel hands
 May put the sickle in, and reap for God,
 And gather to HIS garner.

Ye, who stand,
 With thrilling breast and kindling cheek, this morn-
 Viewing the tribute that Virginia pays
 To the blest mother of her glorious chief,
 Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,
 Whose first at waking, is your cradled son —
 What though no dazzling hope aspires to rear
 A second WASHINGTON, — or leave your name
 Wrought out in marble with your country's tears
 Of deathless gratitude, — yet may ye raise
A monument above the stars — a soul
 Led by your teachings and your prayers to God

The Lone Star of Texas. — WEBB.

THE brilliancy of its dawn gives token of a bright and glorious future. What eye that beheld that star arise but became animated and fired in the gaze upon its transcendent beauty, its wavering light, its divine struggles to gleam in the ascendant. Its feeble glimmer was first discerned amid the storm and tempest: occasionally, as the wrathful clouds would separate, its faint ray of youthful light and hope would dart forth, sprinkling, as with the roseate blush of morn, the thick panoply of surrounding gloom, and finding its way to the deep recesses of many a patriot bosom. The thunder of tyranny and the storms of oppression being well nigh exhausted, this bright and beautiful, this *lone* star was seen standing out upon the broad and silvery heaven of Texas, in solitary but bold relief.

No sister star was near to lend the light of her countenance, or greet it with an approving smile. Not a beam which emanated from its effulgence was borrowed: not a ray of light did it cast over a benighted land, but was given forth from its own brilliant and exhaustless orbit. Brighter and purer did it shine as it continued to rise and mount into the high heaven of hope and promise, but not without sometimes almost failing to give token of its presence; it flickered, as with expiring energy, over the fierce and unequal conflict at Conception; it was seen faintly glimmering over the gory plain of Goliad, and sending out the last ray of its hope upon the awful scene of the Alamo.

It moved despondingly through all these scenes of bloody strife, presided at each mortal combat, cheered the weak and despairing, and shone with fearful dimness in that hour, when the light of mortality of a Fannin and his brave companions was surrounded in the night of eternal infamy. But lo! where next doth gleam this single star? Over the immortal struggle of San Jacinto it hangs suspended; its light has relumed; its rays enkindle with a sweeter, brighter, more entrancing fire; the battle rages; the fight is desperate, deadly; the neighing of the war steed, the groaning of the dying soldier, the piercing, startling, enthusiastic cry of "Remember the Alamo," all went up to heaven in a solemn league, and as they passed away, "the lone star of Texas" blazed forth in resplendent beauty and brightness, reflecting all over the consecrated ground of Jacinto a light in which was seen written in blazing capitals, *Victory! Liberty! Texas is free!*

Classics. — DR. CHURCH.

PERM T me on this occasion to call your attention to one study which you may possibly be disposed to relinquish, or to consider less worthy your attention than others. Continue to cultivate a taste for classical learning. Lay not aside those inimitable ancient authors, who have formed the tastes and constituted the models of the first minds which have adorned and blessed the world. The mere superficial scholar may doubt their utility. He who has never discovered their beauties may assert that they have none.

And so may thousands, who attempt to gather gold from the surface of your mountains, or to glean a few particles which have been deposited in your valleys, assert that there are not rich exhaustless stores within the reach of patient perseverance and untiring labor. If experience have any authority, the study of ancient literature is not useless, and the time devoted to the acquisition of classical learning, instead of being wasted, is most profitably spent.

Who have done most honor to themselves, as well as been most useful to their fellow-men, in the learned professions? Who have stood with faithfulness at the helm of state, and guided with most wisdom and success the destinies of nations? What modern historians are read with most pleasure and with most profit? and whose writings now form our standard works of taste?

To show the value of classical learning to the public speaker, we need only refer to the history of modern eloquence. With what ease did the classic Emmet rivet the attention and excite the admiration of his audience! With what magic spell did the classic quotations and allusions of Randolph drop from his lips! and with what agony did his opponents often writhe beneath that lash which the polished Greek and the enlightened Roman had put into his hands! Few mental exercises are, perhaps, more profitable to the student than the critical study of the Greek and Roman classics; and so numerous are the allusions to these, in even English literature, that many of its finest portions and most exquisite beauties must be measurably lost to him who understands not the ancient languages.

Industry. — LUMPKIN.

To live in such a world and age as this brings with it immense obligations — a world redeemed with the blood of the Son of God ; an age which prophets and patriarchs desired to see, but died without the sight ; a spot of time most interesting in the eye of Heaven, and which, beyond any past period, has witnessed the most splendid achievements of mind over matter. You stand, as it were, under an opening heaven, by the tomb of a world rising from the slumber of ages. Can any be stupid, be half awake, in such a day ? Stand erect, I entreat you. Let every nerve, mental and bodily, be strung to action. Give your days and nights to labor and study.

Soon you will be ranked among the legislators, magistrates, or interpreters of the laws or religion of your country. With what diligence, in this spring season of life, should you prepare yourselves for the faithful discharge of offices so arduous and important ! Shall indolence, or the degrading love of ease and pleasure, like a blighting mildew, blast your improvement in the bud, destroy the fond hopes of parents and friends, and the speculations of your country ? Rest assured that, without patient industry, the greatest talents and advantages will be fruitless. Look to the Platos and Ciceros of antiquity, the Boyles, Newtons, and Lockes of modern times ; and they all, with one accord, will tell you that industry was the secret by which they were enabled to perform such wonders.

New Orleans. — J. N. MAFFIT

ALONG the streets of the city of peace and commerce no tyrant king ever thunders with subject monarchs chained to his wheel ; he brings no curse upon her busy streets from the agonizing groans of widowed and orphaned millions. Here all is life, activity, generous excitement, the rivalry of benevolence, and the proudest triumphs of mind.

Such is New Orleans. The din of commerce rolls along her streets by night and by day, as the voice of many waters. She sits as a queen upon her alluvial Delta, and the proud, deep Gulf of Mexico, like a monarch's bowl at a feast, pours the rushing libations of its tides at her feet. She reaches one arm and embraces the Rocky Mountains, while with the other she plays with

the silver lakes of the north. She sends her couriers over the sounding seas, and every gale under heaven kisses her whitening sails, and laughs through the cordage of her laden ships.

We stand near the consecrated ground over which hung the cloud, and along which roared the iron storm of battle. The unconquered, the unpillaged city is around; her towers are unscathed; the columns that deployed down on yonder plain are now in the world of spirits; and memory and generous feelings of humanity spread the pall of oblivion over the prostrate, humbled foe. Never again shall the foot of violence tread the soil defended by the veterans of the eighth of January. Taught by a lesson forever emblazoned on the parchment of historic fame, the warriors of other lands shall avoid the grave of British valor, and offer no violence to the metropolis of the western world, as she gathers her future power and splendor around her.

I am not a visionary; yet when I look forward into the future, I am astonished at what severe probability unfolds as the destinies of this city of the South. I strain my aching eyes to catch the far off frontiers of the great vale, through which the Father of Waters rolls his majestic flood in turbid grandeur; but it is too far for the vision of man. I exhaust horizon after horizon, and yet the end is not. Thousands of miles away, to the right and to the left, I see every leaping rill that comes laughing down the sides of the mountains pointing its way, laden with all that agriculture can create, or commerce ask for, toward this city. Hills as far distant from each other as the midnight from the sunrise, pay their tribute of bright waters to the ocean's eldest born, whose last deep tone of inland music rolls like the muffled drums of a solemn pageant in the ears of this vast city. Destined to realize more of the actual efficacy of wealth and moral power than the hundred-gated Thebes of olden time, or that proud city whose ruins strew the Delta of the Nile, — the Alexandria that was, — the New Orleans of the new world shall first conquer the diseases of climate, as she conquered the quondam invaders of Peninsular Europe; and then, as she has braved the overflow of the king of rivers, and rolled back his floods, so shall her arm of power rear her thousand edifices of splendor and luxury, and at the same time the solemn temples sacred to eternity

150 *On the Adoption of the Constitution.*—E. RANDOLPH.

I HAVE labored for the continuance of the Union—the rock of our salvation. I believe that as sure as there is a God in heaven our safety, our political happiness and existence, depend on the union of the states; and that, without this union, the people of this and the other states will undergo the unspeakable calamities which discord, faction, turbulence, war, and bloodshed have produced in other countries. The American spirit ought to be mixed with American pride—pride to see the union magnificently triumphant.

Let that glorious pride which once defied the British thunder reanimate you. Let it not be recorded of Americans, that, after having performed the most gallant exploits, after having overcome the most astonishing difficulties, and after having gained the admiration of the world by their incomparable valor and policy, they lost their acquired reputation, their national consequence and happiness, by their own indiscretion. Let no future historian inform posterity that they wanted wisdom and virtue to concur in any regular, efficient government. Should any writer, doomed to so disagreeable a task, feel the indignation of an honest historian, he would reprehend and recriminate our folly with equal severity and justice.

Catch the present moment; seize it with avidity and eagerness, for it may be lost never to be regained. If the union be now lost, I fear it may remain so forever. I believe gentlemen are sincere in their opposition, and actuated by pure motives; but when I maturely weigh the advantages of the union, and dreadful consequences of its dissolution; when I see safety on my right, and destruction on my left; when I behold respectability and happiness acquired by the one, but annihilated by the other,—I cannot hesitate to decide in favor of the former.

The Loss of National Character.—MAXEY.

THE loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire—an empire carrying its arts and arms into every part of the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; her eagle waving over the ruins of

desolated countries. Where are her splendor, her wealth her power, her glory? Extinguished forever. Her mouldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her national pride were broken down, and Vandalism desolated her classic fields.

Citizens will lose their respect and confidence in our government, if it does not extend over them the shield of an honorable national character. Corruption will creep in and sharpen party animosity. Ambitious leaders will seize upon the favorable moment. The mad enthusiasm for revolution will call into action the irritated spirit of our nation, and civil war must follow. The swords of our countrymen may yet glitter on our mountains, their blood may yet crimson our plains. Such, the warning voice of all antiquity, the example of all republics, proclaim, may be our fate. But let us no longer indulge these gloomy anticipations. The commencement of our liberty presages the dawn of a brighter period to the world. That bold, enterprising spirit which conducted our heroes to peace and safety, and gave us a lofty rank amid the empires of the world, still animates the bosoms of their descendants.

Look back to the moment when they unbarred the dungeons of the slave, and dashed his fetters to the earth; when the sword of a Washington leaped from its scabbard to revenge the slaughter of our countrymen. Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altars of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and may hail the age as not far distant, when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of man — I am an American

Influence of National Glory.—CLAY.

WE are asked, What have we gained by the war? I have shown that we have lost nothing in rights territory, or honor; nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man

look at the degraded condition of this country before the war, — the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, — and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war. What is our present situation? Respectability and character abroad, security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and constitution are placed on a solid basis, never to be shaken.

The glory acquired by our gallant tars, by our Jacksons and our Browns on the land — is that nothing? True, we had our vicissitudes; there were humiliating events which the patriot can not review without deep regret; but the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favor. Is there a man who would obliterate from the proud pages of our history the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land and sea, whom I can not enumerate? Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, national glory, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds, to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once? Whilst the Mississippi continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghanies to her Delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, Does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown afford them no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds; they constitute one common patrimony, the nation's inheritance. They awe foreign powers; they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is this sentiment which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will finally conduct this nation to that high to which God and Nature have destined it.

War with France.—JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

I AGREE with the honorable senator that France owes us twenty-five millions of francs, and that she assigns an insufficient reason for withholding payment. But this is the whole head and front of her offending. We have no other complaint against her. Would it be expedient and proper for us to make war for such a cause? There is no other cause of complaint on our part. France has in no way offended against us on this occasion, except only by her failure to pay the money in question. Shall we go to war to enforce its payment?

It is needless to discuss the question. Thank God, the danger of this war has passed by, and we have, as I believe, an almost certain assurance of reconciliation and peace with France. Such an issue of this controversy can not be regarded otherwise than as a matter of public congratulation. If war had been its result, I should have contributed all that was in my humble power to render my country successful in that war. War of itself would have been a sufficient reason for me to take my country's side, without reference to its cause. But, sir, I must confess that I should have been most loth to witness any such war as that with which we have been threatened.

A war with whom, and for what? A war with France, our first, our ancient ally, whose blood flowed for us, and with our own, in the great struggle that gave us our freedom and made us a nation. A war for money! a petty, paltry sum of money! I know of no instance, certainly none among the civilized nations of modern times, of a war waged for such an object; and if it be among the legitimate causes of war, it is surely the most inglorious of them all. It can afford but little of that generous inspiration which in a noble cause gives to war its magnanimity and its glory. War *for money* must ever be an ignoble strife. On its barren fields the laurel can not flourish. In the sordid contest but little honor can be won, and *Victory* herself is almost despoiled of her triumph.

If we should attempt by war to compel France to pay the money in question, none who know the two nations can doubt but the contest would be fierce, bloody, and obstinate. Suppose, however, that our success is such as finally to enable us to dictate terms to France, and to oblige her to pay the money. Imagine, Mr. President, that the little purse, the prize of war and carnage, is at last obtained. There it is, sir, stained with the blood of Americans, and of Frenchmen, their ancient friends,

Could you, sir, behold or pocket that blood-stained purse without some emotions of pain and remorse?

The Union. — ANDREW P. BUTLER.

THERE has been much said about the feeling of a portion of this Union, as being ready to dissolve it. I am not to be terrified or controlled by any imputations of that kind. This Union has its uses, just according to the use that is made of it. It may be used as a great trust to effect the greatest ends that time ever committed to human institutions; and it is in the power of patriots and statesmen to make it subserve these ends. But when it shall be made a mere instrument of partial legislation, and to pander to the views and ends of hypocritical demagogues, it will cease to be an object of veneration, unless its worshipers shall be like those of Juggernaut, who regard it as a pious service to prostrate themselves and be crushed by the wheels of his car. I believe I am one of its real friends, and the charge of criminal design upon its duration comes with an ill grace from those who have adhered to selfish and unjust purposes.

Those who have introduced here the doctrines which we are called upon to question have no right to measure the extent of my opposition. What that measure will be I do not know. I am willing to accede to any peaceful constitutional measure which will tend to preserve the Union itself; these means may be too long disregarded; there is a limit. I am astonished when I hear the language sometimes used by the representatives from the "old thirteen;" from Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, and New Jersey, making war upon their brethren of the southern sections of the Union, which seems to me but the policy that results in their own suicide. They give way to these wild, fanatical suggestions of policy in disregard of those admonitions which should address themselves to them from their past history, as well as in view of their future destiny. They are waging a war against their interest, under the influence of feelings which were inculcated by their ancestors, and sowing the seeds of disunion.

I have said what I designed to say at this time; but with it I would, if I dared, make a suggestion to the administration, which has now, in a measure, the control of the destinies of this country; and it would be, that they should not experiment upon the disaffection which exists in one portion of this Union. I know, sir, it

is deeper, far deeper, than has ever been exhibited on this floor. I fear it has been too much disguised. And it is not confined to South Carolina, as some seem to consider. Some would be glad to see her isolated from others, and thereby made an easier victim. The people of other southern states are speaking out, and if events are not arrested, there will be but one voice, and that voice will come from the mass of the people. The press and politicians can not much longer delude them. What state may be the first to be involved in measures of resistance I know not. South Carolina has sometimes cried out as a sentinel. But there are others having greater interests at stake, and which will be put ultimately in great danger. They will look to their security and interests, and all will move as one man. It is for those who have the destinies of this nation in their hands to say how far they will respect the feelings of the South.

The Union. — D. S. DICKINSON.

BUT a few days since, I visited the hall where the immortal Washington, after carving out the liberty which we, in common with twenty-five millions of our fellow-beings, this day enjoy, with a victorious, yet unpaid army, who adored him, under his command, surrendered his commission and his sword voluntarily to the representatives of a few exhausted colonies. That sublime occasion yet imparts its sacred influences to the place, and there is eloquence in its silent walls. But where, said I, are the brave and patriotic spirits who here fostered the germ of this mighty empire? Alas! they have gone to their rewards, and the clods of the valley lie heavily on their hearts; while we, their ungrateful children, with every element of good before us, forgetting the mighty sacrifices they made for their descendants, trifle with the rich blessings we inherited, and are ready, with sacrilegious hands, to despoil the temple of liberty which they reared by years of toil and trial, and cemented in blood and tears. O, could we not have deferred this inhuman struggle until the departure from amongst us of the revolutionary soldier, with his bowed and tottering frame, and his once bright eye dimmed? Ask him the cost of liberty, and he will "shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won," and tell you of its priceless value.

And yet we are shamelessly struggling in his sight, like mercenary children, for the patrimony, around the death bed of a

common parent, by whose industry and exertion it was accumulated, before the heart of him who gave them existence had ceased to pulsate. Amid all these conflicts, it has been my policy to give peace and stability to the Union, to silence agitation, to restore fraternal relations to an estranged brotherhood, and to lend my feeble aid in enabling our common country to march onward to the glorious fruition which awaits her. I have opposed, and will hereafter oppose, the monster disunion, in any and every form, and howsoever disguised, or in whatsoever condition — whether in the germ, or the stately upas, with its widespread branches; whether it comes from the North or the South, or the East or the West; and whether it consists in denying the South her just rights, or in her demanding that to which she is not entitled. The union of these states, in the true spirit of the constitution, is a sentiment of my life. It was the dream of my early years; it has been the pride and joy of manhood; and, if it shall please Heaven to spare me to age, I pray that its abiding beauty may beguile my vacant and solitary hours.

I do not expect a sudden disruption of the political bonds which unite the states of this confederacy; but I greatly fear a growing spirit of jealousy, and discontent, and sectional hate, which must, if permitted to extend itself, finally destroy the beauty and harmony of the fabric, if it does not raze it to its foundation. It can not be maintained by force, and majorities in a confederacy should be admonished to use their power justly. Let no one suppose that those who have been joined together will remain so, despite the commission of mutual wrongs, because they have once enjoyed each other's confidence and affection and propriety requires them to remain united. A chafed spirit, whether of a community or an individual, may be goaded beyond endurance; and the history of the world has proved that the season of desperation which succeeds is awfully reckless of consequences. But woe be to him by whom the offence of disunion comes! He will be held accursed when the bloody mandates of Herod and Nero shall be forgiven, and be regarded as a greater monster in this world than he who, to signalize his brutal ferocity reared a monument of thousands of human skulls, and, in the next,

“The common damned will shun his society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.”

A Defence of Daniel Webster. — JOHN M. CLAYTON.

SIR: In regard to the denunciation of the sentiment of my nonorable friend from Massachusetts, I have something to say. The opinion expressed in this denunciation is, that it would be a natural and easy step for the senator from Massachusetts to take, to join the enemies of his country in war : in other words, to turn traitor, and merit by his treason the most ignominious of all deaths, with an immortality of infamy beyond the grave. And for what? The senator from Massachusetts had expressed a preference for the constitution to the Capitol of his country. He had dared to declare that he prized the *magna charta* of American liberty — the sacred bond of our union, the tie which binds together twelve millions of freemen — above the stones and mortar which compose the crumbling mass within whose walls we are assembled. “The very head and front of his offending hath this extent ; no more.”

No man here has questioned, in the most violent moments of party excitement, — not amidst the fiercest of all political strife, — his purity of purpose in debate. Grant to him, what all others who have any title to the character of gentlemen demand for themselves, that he believed what he said ; grant that, in his judgment, as well as that of many here, the very existence of our liberties is involved in the surrender of the principle he contended for ; grant that the concentration of legislative and executive power in the hands of a single man is the death blow to the constitution, and that the senator was right in considering the proposed appropriation as establishing the very principle which gave that fatal blow, — and who is he that, thus believing, would support that proposition, because the guns of the enemy were battering at the walls of the Capitol? Where is the coward, where is the traitor, who would not rather see the Capitol than the constitution of his country in ruins? or who would lend himself to the establishment of a despotism among us, with a view to save this building for the despot to revel in?

Sir, in the days when Themistocles led the Athenians to victory at Salamis, he advised them to surrender their Capitol for the preservation of the constitution of their country. That gallant people rose under the impulse of patriotism as one man, and with a stern resolution to yield life itself rather than abandon their liberties, and surrender the proud privilege of legislating for themselves to the delegate of a Persian despot, who offered them “all their own dominions, together with an accession of

territory ample as their wishes, upon the single condition that they should receive law and suffer him to preside in Greece." At that eventful period of their history, Crysilus alone proposed the surrender of their constitution to save the Capitol; and they stoned him to death. The public indignation was not yet satisfied; for the Athenian matrons then rose and inflicted the same punishment on his wife. Leaving their Capitol, and their noble city, rich as it was with the productions of every art, and glittering all over with the proudest trophies and the most splendid temples in the world, — deserting, in the cause of free government, the very land that gave them birth, — they embarked on board their ships, and fought that battle, the name of which has made the bosoms of freemen to thrill with sympathy in all the ages that have followed it, and shall cause the patriot's heart to beat higher with emotion through countless ages to come.

I repeat, sir, what no man who knows the senator from Massachusetts has ever doubted, that he was sincere in declaring that he viewed the proposition under debate as involving the surrender of the most valuable trust reposed in us by the constitution to a single man, and as one which, while it delegates the legislative power to the executive, establishes a precedent to prostrate the constitution forever. I do not feel, however, that his conduct needs vindication from me or any other; for, although the transient spirit of party may have sought to obscure his exalted character in the eyes of those who are easily led by misrepresentation into error, honorable fame has already encircled his temples with a wreath of unfading verdure, and impartial history shall hereafter emphatically designate him, amidst all the compatriots of his day, as the able, the eloquent, the fearless champion and defender of his country's constitution.

The Exploits of General Taylor. — JEFFERSON DAVIS.

MR. PRESIDENT: This whole country was thrown into one general burst of joy, our towns were illuminated, when the little army on the Rio Grande repulsed, beat on two fields, a Mexican army three times their number, advantageously posted, and fighting with obstinacy proportionate to their numerical superiority. But why recount it? It was an army, according to the senator's dictum, which could have been held in check by two hundred and fifty Texan rangers. Is it true, sir, that those soldiers who had spent their lives in acquiring their profession

with an army of two thousand men, than which none was ever more favorably composed for desperate service, old soldiers and young leaders, performed only what two hundred and fifty Texan rangers could have done so much more effectually? Shades of Ringgold, McIntosh, Barbour, Ridgely, and Duncan, and thou, the hero of the Mexican war, let not your ashes be disturbed. The star of your glory will never be obscured by such fogs and fleeting clouds as that. It will continue to shine brighter and brighter as long as professional skill is appreciated, or bravery is admired, or patriotism has a shrine in the American heart.

But, sir, it was not alone in the United States that the military movements and achievements on the Rio Grande were viewed with admiration. The greatest captain of the age, the Duke of Wellington, the moment he saw the positions taken and the combinations made upon the Rio Grande, — the moment he saw the communication opened between the depot at Point Isabel and the garrison at Fort Brown, by that masterly movement of which the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were a part, — exclaimed, that General Taylor is a general indeed. And yet, sir, all history is to be rewritten, all the rapture and pride of the country at the achievements upon those bloody fields are to disappear, and the light of science to pale before the criticism of that senator by whom we are told that a little band of mounted riflemen could have done that which cost so many American lives and hecatombs of Mexicans.

I have spoken thus as a simple duty, not from any unkindness to the senator, but that I might do justice to many of my comrades, whose dust now mingles with the earth upon which they fought — that I might not leave unredressed the wrongs of the buried dead. I have endeavored to suppress all personal feeling, though the character of the attack upon my friend and general might have pardoned its indulgence. It is true that sorrow sharpens memory, and that many deeds of noblest self-sacrifice, many tender associations, rise now vividly before me. I remember the purity of his character, his vast and varied resources; and I remember how the good and great qualities of his heart were equally and jointly exhibited when he took the immense responsibility under which he acted at the battle of Buena Vista, fought after he had been recommended by his senior general to retire to Monterey.

Around him stood those whose lives were in his charge, whose mothers, fathers, wives, and children would look to him for their return: those were there who had shared his fortunes on other fields; some who, never having seen a battle, were eager for the

combat, without knowing how direful it would be ; immediately about him those loving and beloved, and reposing such confidence in their commander that they but waited his beck and will to do and dare. On him, and on him alone, rested the responsibility. It was in his power to avoid it by retiring to Monterey, there to be invested and captured, and then justify himself under his instructions. He would not do it, but cast all upon the die, resolved to maintain his country's honor, and save his country's flag from trailing in the dust of the enemy he had so often beaten, or close the conqueror's career as became the soldier. His purpose never wavered, his determination never faltered : his country's honor to be untarnished, his country's flag to triumph, or for himself to find an honorable grave, was the only alternative he considered. Under these circumstances, on the morning of the 23d of February, that glorious but bloody conflict commenced. It won for him a chaplet that it would be a disgrace for an American to mutilate, and which it were an idle attempt to adorn. I leave it to a grateful country, which is conscious of his services, and possesses a discrimination that is not to be confounded by the assertions of any, however high their position.

Apostrophe to Washington. — WEBSTER,

[On the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the new wing of the Capitol.]

FELLOW-CITIZENS: What contemplations are awakened in our minds as we assemble here to reenact a scene like that performed by Washington ! Methinks I see his venerable form now before me, as presented in the glorious statue by Houdon, now in the Capitol of Virginia. He is dignified and grave ; but concern and anxiety seem to soften the lineaments of his countenance. The government over which he presides is yet in the crisis of experiment. Not free from troubles at home, he sees the world in commotion and arms all around him. He sees that imposing foreign powers are half disposed to try the strength of the recently established American government. Mighty thoughts mingled with fears as well as with hopes, are struggling within him. He heads a short procession over these then naked fields. he crosses yonder stream on a fallen tree ; he ascends to the top of this eminence, whose original oaks of the forest stand as thick around him as if the spot had been devoted to Druidical worship, and here he performs the appointed duty of the day.

And now, fellow-citizens, if this vision were a reality, — if

Washington actually were now amongst us,—and if he could draw around him the shades of the great public men of his own days, patriots and warriors, orators and statesmen, and were to address us in their presence, would he not say to us, “Ye men of this generation, I rejoice and thank God for being able to see that our labors, and toils, and sacrifices were not in vain. You are prosperous, you are happy, you are grateful. The fire of liberty burns brightly and steadily in your hearts, while duty and the law restrain it from bursting forth in wild and destructive conflagration. Cherish liberty, as you love it; cherish its securities, as you wish to preserve it. Maintain the constitution which we labored so painfully to establish, and which has been to you such a source of inestimable blessings. Preserve the union of the states, cemented as it was by our prayers, our tears, and our blood. Be true to God, to your country, and to your duty. So shall the whole eastern world follow the morning sun, to contemplate you as a nation; so shall all generations honor you, as they honor us; and so shall that Almighty Power which so graciously protected us, and which now protects you, shower its everlasting blessings upon you and your posterity.”

Great father of your country, we heed your words; we feel their force, as if you now uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us, your public life teaches us, your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and we have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high fruition. Our honor, as well as our happiness, is concerned. We can not, we dare not, we will not, betray our sacred trust. We will not filch from posterity the treasure placed in our hands to be transmitted to other generations. The bow that gilds the clouds in the heavens, the pillars that uphold the firmament, may disappear and fall away in the hour appointed by the will of God; but until that day comes, or so long as our lives may last, no ruthless hand shall undermine that bright arch of union and liberty which spans the continent from Washington to California.

The Power of Public Opinion. — WEBSTER,

WE are too much inclined to underrate the power of moral influence, and the influence of public opinion, and the influence of principles to which great men, the lights of the world and of

the age, have given their sanction. Who doubts that, in our own struggle for liberty and independence, the majestic eloquence of Chatham, the profound reasoning of Burke, the burning satire and irony of Colonel Barré, had influences upon our fortunes here in America? They had influences both ways. They tended, in the first place, somewhat to diminish the confidence of the British ministry in their hopes of success, in attempting to subjugate an injured people. They had influence another way, because all along the coasts of the country, — and all our people in that day lived upon the coast, — there was not a reading man who did not feel stronger, bolder, and more determined in the assertion of his rights, when these exhilarating accounts from the two Houses of Parliament reached him from beyond the seas. He felt that those who held and controlled public opinion elsewhere were with us; that their words of eloquence might produce an effect in the region where they were uttered; and, above all, they assured them that, in the judgment of the just, and the wise, and the impartial, their cause was just, and they were right; and therefore they said, We will fight it out to the last.

Now, gentlemen, another great mistake is sometimes made. We think that nothing is powerful enough to stand before autocratic, monarchical, or despotic power. There is something strong enough, quite strong enough, — and, if properly exerted, will prove itself so, — and that is the power of intelligent public opinion in all the nations of the earth. There is not a monarch on earth whose throne is not liable to be shaken by the progress of opinion, and the sentiment of the just and intelligent part of the people. It becomes us, in the station which we hold, to let that public opinion, so far as we form it, have a free course. Let it go out; let it be pronounced in thunder tones; let it open the ears of the deaf; let it open the eyes of the blind; and let it every where be proclaimed what we of this great republic think of the general principle of human liberty, and of that oppression which all abhor. Depend upon it, gentlemen, that between these two rival powers, — the autocratic power, maintained by arms and force, and the popular power, maintained by opinion, — the former is constantly decreasing, and, thank God, the latter is constantly increasing. Real human liberty and human rights are gaining the ascendant; and the part which we have to act, in all this great drama, is to show ourselves in favor of those rights, to uphold our ascendancy, and to carry it on until we shall see it culminate in the highest heaven over our heads.

Popular Excitement in Elections. — McDUFFIE.

SIR, I not only maintain that the people are exempt from the charge of violence, but that there is a tendency to carry the feeling of indifference to public affairs to a dangerous extreme. From the peculiar structure and commercial spirit of modern society, and the facilities presented, in our country, for the acquisition of wealth, the eager pursuit of gain predominates over our concern for the affairs of the republic. This is, perhaps, our national foible. Wealth is the object of our idolatry, and even liberty is worshiped in the form of property. Although this spirit, by stimulating industry, is unquestionably excellent in itself, yet it is to be apprehended that, in a period of peace and tranquillity, it will become too strong for patriotism, and produce the greatest of national evils — popular apathy.

We have been frequently told that the farmer should attend to his plough, and the mechanic to his handicraft, during the canvass for the presidency. Sir, a more dangerous doctrine could not be inculcated. If there is any spectacle from the contemplation of which I would shrink with peculiar horror, it would be that of the great mass of the American people sunk into a profound apathy on the subject of their highest political interests. Such a spectacle would be more portentous to the eye of intelligent patriotism than all the monsters of the earth, and fiery signs of the heavens to the eye of trembling superstition. If the people could be indifferent to the fate of a contest for the presidency, they would be unworthy of freedom. If I were to perceive them sinking into this apathy, I would even apply the power of political galvanism, if such a power could be found, to rouse them from their fatal lethargy. Keep the people quiet! Peace! peace! Such are the whispers by which the people are to be lulled to sleep, in the very crisis of their highest concerns. Sir, "you make a solitude, and call it peace." Peace? 'Tis death! Take away all interest from the people in the election of their chief ruler, and liberty is no more. What, sir, is to be the consequence?

If the people do not elect the president, somebody must. There is no special providence to decide the question. Who, then, is to make the election, and how will it operate? You throw a general paralysis over the body politic, and excite a morbid action in particular members. The general patriotic excitement of the people, in relation to the election of the president, is as essential to the health and energy of the political

system as circulation of the blood is to the health and energy of the natural body. Check that circulation, and you inevitably produce local inflammation, gangrene, and ultimately death. Make the people indifferent, destroy their legitimate influence, and you communicate a morbid violence to the efforts of those who are ever ready to assume the control of such affairs—the mercenary intriguers and interested office-hunters of the country. Tell me not, sir, of popular violence. Show me a hundred political factionists, — men who look to the election of a president as the means of gratifying their high or their low ambition, — and I will show you the very materials for a mob, ready for any desperate adventure connected with their common fortunes. The reason of this extraordinary excitement is obvious. It is a matter of self-interest, of personal ambition. The people can have no such motives. They look only to the interest and glory of the country.

The Hour of Death. — MRS. HEMANS.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set ; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death.

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer ;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee ; but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain ;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee ?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie ?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale ?
They have *one* season ; *all* are ours to die.

Thou art where billows foam ;
 Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
 Thou art around us in our peaceful home ;
 And the world calls us forth, and thou art *there*.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
 Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;
 Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
 The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

The Destiny of the United States. — H. W. HILLIARD.

SIR, is not the language of Berkeley in the progress of fulfillment, when he wrote that immortal line, —

“ Westward the star of empire takes its way ” ?

When Oregon shall be in our possession, when we shall have established a profitable trade with China through her ports, when our ships traverse the Pacific as they now cross the Atlantic, and all the countless consequences of such a state of things begin to flow in upon us, then will be fulfilled that vision which rapt and filled the mind of Nunez as he gazed over the placid waves of the Pacific.

I will now address myself for a moment to the moral aspect of this great question. Gentlemen have talked much and eloquently about the horrors of war. I should regret the necessity of a war ; I should deplore its dreadful scenes ; but if the possession of Oregon gives us a territory opening upon the nation prospects such as I describe, and if, for the simple exercise of our rights in regard to it, Great Britain should wage war upon us, — an unjust war, — the regret which every one must feel will, at least, have much to counterbalance it. One of England's own writers has said, “ The possible destiny of the United States of America, as a nation of one hundred millions of freemen, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception.”

It is an august conception, finely embodied ; and I trust in God that it will, at no distant time, become a reality. I trust that the world will see, through all time, our people living, not only under the laws of Alfred, but that they will be heard to speak

throughout our wide-spread borders the language of Shakspeare and Milton. Above all is it **my** prayer that, as long as our posterity shall continue to inhabit these mountains and plains, and hills and valleys, they may be found living under the sacred institutions of Christianity. Put these things together, and what a picture do they present to the mental eye ! Civilization and intelligence started in the East ; they have travelled, and are still travelling, westward ; but when they shall have completed the circuit of the earth, and reached the extremest verge of the Pacific shores, then, unlike the fabled god of the ancients, who dipped his glowing axle in the western wave, they will take up their permanent abode.

Then shall we enjoy the sublime destiny of returning these blessings to their ancient seat ; then will it be ours to give the priceless benefits of our free institutions, and the pure and healthful light of the gospel, back to the dark family which nas so long lost both truth and freedom ; then may Christianity plant herself there, and while with one hand she points to the Polyne-sian isles, rejoicing in the late-recovered treasure of revealed truth, with the other present the Bible to the Chinese. It is our duty to aid in this great work. I trust we shall esteem it as much our honor as our duty. Let us not, like some of the British missionaries, give them the Bible in one hand and opium in the other, but bless them only with the pure word of truth. I hope the day is not distant — soon, soon may its dawn arise — to shed upon the farthest and the most benighted of nations the splendor of more than a tropical sun.

The Famine in Ireland. — S. S. PRENTISS.

THERE lies upon the other side of the wide Atlantic a beautiful island, famous in story and in song. It has given to the world more than its share of genius and of greatness. It has been prolific in statesmen, warriors, and poets. Its brave and generous sons have fought successfully in all battles but its own. In wit and humor it has no equal ; while its harp, like its history, waves to tears by its sweet but melancholy pathos. In this fair region God has seen fit to send the most terrible of all those fearful ministers who fulfill his inscrutable decrees. The earth has failed to give her increase ; the common mother has forgotten her offspring, and her breast no longer affords them their accustomed nourishment. Famine, gaunt and ghastly famine, has

seized a nation with its strangling grasp ; and unhappy Ireland, in the sad woes of the present, forgets, for a moment, the gloomy history of the past.

In battle, in the fullness of his pride and strength, little recks the soldier whether the hissing bullet sing his sudden requiem, or the cords of life are severed by the sharp steel. But he who dies of hunger wrestles alone, day after day, with his grim and unrelenting enemy. He has no friends to cheer him in the terrible conflict ; for if he had friends, how could he die of hunger ? He has not the hot blood of the soldier to maintain him ; for his foe, vampire-like, has exhausted his veins.

Who will hesitate to give his mite to avert such awful results ? Give, then, generously and freely. Recollect that in so doing you are exercising one of the most godlike qualities of your nature, and at the same time enjoying one of the greatest luxuries of life. We ought to thank our Maker that he has permitted us to exercise equally with himself that noblest of even the divine attributes — benevolence. Go home and look at your family, smiling in rosy health, and then think of the pale, famine-pinched cheeks of the poor children of Ireland, and you will give according to your store, even as a bountiful Providence has given to you — not grudgingly, but with an open hand ; for the quality of benevolence, like that of mercy,

“ Is not strained ;
It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed :
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.”

New England and the Union.—S. S. PRENTISS.

GLORIOUS New England ! thou art still true to thy ancient fame, and worthy of thy ancestral honors. On thy pleasant valleys rest, like sweet dews of morning, the gentle recollections of our early life ; around thy hills and mountains cling, like gathering mists, the mighty memories of the revolution ; and far away in the horizon of thy past gleam, like thy own bright northern lights, the awful virtues of our Pilgrim sires. But while we devote this day to the remembrance of our native land, we forget not that in which our happy lot is cast. We exult in the reflection, that though we count by thousands the miles which separate us from our birthplace, still our country is

the same. We are no exiles meeting upon the banks of a foreign river, to swell its waters with our homesick tears. Here floats the same banner which rustled above our boyish heads, except that its mighty folds are wider, and its glittering stars increased in number.

The sons of New England are found in every state of the broad republic. In the East, the South, and the unbounded West, their blood mingles freely with every kindred current. We have but changed our chamber in the paternal mansion; in all its rooms we are at home, and all who inhabit it are our brothers. To us the Union has but one domestic hearth; its household gods are all the same. Upon us, then, peculiarly devolves the duty of feeding the fires upon that kindly hearth; of guarding with pious care those sacred household gods.

We can not do with less than the whole Union; to us it admits of no division. In the veins of our children flows northern and southern blood: how shall it be separated? Who shall put asunder the best affections of the heart, the noblest instincts of our nature? We love the land of our adoption; so do we that of our birth. Let us ever be true to both, and always exert ourselves in maintaining the unity of our country, the integrity of the republic.

Accursed, then, be the hand put forth to loosen the golden cord of union! thrice accursed the traitorous lips which shall propose its severance!

Republics.—HUGH S. LEGARÉ.

THE name of *republic* is inscribed upon the most imperishable monuments of the species, and it is probable that it will continue to be associated, as it has been in all past ages, with whatever is heroic in character, and sublime in genius, and elegant and brilliant in the cultivation of arts and letters. It would not be difficult to prove that the base hirelings who have so industriously inculcated a contrary doctrine have been compelled to falsify history and abuse reason. It might be asked, triumphantly, what land has ever been visited with the influences of liberty, that has not flourished like the spring? What people has ever worshiped at her altars without kindling with a loftier spirit and putting forth more noble energies? Where has she ever acted that her deeds have not been heroic? Where has she ever spoken that her eloquence has not been triumphant and sublime?

With respect to ourselves, would it not be enough to say that

we live under a form of government and in a state of society to which the world has never yet exhibited a parallel? Is it then nothing to be free? How many nations in the whole annals of human kind have proved themselves worthy of being so? Is it nothing that we are republicans? Were all men as enlightened, as brave, as proud as they ought to be, would they suffer themselves to be insulted with any other title? Is it nothing that so many independent sovereignties should be held together in such a confederacy as ours? What does history teach us of the difficulty of instituting and maintaining such a polity, and of the glory that, of consequence, ought to be given to those who enjoy its advantages in so much perfection and on so grand a scale? For can any thing be more striking and sublime than the idea of an imperial republic, spreading over an extent of territory more immense than the empire of the Cæsars, in the accumulated conquests of a thousand years — without prefects, or proconsuls, or publicans — founded in the maxims of common sense — employing within itself no arms but those of reason — and known to its subjects only by the blessings it bestows or perpetuates, yet capable of directing against a foreign foe all the energies of a military despotism — a republic in which men are completely insignificant, and principles and laws exercise, throughout its vast dominion, a peaceful and irresistible sway, blending in one divine harmony such various habits and conflicting opinions, and mingling in our institutions the light of philosophy with all that is dazzling in the associations of heroic achievement and extended domination, and deep-seated and formidable power!

Eulogium on Franklin. — MIRABEAU,

FRANKLIN is dead! Restored to the bosom of the Divinity is that genius which gave freedom to America, and rayed forth torrents of light upon Europe. The sage whom two worlds claim — the man whom the history of empires and the history of science alike contend for — occupied, it can not be denied, a lofty rank among his species. Long enough have political cabinets signalized the death of those who were great in their funeral eulogies only. Long enough has the etiquette of courts prescribed hypocritical mournings. For their benefactors only, should nations assume the emblem of grief; and the representatives of nations should commend only the heroes of humanity to public veneration.

In the fourteen states of the confederacy, Congress has ordained a mourning of two months for the death of Franklin and America is at this moment acquitting herself of this tribute of honor to one of the fathers of her constitution. Would it not become us, gentlemen, to unite in this religious act; to participate in this homage, publicly rendered at once to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has contributed most largely to their vindication throughout the world? Antiquity would have erected altars to this great and powerful genius, who, to promote the welfare of mankind, comprehending both the heavens and the earth in the range of his thought, could at once snatch the bolt from the cloud and the sceptre from tyrants. France, enlightened and free, owes at least the acknowledgment of her remembrance and regret to one of the greatest intellects that ever served the united cause of philosophy and liberty. I propose that it be now decreed that the National Assembly wear mourning, during three days, for Benjamin Franklin.

The Union of Church and State.—MIRABEAU.

WE are reproached with having refused to decree that the Catholic religion, Apostolic and Roman, is the national religion. To declare the Christian religion *national* would be to dishonor it in its most intimate and essential characteristic. In general terms, it may be said that religion is not, and can not be, a relation between the individual man and society. It is a relation between him and the Infinite Being. Would you understand what was meant by a national conscience? Religion is no more *national* than conscience. A man is not veritably religious in so far as he is attached to the religion of a nation. If there were but one religion in the world, and all men were agreed in professing it, it would be none the less true that each would have the sincere sentiment of religion so far only as he should be himself religious with a religion of his own; that is to say, so far only as he would be wedded to that universal religion, even though the whole human race were to abjure it. And so, from whatever point we consider religion, to term it *national* is to give it a designation insignificant or absurd.

Would it be as the arbiter of its truth, or as the judge of its aptitude to form good citizens, that the legislature would make a religion constitutional? But, in the first place, are there *national* truths? In the second place, can it be ever useful to

the public happiness to fetter the conscience of men by a law of the state? The law unites us only in those points where adhesion is essential to social organization. Those points belong only to the superficies of our being. In thought and conscience men remain isolated; and their association leaves to them, in these respects, the absolute freedom of the state of nature.

What a spectacle would it be for those early Christians, who, to escape the sword of persecution, were obliged to consecrate their altars in caves or amid ruins, — what a spectacle would it be for them, could they this day come among us, and witness the glory with which their despised religion now sees itself environed; the temples, the lofty steeples bearing aloft the glittering emblem of their faith; the evangelic cross, which crowns the summit of all the departments of this great empire! What a transporting sight for those who, in descending to the tomb, had seen that religion, during their lives, honored only in the lurking-places of the forest and the desert! Methinks I hear them exclaim, even as that stranger of the old time exclaimed, on beholding the encampment of the people of God, "How GOODLY ARE THY TENTS, O JACOB, AND THY TABERNACLES, O ISRAEL!"

Calm, then, ah, calm your apprehensions, ye ministers of the God of peace and truth. Blush rather at your incendiary exaggerations, and no longer look at the action of this Assembly through the medium of your passions. We do not ask it of you to take an oath contrary to the law of your heart; but we do ask it of you, in the name of that God who will judge us all, not to confound human opinions and scholastic traditions with the sacred and inviolable rules of the gospel. If it be contrary to morality to act against one's conscience, it is none the less so to form one's conscience after false and arbitrary principles. The obligation to *form* and *enlighten* one's conscience is anterior to the obligation to *follow* one's conscience. The greatest public calamities have been caused by men who believed they were obeying God, and saving their own souls.

To the Revolutionary Veterans. — DANIEL WEBSTER.

[On the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, June

VENERABLE men, you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you

stood, fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered ! The same heavens are indeed over your heads ; the same ocean rolls at your feet ; but all else, how changed ! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see now no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying ; the impetuous charge ; the steady and successful repulse ; the loud call to repeated assault ; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance ; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death, — all these you have witnessed ; but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. All is peace ; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever.

But, alas ! you are not all here. Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge ! — our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band. But let us not too much grieve that you have met the common fate of men. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like

“ Another morn
Risen on midnoon ; ” —

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But — ah ! — him ! the first great martyr in this great cause ! Him ! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart ! Him ! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit ! Him ! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom ; falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise ; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage ! — how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name ! Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure ! This monument may moulder away ; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level

with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail. Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

Veterans, you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. Veterans of half a century! when, in your youthful days, you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this. Look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

Intelligence a National Safeguard. — LEVI WOODBURY.

OUR history constantly points her finger to a most efficient resource, and indeed to the only elixir, to secure a long life to any popular government, in increased attention to useful education and sound morals, with the wise description of equal measures and just practices they inculcate on every leaf of recorded time. Before their alliance the spirit of misrule will always, in time, stand rebuked, and those who worship at the shrine of unhallowed ambition must quail. Storms in the political atmosphere may occasionally happen by the encroachments of usurpers, the corruption or intrigues of demagogues, or in the expiring agonies of faction, or by the sudden fury of popular frenzy; but, with the restraints and salutary influences of the allies before described, these storms will purify as healthfully as they often do in the physical world, and cause the tree of liberty, instead of falling, to strike its roots deeper.

In this struggle the enlightened and moral possess also a power, auxiliary and strong, in the spirit of the age, which is not only with them, but onward, in every thing to ameliorate or improve. When the struggle assumes the form of a contest with power, in all its subtlety, or with undermining and corrupting wealth, as it sometimes may, rather than with turbulence, sedition, or open aggression by the needy and desperate, it will

be indispensable to employ still greater diligence ; to cherish earnestness of purpose, resoluteness in conduct, to apply hard and constant blows to real abuses, and encourage not only bold free, and original thinking, but determined action.

In such a cause our fathers were men whose hearts were not accustomed to fail them through fear, however formidable the obstacles. We are not, it is trusted, such degenerate descendants as to prove recreant, and fail to defend, with gallantry and firmness as unflinching, all which we have either derived from them or since added to the rich inheritance. At such a crisis, therefore, and in such a cause, yielding to neither consternation nor despair, may we not all profit by the vehement exhortations of Cicero to Atticus? "If you are asleep, awake; if you are standing, move; if you are moving, run; if you are running, fly!" All these considerations warn us—the gravestones of almost every former republic warn us—that a high standard of moral rectitude, as well as of intelligence, is quite as indispensable to communities, in their public doings, as to individuals, if they would escape from either degeneracy or disgrace.

The Permanence of American Liberty.

GEORGE McDUFFIE.

THE election of a chief magistrate by the mass of the people of an extensive community, was, to the most enlightened nations of antiquity, a political impossibility. Destitute of the art of printing, they could not have introduced the representative principle into their political systems, even if they had understood it. In the very nature of things, that principle can only be co-extensive with popular intelligence. In this respect the art of printing, more than any invention since the creation of man, is destined to change and elevate the political condition of society. It has given a new impulse to the energies of the human mind, and opens new and brilliant destinies to modern republics, which were utterly unattainable by the ancients. The existence of a country population, scattered over a vast extent of territory, as intelligent as the population of the cities, is a phenomenon which was utterly and necessarily unknown to the free states of antiquity. All the intelligence which controlled the destiny and upheld the dominion of republican Rome was confined to the walls of the great city. Even when her dominion extended beyond Italy to the utmost known limits of the inhabited world,

the city was the exclusive seat both of intelligence and empire.

Without the art of printing, and the consequent advantages of a free press, that habitual and incessant action of mind upon mind, which is essential to all human improvement, could no more exist, among a numerous and scattered population, than the commerce of disconnected continents could traverse the ocean without the art of navigation. Here, then, is the source of our superiority, and our just pride as a nation. The statesmen of the remotest extremes of the Union can converse together, like the philosophers of Athens, in the same portico, or the politicians of Rome in the same forum. Distance is overcome, and the citizens of Georgia and of Maine can be brought to coöperate in the same great object, with as perfect a community of views and feelings as actuated the tribes of Rome in the assemblies of the people. It is obvious that liberty has a more extensive and durable foundation in the United States than it ever has had in any other age or country. By the representative principle — a principle unknown and impracticable among the ancients — the whole mass of society is brought to operate in constraining the action of power, and in the conservation of public liberty.

Eulogy on Washington. — J. M. MASON.

It must ever be difficult to compare the merits of Washington's characters, because he always appeared greatest in that which he last sustained. Yet, if there is a preference, it must be assigned to the lieutenant general of the armies of America. Not because the duties of that station were more arduous than those which he had often performed, but because it more fully displayed his magnanimity. While others become great by elevation, Washington becomes greater by condescension. Matchless patriot! to stoop, on public motives, to an inferior appointment, after possessing and dignifying the highest offices! Thrice favored country which boasts of such a citizen! We gaze with astonishment: we exult that we are Americans. We augur every thing great, and good, and happy. But whence this sudden horror? What means that cry of agony? O, 'tis the shriek of America! The fairy vision is fled: Washington is — no more! —

“How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!”

Daughters of America, who have prepared the festal bower and the laurel wreath, plant now the cypress grove, and water it with tears.

Eulogy on Hamilton. — NOTT.

HE stood on an eminence, and glory covered him. From that eminence he has fallen — suddenly, forever fallen. His intercourse with the living world is now ended ; and those who would hereafter find him must seek him in the grave. There, cold and lifeless, is the heart which just now was the seat of friendship. There, dim and sightless, is the eye whose radiant and enlivening orb beamed with intelligence ; and there, closed forever, are those lips, on whose persuasive accents we have so often, and so lately, hung with transport. From the darkness which rests upon his tomb there proceeds, methinks, a light in which it is clearly seen that those gaudy objects which men pursue are only phantoms. In this light how dimly shines the splendor of victory ! how humble appears the majesty of grandeur ! The bubble, which seemed to have so much solidity, has burst ; and we again see that all below the sun is vanity.

Approach, and behold, while I lift from his sepulcher its covering. Ye admirers of his greatness, ye emulous of his talents and his fame, approach, and behold him now. How pale ! How silent ! No martial bands admire the adroitness of his movements ; no fascinated throng weep, and melt, and tremble at his eloquence. Amazing change ! A shroud ! a coffin ! a narrow, subterraneous cabin ! This is all that now remains of Hamilton.

Intellectual and Commercial Wants. — J. C. CALHOUN.

THE great principle of demand and supply govern the moral and intellectual world no less than the business and commercial. If a community be so organized as to cause a demand for high mental attainments, they are sure to be developed. If its honors and rewards are allotted to pursuits that require their development, by creating a demand for intelligence, knowledge, wisdom, justice, firmness, courage, patriotism, and the like, they are sure to be produced. But, if allotted to pursuits that require inferior qualities, the higher are sure to decay and perish.

I object to the banking system, because it allots the honors and rewards of the community, in a very undue proportion, to a pursuit the least of all others favorable to the development of the higher mental qualities, intellectual or moral, to the decay of the learned professions, and the more noble pursuits of science, literature, philosophy, and statesmanship, and the great and more useful pursuits of business and industry. With the vast increase of its profits and influence, it is gradually concentrating in itself most of the prizes of life,—wealth, honor, and influence,—to the great disparagement and degradation of all the liberal, and useful, and generous pursuits of society.

The rising generation can not but feel its deadening influence. The youths who crowd our colleges, and behold the road to honor and distinction terminating in a banking house, will feel the spirit of emulation decay within them, and will no longer be pressed forward by generous ardor to mount up the rugged steep of science, as the road to honor and distinction, when, perhaps, the highest point they could attain in what was once the most honorable and influential of all the learned professions, would be the place of attorney to a bank.

The Patriotism of the West.—CLAY.

No portion of your population is more loyal to the Union than the hardy freemen of the West. Nothing can weaken or eradicate their ardent desire for its lasting preservation. None are more prompt to vindicate the interests and rights of the nation from all foreign aggression. Need I remind you of the glorious scenes in which they participated during the late war—a war in which they had no peculiar or direct interest, waged for no commerce, no seamen of theirs. But it was enough for them that it was a war demanded by the character and the honor of the nation. They did not stop to calculate its costs of blood or of treasure.

They flew to arms; they rushed down the valley of the Mississippi, with all the impetuosity of that noble river. They sought the enemy. They found him at the beach. They fought; they bled; they covered themselves and their country with immortal glory. They enthusiastically shared in all the transports occasioned by our victories, whether won on the ocean or on the land. They felt, with the keenest distress, whatever disaster befell us. No, sir, I repeat it, neglect, injury

itself, can not alienate the affections of the West from this government. They cling to it as to their best, their greatest, their last hope. You may impoverish them, reduce them to ruin, by the mistakes of your policy, but you can not drive them from you.

Hector's Attack on the Grecian Walls. — POPE'S HOMER

THEN godlike Hector and his troops contend
 To force the ramparts, and the gates to rend ;
 Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield
 Till great Sarpedon towered amid the field :
 In arms he shines, conspicuous, from afar,
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air,
 And while two pointed javelins arm his hands,
 Majestic moves along, and leads his Lycian bands.

So, pressed with hunger, from the mountain brow
 Descends a lion on the flocks below ;
 So stalks the lordly savage o'er the plain,
 In sullen majesty and stern disdain :
 In vain loud mastiffs bay him from afar,
 And shepherds gall him with an iron war ;
 Regardless, furious, he pursues his way ;
 He foams, he roars, he rends the panting prey.
 Unmoved, th' embodied Greeks their fury dare,
 And, fixed, support the weight of all the war ;
 Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian powers,
 Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian towers.

As, on the confines of adjoining grounds,
 Two stubborn swains with blows dispute their bounds,
 They tug, they sweat, but neither gain nor yield
 One foot, one inch of the contested field,
 Thus, obstinate to death, they fight, they fall ;
 Nor these can keep, nor those can win the wall.
 Their manly breasts are pierced with many a wound ;
 Loud strokes are heard, and rattling arms resound ;
 The copious slaughter covers all the shore,
 And the high ramparts drop with human gore

As when two scales are charged with doubtful loads,
 From side to side the trembling balance nods,

(While some laborious matron, just and poor,
With nice exactness weighs her woolly store,)
Till, poised aloft, the resting beam suspends
Each equal weight ; nor this, nor that, descends.
So stood the war, till Hector's matchless might,
With fates prevailing, turned the scale of fight.

Fierce as a whirlwind up the walls he flies,
And fires his hosts with loud-repeated cries.
“ Advance, ye Trojans ; lend your valiant hands ,
Haste to the fleet, and toss the blazing brands.”
They hear, they run ; and, gathering at his call,
Raise scaling engines, and ascend the wall :
Around the works a wood of glittering spears
Shoots up, and all the rising host appears.

A ponderous stone bold Hector heaved to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below :
Not two strong men the enormous weight could raise
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
Yet this, as easy as a swain could bear
The snowy fleece, he tossed, and shook in air :
Thus armed, before the folded gates he came,
Of massy substance and stupendous frame,
With iron bars and brazen hinges strong,
On lofty beams of solid timber hung :
Then thundering through the planks, with forceful sway
Drives the sharp rock ; the solid beams give way ;
The folds are shattered ; from the crackling door
Leap the resounding bars, the flying hinges roar.

Now rushing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night, and shakes two shining spears :
A dreadful gleam from his bright armor came,
And from his eyeballs flashed the living flame.
He moves a god, resistless in his course,
And seems a match for more than mortal force.
Then pouring after, through the gaping space
A tide of Trojans flows, and fills the place ;
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly ;
The shore is heaped with death, and tumult rends the sky

Progress of the Age. — EDWARD EVERETT

WE need the spirit of '75 to guide us safely amid the dizzy activities of the times. While our own numbers are increasing in an unexampled ratio, Europe is pouring in upon us her hundreds of thousands annually, and new regions are added to our domain, which we are obliged to count by degrees of latitude and longitude. In the mean time, the most wonderful discoveries of art, and the most mysterious powers of nature, combine to give an almost fearful increase to the intensity of our existence. Machines of unexampled complication and ingenuity have been applied to the whole range of human industry : we rush across the land and the sea by steam ; we correspond by magnetism ; we paint by the solar ray ; we count the beats of the electric clock at the distance of a thousand miles ; we annihilate time and distance ; and, amidst all the new agencies of communication and action, the omnipotent Press — the great engine of modern progress, not superseded or impaired, but gathering new power from all the arts — is daily clothing itself with louder thunders. While we contemplate with admiration — almost with awe — the mighty influences which surround us, and which demand our coöperation and our guidance, let our hearts overflow with gratitude to the patriots who have handed down to us this great inheritance. Let us strive to furnish ourselves, from the storehouse of their example, with the principles and virtues which will strengthen us for the performance of an honored part on this illustrious stage. Let pure patriotism add its bond to the bars of iron which are binding the continent together ; and, as intelligence shoots with the electric spark from ocean to ocean, let public spirit and love of country catch from heart to heart.

The Foreign Policy of Washington.

CHARLES JAMES FOX,

How infinitely superior must appear the spirit and principles of General Washington, in his late address to Congress, compared with the policy of modern European courts ! Illustrative man ! — deriving honor less from the splendor of his situation than from the dignity of his mind. Grateful to France for the assistance received from her in that great contest which secured the independence of America, he yet did not choose to give up

the system of neutrality in her favor. Having once laid down the line of conduct most proper to be pursued, not all the insults and provocations of the French minister, Genet,* could at all put him out of his way, or bend him from his purpose. It must, indeed, create astonishment, that, placed in circumstances so critical, and filling a station so conspicuous, the character of Washington should never once have been called in question—that he should in no one instance have been accused either of improper insolence, or of mean submission, in his transactions with foreign nations. It has been reserved for him to run the race of glory without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career. The breath of censure has not dared to impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of envy to raise its malignant glance to the elevation of his virtues. Such has been the transcendent merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious man.

How did he act when insulted by Genet? Did he consider it as necessary to avenge himself for the misconduct or madness of an individual by involving a whole continent in the horrors of war? No; he contented himself with procuring satisfaction for the insult, by causing Genet to be recalled; and thus, at once, consulted his own dignity and the interests of his country. Happy Americans! while the whirlwind flies over one quarter of the globe, and spreads every where desolation, you remain protected from its baneful effects by your own virtues and the wisdom of your government. Separated from Europe by an immense ocean, you feel not the effect of those prejudices and passions which convert the boasted seats of civilization into scenes of horror and bloodshed. You profit by the folly and madness of the contending nations, and afford, in your more congenial clime, an asylum to those blessings and virtues which they wantonly condemn or wickedly exclude from their bosom. Cultivating the arts of peace under the influence of freedom, you advance, by rapid strides, to opulence and distinction; and if, by any accident, you should be compelled to take part in the present unhappy contest,—if you should find it necessary to avenge insult or repel injury,—the world will bear witness to the equity of your sentiments and the moderation of your views; and the success of your arms will, no doubt, be proportioned to the justice of your cause.

* Pronounced *Zaenney*.

A Republic the Strongest Government.

T. JEFFERSON,

[From his inaugural address, as president of the United States,

DURING the throes and convulsions of the ancient world,—during the agonizing spasms of infuriated man, seeking, through blood and slaughter, his long-lost liberty,—it was not wonderful that the agitation of the billows should reach even this distant and peaceful shore; that this should be more felt and feared by some, and less by others, and should divide opinions as to measures of safety. But every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all republicans: we are all federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand, undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear a republican government can not be strong—that this government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm, on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may, by possibility, want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law, and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern. Sometimes it is said that man can not be trusted with the government of himself. Can he, then, be trusted with the government of others? Or have we found angels, in the form of kings, to govern him? Let history answer this question.

Let us, then, with courage and confidence, pursue our own federal and republican principles—our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor

and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth but from our actions, and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which, by all its dispensations, proves that it delights in the happiness of man here, and his greater happiness hereafter, — with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and prosperous people?

Still one thing more, fellow-citizens: a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned — this is the sum of good government; and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities

Scene from Pizarro. — KOTZEBUE.

PIZARRO and GOMEZ.

Pizarro. How now, Gomez — what bringest thou?

Gomez. On yonder hill, among the palm trees, we have surprised an old Peruvian. Escape by flight he could not, and we seized him unresisting.

Piz. Drag him before us. (*Gomez leads in Orozembo.*) — What art thou, stranger?

Oro. First tell me who is the captain of this band of robbers?

Piz. Audacious! This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, gray-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

Oro. I know that which thou hast just assured me of — 'that shall die.

Piz. Less audacity might have preserved thy life.

Oro. My life is as a withered tree, not worth preserving.

Piz. Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your stronghold among the rocks. Guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish —

Oro. Ha, ha, ha!

Piz. Dost thou despise my offer?

Oro. Yes, thee and thy offer. Wealth! — I have the wealth of two gallant sons. I have stored in heaven the riches which

repay good actions here ; and still my chiefest treasure do I wear about me.

Piz. What is that ? Inform me.

Oro. I will, for thou canst never tear it from me — an unsullied conscience.

Piz. I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

Oro. Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost.

Gom. Obdurate pagan, how numerous is your army ?

Oro. Count the leaves of the forest.

Gom. Which is the weakest part of your camp ?

Oro. It is fortified on all sides by justice.

Gom. Where have you concealed your wives and children ?

Oro. In the hearts of their husbands and fathers.

Piz. Knowest thou Alonzo ?

Oro. Know him ! Alonzo ! Our nation's benefactor, the guardian angel of Peru !

Piz. By what has he merited that title ?

Oro. By not resembling thee.

Piz. Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command ?

Oro. I will answer that, for I love to speak the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army — in war a tiger, in peace a lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him, but finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim for Cora's happiness.

Piz. Romantic savage ! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

Oro. Thou hadst better not ; the terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

Gom. Silence, or tremble !

Oro. Beardless robber, I never yet have learned to tremble before man — why before thee, thou less than man ?

Gom. Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike.

Oro. Strike, Christian ; then boast among thy fellows, " I too have murdered a Peruvian."

The Same. Second Scene.

SENTINEL, ROLLA, and ALONZO.

(*Enter Rolla, disguised as a monk.*)

Rolla. Inform me, friend — is Alonzo, the Peruvian, confined in this dungeon ?

Sent. He is.

Rolla. I must speak with him.

Sent. You must not.

Rolla. He is my friend.

Sent. Not if he were your brother.

Rolla. What is to be his fate?

Sent. He dies at sunrise.

Rolla. Ha ! then I am come in time ——

Sent. Just to witness his death.

Rolla. (*Advancing towards the door.*) Soldier, I must speak with him.

Sent. (*Pushing him back.*) Back ! back ! it is impossible.

Rolla. I do entreat you but for one moment.

Sent. You entreat in vain : my orders are most strict.

Rolla. Look on this wedge of massy gold ; look on these precious gems. In thy land they will be wealth for thee and thine beyond thy hope or wish. Take them — they are thine ; let me but pass one moment with Alonzo.

Sent. Away ! Wouldst thou corrupt me ? — me, an old Castilian ! I know my duty better.

Rolla. Soldier, hast thou a wife ?

Sent. I have.

Rolla. Hast thou children ?

Sent. Four — honest, lovely boys.

Rolla. Where didst thou leave them ?

Sent. In my native village, in the very cot where I was born.

Rolla. Dost thou love thy wife and children ?

Sent. Do I love them ? God knows my heart — I do.

Rolla. Soldier, imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death in a strange land — what would be thy last request ?

Sent. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rolla. What if that comrade was at thy prison door and should there be told thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his dying blessing to his poor children or his wretched wife, — what wouldst thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door ?

Sent. How ?

Rolla. Alonzo has a wife and child ; and I am come but to receive for her, and for her poor babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sent. Go in. (*Exit sentinel.*)

Rolla. (*Calls.*) Alonzo ! Alonzo !

(*Enter Alonzo, speaking as he comes in.*)

Alon. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, I am ready.

Rolla. Alonzo! — know me!

Alon. Rolla! O Rolla! how didst thou pass the guard?

Rolla. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle. It has gained me entrance to thy dungeon: now take it thou, and fly!

Alon. And Rolla —

Rolla. Will remain here in thy place.

Alon. And die for me! No! rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rolla. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is thy life Pizarro seeks not Rolla's; and thy arm may soon deliver me from prison. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted tree in the desert; nothing lives beneath my shelter. Thou art a husband and a father: the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant depend upon thy life. Go, go, Alonzo! not to save thyself, but Cora and thy child.

Alon. Urge me not thus, my friend. I am prepared to die in peace.

Rolla. To die in peace! devoting her you have sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death!

Alon. Merciful Heavens!

Rolla. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo, — now mark me well. Thou knowest that Rolla never pledged his word and shrunk from its fulfillment. Know then, if thou art proudly obstinate, thou shalt have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side.

Alon. O Rolla, you distract me. Wear you the robe, and though dreadful the necessity, we will strike down the guard, and force our passage.

Rolla. What, the soldier on duty here?

Alon. Yes, else seeing two, the alarm will be instant death.

Rolla. For my nation's safety, I would not harm him. That soldier — mark me — is a man. All are not men that wear the human form. He refused my prayers, refused my gold, denying to admit, till his own feelings bribed him. I will not risk a hair of that man's head to save my heartstrings from consuming fire. But haste. A moment's further pause, and all is lost.

Alon. Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honor and from right.

Rolla. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend? (*Throwing the friar's garment over his shoulders.*) There conceal thy face. Now, God be with thee.

American Aristocracy. — J. G. SAKS

OF all the notable things on earth,
 The queerest one is pride of birth
 Among our "fierce democracy."
 A bridge across a hundred years,
 Without a prop to save it from sneers,
 Not even a couple of rotten *peers* —
 A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
 Is American aristocracy.

English and Irish, French and Spanish
 Germans, Italians, Dutch, and Danish,
 Crossing their veins until they vanish
 In one conglomeration!
 So subtle a tinge of blood, indeed,
 No Heraldry Harvey will ever succeed
 In finding the circulation.

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
 Your family thread you can't ascend,
 Without good reason to apprehend
 You may find it *waxed* at the other end
 By some plebeian vocation;
 Or, worse than that, your boasted line
 May end in a loop of stronger twine,
 That plagued some worthy relation.

Pedantry. — ANON.

Characters. — DIGIT, a mathematician; TRILL, a musician; SESQUIPEDIA, a linguist and philosopher; DRONE, a servant of Mr. Morrell, in whose house the scene is laid.

(*Digit, alone.*)

Digit. If theologians are in a proof that mankind are daily degenerating, let them apply to me, Archimedes Digit. I can furnish them with one as clear as any demonstration in Euclid's third or fifth book; and it is this—the sublime and exalted science of mathematics is falling into general disuse. O that the patriotic inhabitants of this extensive country should suffer so degrading a circumstance to exist! Why, yesterday

asked a lad of fifteen which he preferred, algebra or geometry; and he told me — O, horrible! — he told me he had never studied them. I was thunderstruck, I was astonished, I was petrified. Never studied geometry! never studied algebra! and fifteen years old! The dark ages are returning. Heathenish obscurity will soon overwhelm the world, unless I do something immediately to enlighten it; and for this purpose I have now applied to Mr. Morrell, who lives here, and is celebrated for his patronage of learning and learned men. (*A knock at the door.*) Who waits there?

(*Enter Drone.*)

Is Mr. Morrell at home?

Drone. (*Speaking very slow.*) Can't say; s'pose he is; indeed, I am sure he is, or was just now.

Digit. Why, I could solve an equation while you are answering a question of five words — I mean if the unknown terms were all on one side of the equation. Can I see him?

Drone. There is nobody in this house by the name of Quation.

Digit. (*Aside.*) Now, here's a fellow that can not distinguish between an algebraic term and the denomination of his master. — I wish to see Mr. Morrell upon an affair of infinite importance.

Drone. O, very likely, sir. I will inform him that Mr. Quation wishes to see him (*mimicking*) upon an affair of infinite importance.

Digit. No, no. Digit — Digit. My name is Digit.

Drone. O, Mr. Digy-Digy! Very likely. (*Exit Drone.*)

Digit. (*Alone.*) That fellow is certainly a negative quantity. He is minus common sense. If this Mr. Morrell is the man I take him to be, he can not but patronize my talents. Should he not, I don't know how I shall obtain a new coat. I have worn this ever since I began to write my theory of sines and cotangents; and my elbows have so often formed right angles with the plane surface of my table, that a new coat or a parallel patch is very necessary. But here comes Mr. Morrell.

(*Enter Sesquipedalia.*)

Sir, (*bowing low*), I am your most mathematical servant. I am sorry, sir, to give you this trouble; but an affair of consequence — (*pulling the rags over his elbows*) — an affair of consequence, as your servant informed you —

Sesquipedalia. *Servus non est mihi, domine*; that is, I have no servant sir. I presume you have erred in your calculation and —

Digit. No, sir The calculations I am about to present you

are founded on the most correct theorems of Euclid. You may examine them, if you please. They are contained in this small manuscript. (*Producing a folio.*)

Sesq. Sir, you have bestowed a degree of interruption upon my observations. I was about — or, according to the Latins, *future sum* — to give you a little information concerning the luminary who appears to have deceived your vision. My name, sir, is Tullius Maro Titus Crispus Sesquipedalia; by profession a linguist and philosopher. The most abstruse points in physics or metaphysics are to me transparent as ether. I have come to this house for the purpose of obtaining the patronage of a gentleman who befriends all the literati. Now, sir, perhaps I have induced conviction in *mente tua* — that is, in your mind — that your calculation was erroneous.

Digit. Yes, sir, as to your person I was mistaken; but my calculations, I maintain, are correct, to the tenth part of a circulating decimal.

Sesq. But what is the subject of your manuscript? Have you discussed the infinite divisibility of matter?

Digit. No, sir; I can not reckon infinity; and I have nothing to do with subjects that can not be reckoned.

Sesq. Why, I can not reckon about it. I reckon it is divisible *ad infinitum*. But perhaps your work is upon the materiality of light; and if so, which side of the question do you espouse?

Digit. O, sir, I think it quite immaterial.

Sesq. What! light immaterial! Do you say light is immaterial?

Digit. No; I say it is quite immaterial which side of the question I espouse. I have nothing to do with it. And besides, I am a bachelor, and do not mean to espouse any thing at present.

Sesq. Do you write upon the attraction of cohesion? You know matter has the properties of attraction and repulsion.

Digit. I care nothing about matter, so I can find enough for mathematical demonstration.

Sesq. I can not conceive what you have written upon, then. O, it must be the centripetal and centrifugal motions.

Digit. (*Peevishly.*) No, no! I wish Mr. Morrell would come. Sir, I have no motions but such as I can make with my pencil upon my slate, thus. (*Figuring upon his hand.*) Six, minus four, plus two, equals eight, minus six, plus two. There, those are my motions.

Sesq. O, I perceive you grovel in the depths of arithmetic. I suppose you never soared into the regions of philosophy. You

never thought of the vacuum which has so long filled the heads of philosophers.

Digit. Vacuum! (*Putting his hand to his forehead.*) Let me think.

Sesq. Ha! what! have you got it *sub manu* — that is, under your hand? Ha, ha, ha!

Digit. Eh! under my hand? What do you mean, sir? — that my head is a vacuum? Would you insult me, sir? insult Archimedes Digit? Why, sir, I'll cipher you into infinite divisibility. I'll set you on an inverted cone, and give you a centripetal and centrifugal motion out of the window, sir! I'll scatter your solid contents!

Sesq. *Da veniam*, — that is, pardon me, — it was merely a *lapsus linguæ*, — that is —

Digit. Well, sir, I am not fond of *lapsus linguæ*s, at all, sir. However, if you did not mean to offend, I accept your apology. I wish Mr. Morrell would come.

Sesq. But, sir, is your work upon mathematics?

Digit. Yes, sir. In this manuscript I have endeavored to elucidate the squaring of the circle.

Sesq. But, sir, a square circle is a contradiction in terms. You can not make one.

Digit. I perceive you are a novice in this sublime science. The object is to find a square which shall be equal to a given circle; which I have done by a rule drawn from the radii of the circle and the diagonal of the square. And by my rule the area of the square will equal the area of the circle.

Sesq. Your terms are to me incomprehensible. *Diagonal* is derived from the Greek *dia* and *goneo*, — that is, “through the corner.” But I don't see what it has to do with a circle; for if I understand aright, a circle, like a sphere, has no corners.

Digit. You appear to be very ignorant of the science of numbers. Your life must be very insipidly spent in poring over philosophy and the dead languages. You never tasted, as I have, the pleasure arising from the investigation of a difficult problem, or the discovery of a new rule in quadratic equations.

Sesq. Poh! poh! (*Turns round in disgust, and hits Digit with his cane.*)

Digit. O, you villain!

Sesq. I wish, sir —

Digit. And so do I wish, sir, that that cane was raised to the fourth power, and laid over your head as many times as there are units in a thousand. O! O!

Sesq. Did my cane come in contact with the sphere of attraction around your shin? I must confess, sir —

(*Enter Trill.*)

But here is Mr. Morrell. *Salve, domine!* Sir, your servant.

Trill. Which of you, gentlemen, is Mr. Morrell?

Sesq. O, neither, sir. I took you for that gentleman.

Trill. No, sir; I am a teacher of music. Flute, harp, viol! violin, violoncello, organ, or any thing of the kind; any instrument you can mention. I have just been displaying my powers at a concert, and come recommended to the patronage of Mr. Morrell.

Sesq. For the same purpose are that gentleman and myself here.

Digit. (*Still rubbing his shin.*) O! O!

Trill. Has the gentleman the gout? I have heard of its being cured by music. Shall I sing you a tune? Hem! hem! Faw——

Digit. No, no; I want none of your tunes. I'd make that philosopher sing, though, and dance, too, if he hadn't made a vulgar fraction of my leg.

Sesq. *In veritate*,—that is, in truth,—it happened *forte*,—that is, by chance.

Trill. (*Talking to himself.*) If B be flat, *me* is in E.

Digit. Ay, sir; this is only an integral part of your conduct ever since you came into this house. You have continued to multiply your insults in the abstract ratio of a geometrical progression, and at last have proceeded to violence. The dignity of Archimedes Digit never experienced such a reduction descending before.

Trill. (*To himself.*) Twice *fa, sol, la*, and then comes *me* again.

Digit. If Mr. Morrell does not admit me soon, I'll leave the house, while my head is on my shoulders.

Trill. Gentlemen, you neither keep time nor chord. But if you can sing, we will carry a trio before we go.

Sesq. Can you sing an ode of Horace or Anacreon? I should like to hear one of them.

Digit. I had rather hear you sing a demonstration of the forty-seventh proposition, first book.

Trill. I never heard of those performers, sir; where did they belong?

Sesq. They did belong to Italy and Greece.

Trill. Ah, Italy! There are our best masters, such as Morrelli and Fuselli. Can you favor me with some of their compositions?

Sesq. O, yes; if you have a taste that way, I can furnish

you with them, and with Virgil, Sallust, Cicero, Cæsar, and Quintilian; and I have an old Greek Lexicon which I can spare.

Trill. *Ad libitum*, my dear sir; they will make a handsome addition to my musical library.

Digit. But, sir, what pretensions have you to the patronage of Mr. Morrell? I don't believe you can square the circle.

Trill. Pretensions, sir! I have gained a victory over the great Tantamarrarra, the new opera singer, who pretended to vie with me. 'Twas in the symphony of Handel's Oratorio of Saul, where you know every thing depends upon the *tempo giusto*, and where the primo should proceed in *smorgando*, and the secondo, *agitati*. But he was on the third ledger line, I was an octavo below, when, with a sudden *appoggiatura*, I rose to *D in alt*, and conquered him.

(*Enter Drone.*)

Drone. My master says how he will wait on you, gentlemen.

Digit. What is your name, sir?

Drone. Drone, at your service.

Digit. No, no; you need not drone at my service. A very applicable name, however.

Sesq. Drone? That is derived from the Greek *draon*, that is, flying or moving swiftly.

Trill. He seems to move in andante measure, — that is, to the tune of Old Hundred.

Drone. Very likely, gentlemen.

Digit. Well, as I came first, I will enter first.

Sesq. Right. You shall be the antecedent, I the subsequent, and Mr. Trill the consequent.

Trill. Right. I was always a man of consequence. Fa, sol, la, Fa, sol, &c. (*Exeunt.*)

On Precedents in Government. — LEWIS CASS,

MR. PRESIDENT, eloquent allusions have been made here to the ominous condition of Europe. And, truly, it is sufficiently threatening to fix the regard of the rest of the civilized world. Elements are at work there whose contact and contest must, ere long, produce explosions whose consequences no man can foresee. The cloud may as yet be no bigger than a man's hand, like that seen by the prophet from Mount Carmel; but it will overspread the whole hemisphere, and burst, perhaps in ruins, upon the social

and political systems of the old world. Antagonistic principles are doing their work there. The conflict can not be avoided. The desire of man to govern himself, and the determination of rulers to govern him, are now face to face, and must meet in the strife of action, as they have met in the strife of opinion. It requires a wiser or a rasher man than I am to undertake to foretell when and how this great battle will be fought; but it is as sure to come as is the sun to rise again, which is now descending to the horizon. What the free governments of the world may find it proper to do, when this great struggle truly begins, I leave to those upon whom will devolve the duty and the responsibility of decision.

It has been well said that the existing generation stands upon the shoulders of its predecessors. Its visual horizon is enlarged from this elevation. We have the experience of those who have gone before us, and our own, too. We are able to judge for ourselves, without blindly following in their footsteps. There is nothing stationary in the world. Moral and intellectual as well as physical sciences are in a state of progress; or, rather, we are marching onwards in the investigation of their true principles. It is presumptuous, at any time, to say that "*Now* is the best possible condition of human nature; let us sit still and be satisfied; there is nothing more to learn." I believe in no such doctrine. I believe we are always learning. We have a right to examine for ourselves. In fact, it is our duty to do so. Still, sir, I would not rashly reject the experience of the world, any more than I would blindly follow it. I have no such idea. I have no wish to prostrate all the barriers raised by wisdom, and to let in upon us an inundation of many such opinions as have been promulgated in the present age. But far be it from me to adopt, as a principle of conduct, that nothing is to be done except what has been done before, and precisely as it was then done. So much for precedents!

Tight Times.—ALBANY REGISTER.

A GREAT exploder of bubbles is Tight Times. He looks into the affairs of gold companies, and they fly to pieces; into kiting banks, and they stop payment; into rickety insurance companies, and they vanish away. He walks around corner lots, draws a line across lithographic cities, and they disappear. He leaves his footprint among mines, and the rich metal becomes dross

He breathes upon the cunningest schemes of speculation, and they burst like a torpedo.

A curious fellow is Tight Times, full of idiosyncrasies and crotchets. A cosmopolite, a wanderer, too. Where he comes from nobody knows, and where he goes nobody knows. He flashes along the telegraph wires, he takes a free passage in the cars, he seats himself in the stages, or goes along the turn-pikes on foot. He is a gentleman on Wall Street to-day, and a back settler on the borders of civilization to-morrow. We hear of him in London, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, at Vienna, Berlin, at Constantinople, at Calcutta, in China, all over the commercial world, in every great city, in every rural district, every where.

There is one way to avoid being bored by this troublesome fellow, Tight Times. It is the only way for a country, a city, a town, as well as individual men, to keep shut of his presence always. Let the country that would banish him beware of extravagance, of speculation, of overtrading, of embarking in visionary schemes of aggrandizement. Let it keep out of wars, avoid internal commotions, and go right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its resources. Let the city that would exclude him be economical in its expenditures, indulging in no schemes of speculation, making no useless improvements, building no railroads that it can not pay for, withholding its credit from mushroom corporations, keeping down its taxes, and going right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its own resources. Let the individual man who would exclude him from his domestic circle be industrious, frugal, keeping out of the whirlpool of politics, indulging no taste for office, holding up his dish when pudding falls from the clouds, laying by something when the sun shines to make up for the dark days, — for

“Some days must be dark and dreary,” —

working on always with a heart full of confidence in the good providence of God, and cheerful in the hope of “the good time coming.”

Intervention in the Wars of Europe.

JEREMIAH CLEMENS,

WASHINGTON has said, “There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon any real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, and which a just

pride ought to discard." There is a deep wisdom in this ; and he who disregards, or treats it lightly, wants the highest attribute of a statesman. We can expect nothing as a favor from other nations, and none have a right to expect favors from us. Our interference, if we interfere at all, must be dictated by interest ; and therefore I ask, in what possible manner can we be benefited ? Russia has done us no injury ; we have, therefore, no wrongs to avenge. Russia has no territory of which we wish to deprive her, and from her there is no danger against which it is necessary to guard. Enlightened self-interest does not offer a single argument in favor of embroiling ourselves in a quarrel with her. So obvious, so indisputable, is this truth, that the advocates of "intervention" have based their speeches almost solely on the ground that we have a divine mission to perform. and that is, to strike the manacles from the hands of all mankind. It may be, Mr. President, that we have such a mission ; but, if so, "the time of its fulfillment is not yet." And, for one, I prefer waiting for some clearer manifestation of the divine will. By attempting to fulfill it now, we employ the surest means of disappointing that "manifest destiny" of which we have heard so much. We have before us the certainty of inflicting deep injury upon ourselves, without the slightest prospect of benefiting others.

Misfortunes may come upon us all ; dishonor attaches only to the unworthy. A nation may be conquered, trodden down, — her living sons in chains, her dead the prey of vultures, — and still leave a bright example, a glorious history, to after times. But when folly and wickedness have ruled the hour, — when disaster is the legitimate child of error and weakness, — the page that records it is but a record of infamy, and pity for misfortune becomes a crime against justice. Sir, I do not love that word "destiny," — "manifest" or not "manifest." Men and nations make their own destinies.

" Our acts our angels are, or good, or ill —
Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still."

The future of this republic is in our hands ; and it is for us to determine whether we will launch the ship of state upon a wild and stormy sea, above whose blackened waters no sunshine beams, no star shines out, and where not a ray is seen but what is caught from the lurid lightning in its fiery path. This, senators, is the mighty question we have to solve ; and, let me add, if the freedom of one continent, and the hopes of four, shall sink beneath that inky flood, ours will be the guilt — ours the deep damnation.

Shall I be told these are idle fears? That, in a war with Russia, no matter for what cause waged, we must be the victors? That, in short, all Europe combined could not blot this Union from the map of nations? Ah, sir, that is not all I fear. I fear success even more than defeat. The senator from Michigan was right when he said that our fears were to be found at home. I do fear ourselves. Commit our people once to unnecessary foreign wars, — let victory encourage the military spirit, already too prevalent among them, — and Roman history will have no chapter bloody enough to be transmitted to posterity side by side with ours. In a brief period we shall have reënacted, on a grander scale, the same scenes which marked her decline. The veteran soldier, who has followed a victorious leader from clime to clime, will forget his love of country in his love for his commander; and the bayonets you send abroad to conquer a kingdom will be brought back to destroy the rights of the citizen, and prop the throne of an emperor.

The Contest unequal.—SYDNEY SMITH.

MR. BAILIFF, I have spoken so often on this subject, that I am sure both you and the gentlemen here present will be obliged to me for saying but little, and that favor I am as willing to confer as you can be to receive it. I feel most deeply the event which has taken place, because, by putting the two houses of Parliament in collision with each other, it will impede the public business, and diminish the public prosperity. I feel it as a churchman, because I can not but blush to see so many dignitaries of the church arrayed against the wishes and happiness of the people. I feel it, more than all, because I believe it will sow the seeds of deadly hatred between the aristocracy and the great mass of the people. The loss of the bill I do not feel, and for the best of all possible reasons — because I have not the slightest idea that it is lost. I have no more doubt, before the expiration of the winter, that this bill will pass, than I have that the annual tax bills will pass; and greater certainty than this no man can have, for Franklin tells us, there are but two things certain in this world — death and taxes.

As for the possibility of the House of Lords preventing ere long a reform of Parliament, I hold it to be the most absurd notion that ever entered into human imagination. I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the lords to stop the prog-

ness of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824, there set in a great flood upon that town; the tide rose to an incredible height; the waves rushed in upon the houses, and every thing was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling the mop, squeezing out the sea water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest. Gentlemen, be at your ease — be quiet and steady. You will beat Mrs. Partington.

Hazards of our National Prosperity.

W. R. SMITH, of Alabama,

EVERY body knows, Mr. Speaker, what has been the policy of this government, with respect to the concerns of Europe, up to the present time. And what, I ask, has been the result of that policy? Why, from the small beginning of three millions of inhabitants, we have grown to twenty-three millions; from a small number of states, we are now over thirty. But Kossuth says that we may depart from that policy now; that it was wise when we were young, but that now we have grown up to be a giant, and may abandon it. Ah, sir, we can all resist adversity. We know the uses — and sweet are they — of adversity. It is the crucible of fortune. It is the iron key that unlocks the golden gates of prosperity. I say, God bless adversity, when it is properly understood! But the rock upon which men and upon which nations split is PROSPERITY. This man says that we have grown to be a giant, and that we may depart from the wisdom of our youth. But I say that now is the time to take care; we are great enough; let us be satisfied; prevent the growth of our ambition, to prevent our pride from swelling, and hold on to what we have got.

Do you remember the story of the old governor who had been raised from rags? His king discovered in him merit and integrity, and appointed him a satrap, a ruler over many provinces. He came to be great, and it was his custom to be escorted throughout the country several times during the year

in order to see and be seen. He was received and acknowledged every where as a great man and a great governor. But he carried about with him a mysterious chest, and every now and then he would look into it, and let nobody else see what it contained. There was a great deal of curiosity excited by this chest ; and finally he was prevailed upon, by some of his friends, to let them look into it. Well, he permitted it, and what did they see ? They saw an old, ragged, and torn suit of clothes — the clothes that he used to wear in his humility and in his poverty ; and he said that he carried them about with him in order that, when his heart began to swell, and his ambition to rise, and his pride to dilate, he could look on the rags that reminded him of what he had been, and thereby be enabled to resist the temptations of prosperity. Let us see whether this can illustrate any thing in our history. Raise the veil, if there is one, which conceals the poverty of this Union, when there were but thirteen states. Raise the veil that conceals the rags of our soldiers of the revolution. Lift the lid of the chest which contains the poverty of our beginning, in order that you may be reminded, like this old satrap, of the days of your poverty, and be enabled to resist the advice of this man, who tells you that you were wise in your youth, but that now you are a giant, and may depart from that wisdom. Remember the use of adversity, and let us take advantage of it, and be benefited by it ; for great is the man, and greater is the nation, that can resist the enchanting smiles of prosperity.

Improvement. — DOW, JR.

MY dear friends, I mean to speak of the spirit of improvement in general terms, as relating to enlightenment, the advancement of knowledge and progress in the arts and sciences. In this respect it is like the rolling avalanche, that leaves detached portions of its bulk by the way, and yet keeps augmenting in its circumvolutionary course. Hardy Enterprise first goes forward as a pioneer in the untracked wilderness, and commences fight with the mighty trees of the forest, cutting them off, some in the prime of life, and others in a green old age, and compelling them to spill their sap upon their country's soil. Then walks Agriculture into them bare diggings, with spade, harrow, and hoe, and scatters the seed of promise hither and thither, assuring the hopeful settler that his children's children shall sop their hard-

earned crumbs in the real gravy of the land. The handmaid Art then comes forward, erects edifices of splendor, and leaves her ornaments of skill on every side — builds studios for the scholars of science, and throws facilities in their way for increasing their wisdom, or for making egregious fools of themselves.

Such, my hearers, is the spirit of improvement. Like the overflowing of a stream that covers and enriches the valley, it betters the natural and social condition of man, opens wide the avenues to the temple of reason, and expands the young buds of prosperity. Brush away the fog of a couple of centuries, and take a look at this, our native land, as it then appeared. Here, upon the Atlantic shore, the scream of the panther arose on the midnight air with the savage war whoop, and the pale-faced pilgrim trembled for the safety of his defenceless home. He planted his beans in fear and gathered them in trouble; his chickens and his children were plundered by the foe, and life itself was in danger of leaking out from between the logs of his hut, even if it were fortified with three muskets, a spunky wife, and a jug of whiskey. Yes, my friends, this was then a wild, gloomy, and desolate place. Where the Indian squaw hung her young pappoose upon the bough, and left it to squall at the hush-a-by of the blast, the Anglo-Saxon mother now rocks the cradle of her delicate babe on the carpet of peace, and in the gay parlor of fashion. The wild has been changed to a blooming garden, and its limits are expanding with the mighty genius of Liberty. On Erie's banks the flocks are now straying o'er thy pastures, and a few Dutchmen (but no shepherds) are already piping there. The yells of fierce savages now faintly echo from beyond the waters of the Mississippi, and the time is not far off when the last Indian will leave his bones to bleach on the rock-bound coast of the Pacific.

Despair. — DOW, JR.

THE whitest foam dances upon the darkest billow, and the stars shine the brightest when surrounded by the blackest of thunder clouds; even as a diamond pin glistens with the greatest effulgence when fastened upon the ebony bosom of an Ethiopian wench. So hope mirrors its most brilliant rays in the dark wave of despair, and happiness is never so complete as when visited occasionally by the ministers of misery. These ups and downs in the pathway of man's existence are all for the best

and yet he allows them to vex and torment his peace till he bursts the boiler of his rage, and scalds his own toes. I have no doubt but the common run of people would like to have a railroad built from here to the grave, and go through by steam but if they all worked as easy in life's galling collar as I do, they would have things just as they are, — some ups and some downs, some sweet and some bitter, some sunshine and some storm, — because they constitute a variety. I wouldn't give a shin-plaster penny to have the road of existence perfectly level; for I should soon become tired of a dull sameness of prospect, and make myself miserable in the idea that I must experience no material change, either for better or for worse. Plum pudding is most excellent stuff to wind off a dinner with; but all plum pudding would be worse than none at all. So you see, my friends, the troubles and trials of life are absolutely necessary to enable us to judge rightly of genuine happiness, whenever it happens to enliven the saturnine region of the heart with its presence.

If we never were to have our jackets and shirts wet with the cold rain of misfortune, we should never know how good it feels to stand out and dry in the warm rays of comfort. You needn't hesitate ever to travel through swamps of trouble for fear of sinking over head in the mud of despondency; for despair is never quite despair. No, my friends, it never comes quite up to the mark in the most desperate cases. I know the prospects of man are sometimes most tormentingly conglomerous; but the clouds eventually clear away, and his sky again becomes clear and quiescent as a basin of potato starch. His sun of ambition may be darkened, his moon of memory turned to blood, and the star of his peace blotted from the firmament of his — I don't know what; but he is not entirely a gone goose even in this situation. Those semi-celestial angels of light and loveliness, Hope and Fancy, will twine the sweetest of roses round his care-wrinkled brow; and while one whispers in his ear, "Don't give up the ship," the other dresses up for him a bower of future happiness, and festoons it with the choicest of Elysian flowers. The very darkest cell of despair always has a gimlet hole to let the glory of hope shine in, and dry up the tears of the poor prisoner of

Nature. — Dow, Jr.

MY dear friends, it matters not upon whichsoever side we turn our eyes; we behold such beauty in its primitive nakedness as can not fail to captivate the heart of every true worshiper of the God of nature, and make him feel as though ten thousand caterpillars were crawling up and down the ossified railway of his back. Look at yonder myriads of stars that glitter and sparkle from the dome of heaven's high concave. Say, is there not beauty in these? Ay, there is beauty magnificent in these little celestial trinkets that stud the ebon brow of night — shining, as they do, like a multitude of beacon lights of glory in the blue-black of eternity, or like so many cats' eyes in a windowless garret. Observe the silvery moon, pale-faced Cynthia, wandering Luna, or whatever you choose to call her: see how gracefully she promenades the selfsame path which was laid out for her at the beginning of the world. Look at the resplendent sun: see how it has maintained its unsullied brightness through the rust-gathering ages of time. Not a single thread has been lost from its golden fringe, and not even a fly-speck has marred its splendor; but it is to-day the same beautiful, lovely object that it was when it first burst upon paradise, and rolled back the darkness of chaos into the unknown regions of nowhere.

There is beauty at sunset. Who can look at all the glories of an autumnal twilight, and not have the furze upon his hands rise up in rapture? O, it is, by all odds, the grandest and sublimest picture in the great academy of nature. At the festooned gates of the west, angels of peace and loveliness have furled their purple wings, and are sweetly sleeping with their heads upon pillows of amber, over-canopied with curtains of damask and crimson, tempting poor mortals like us to climb up the ladder of imagination, and steal kisses by the bushel. When the morning, too, as my friend Hudibras observes, like a boiled lobster, begins to turn from brown to red, there is beauty of the tallest order. Yes, when Aurora hangs out her red under garment from her chamber window, prepares her perfumed toilet, and sweeps out the last speck of darkness from the Oriental parlor, there is such blushing beauty resting upon the eastern hilltops, as can not fail to be appreciated by any one whose heartstrings are not composed of catgut and horse hair.

Gold. — THOMAS HOOD

GOLD! gold! gold! gold!
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold;
 Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
 Heavy to get and light to hold;
 Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
 Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled
 Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
 To the very verge of the churchyard mold;
 Price of many a crime untold.
 Gold! gold! gold! gold!
 Good or bad a thousand fold!
 How widely its agencies vary,—
 To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
 As even its minted coins express;
 Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
 And now of a Bloody Mary.

Attention the Soul of Genius. — DR. DEWEY.

THE favorite idea of a genius among us is of one who never studies, or who studies nobody can tell when,—at midnight, or at odd times and intervals,—and now and then strikes out, “at a heat,” as the phrase is, some wonderful production. “The young man,” it is often said, “has genius enough, if he would only study.” Now, the truth is, that the genius will study; it is that in the mind which does study: that is the very nature of it. I care not to say that it will always use books. All study is not reading, any more than all reading is study.

Attention is the very soul of genius; not the fixed eye not the poring over a book, but the fixed thought. It is, in fact, an action of the mind which is steadily concentrated upon one idea, or one series of ideas; which collects, in one point, the rays of the soul, till they search, penetrate, and fire the whole train of its thoughts. And while the fire burns within, the outside may be indeed cold, indifferent, negligent, absent in appearance: he may be an idler or a wanderer, apparently without aim or intent, but still the fire burns within. And what, though “it bursts forth” at length, as has been said, “like volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force?” It only shows the

intense action of the elements beneath. What though it breaks forth like lightning from the cloud? The electric fire had been collecting in the firmament through many a silent, clear, and calm day. What though the might of genius appears in one decisive blow, struck in some moment of high debate, or at the crisis of a nation's peril?

That mighty energy, though it may have heaved in the breast of Demosthenes, was once a feeble, infant thought. A mother's eye watched over its dawns. A father's care guarded its early youth. It soon trod, with youthful steps, the halls of learning, and found other fathers to wake and to watch for it, even as it finds them here. It went on, but silence was upon its path, and the deep strugglings of the inward soul silently ministered to it. The elements around breathed upon it, and "touched it to finer issues." The golden ray of heaven fell upon it, and ripened its expanding faculties. The slow revolutions of years slowly added to its collected energies and treasures; till, in its hour of glory, it stood forth embodied in the form of living, commanding, irresistible eloquence. The world wonders at the manifestation, and says, "Strange, strange that it should come thus unsought, unpremeditated, unprepared!" But the truth is, there is no more a miracle in it than there is in the towering of the preëminent forest tree, or in the flowing of the mighty and irresistible river, or in the wealth and waving of the boundless harvest.

On the supposed Dangers to the Union. — MADISON.

HEARKEN not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of one great, respectable, and flourishing empire. Hearken not to the voice which petulantly tells you that the form of government recommended for your adoption is a novelty in the political world; that it never yet has had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen; shut your ears against this unhal-
lowed language.

Shut your heart against the poison which it conveys: the kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the

mingled blood which they have shed in defense of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of rending us in pieces in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness.

But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that while they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lessons of their own experience? To this manly spirit posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theater in favor of private rights and public happiness.

Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the revolution for which a precedent could not be discovered, no government established of which an exact model did not present itself, the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must, at best, have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind.

Happily for America, happily, we trust, for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabric of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the Union, this was the most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new-modelled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

The Disinterestedness of Washington.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

To the pen of the historian must be resigned the more arduous and elaborate tribute of justice to those efforts of heroic and political virtue which conducted the American people to peace and liberty. The vanquished foe retired from our shores, and left to the controlling genius who repelled them the gratitude of his own country, and the admiration of the world. The time had now arrived which was to apply the touchstone to his integrity—which was to assay the affinity of his principles to the standard of immutable right. On the one hand, a realm to which he was endeared by his services almost invited him to empire; on the other, the liberty to whose protection his life had been devoted was the ornament and boon of human nature. Washington could not depart from his own great self. His country was free—he was no longer a general. Sublime spectacle! more elevating to the pride of virtue than the sovereignty of the globe united to the scepter of ages! Enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen, the gorgeous pageantry of prerogative was unworthy the majesty of his dominion. That effulgence of military character, which in ancient states has blasted the rights of the people whose renown it had brightened, was not here permitted, by the hero from whom it emanated, to shine with so destructive a luster. Its beams, though intensely resplendent, did not wither the young blossoms of our independence; and liberty, like the burning bush, flourished unsummed by the glory which surrounded it.

To the illustrious founder of our republic was it reserved to exhibit the example of a magnanimity that commanded victory, of a moderation that retired from triumph. Unlike the erratic meteors of ambition, whose flaming path sheds a disastrous light on the pages of history, his bright orb, eclipsing the luminaries among which it rolled, never portended “fearful change” to religion, nor from its “golden tresses” shook pestilence on empire. What to other heroes has been glory, would to him have been disgrace. To his intrepidity it would have added no honorary trophy to have waded, like the conqueror of Peru, through the blood of credulous millions, to plant the standard of triumph at the burning mouth of a volcano. To his fame it would have erected no auxiliary monument to have invaded, like the ravager of Egypt, an innocent though barbarous nation, to inscribe his name on the pillar of Pompey.

Vindication of South Carolina.—McDUFFIE

SIR, I feel that I am called upon to vindicate the motives and the character of the people of South Carolina from imputations which have been unjustly cast upon them. There is no state in this Union distinguished by a more lofty and disinterested patriotism than that which I have the honor, in part, to represent. I can proudly and confidently appeal to history for proof of this assertion. No state has made greater sacrifices to vindicate the common rights of the Union, and preserve its integrity. No state is more willing to make those sacrifices now, whether of blood or treasure.

But, sir, it does not belong to this lofty spirit of patriotism to submit to unjust and unconstitutional oppression; nor is South Carolina to be taunted with the charge of treason and rebellion, because she has the intelligence to understand her rights, and the spirit to maintain them. God has not planted in the breast of man a higher and a holier principle than that by which he is prompted to resist oppression. Absolute submission and passive obedience, for every extreme of tyranny, are the characteristics of slaves only.

The oppression of the people of South Carolina has been carried to an extremity which the most slavish population on earth would not endure without a struggle. Is it to be expected, then, that freemen will patiently bow down and kiss the rod of the oppressor? Freemen, did I say? Why, sir, any one who has the form and bears the name of a man — nay, “a beast that wants discourse of reason,” a dog, a sheep, a reptile — the vilest reptile that crawls upon the earth without the gift of reason to comprehend the injustice of its injuries — would bite, or bruise, or sting the hand by which they were inflicted.

Is it, then, for a sovereign state to fold her arms and stand still in submissive apathy, when the loud clamors of the people whom Providence has committed to her charge are ascending to heaven for justice? Hug not this delusion to your breast, I pray you.

It is not for me to say, in this place, what course South Carolina may deem it her duty to pursue in this great emergency. It is enough to say, that she perfectly understands the ground which she occupies; and be assured, sir, that whatever attitude she may assume, in her highest sovereign capacity, she will firmly and fearlessly maintain it, be the consequences what they may. The responsibility will not rest upon her, but upon her oppressors.

Intemperance. — Poet.

WE have thus far considered intemperance with reference to its effects upon individuals and private communities ; but are we not authorized to extend our view ? and in doing so, can we not discern its baneful influence, not only on individuals and private communities, but upon the sacred institutions of our country ?

Does not the history of that great and glorious nation whose poetry and eloquence have dazzled whilst they instructed us and whose prowess in arms has been surpassed by no nation on earth, teach us this salutary lesson—that luxury and effeminacy will paralyze the best institutions, and open a door to the entrance of tyranny so wide that no human effort can prevent its encroachment ? The luxury of the Roman nation consisted not in the extravagancy of her citizens, the costliness of her shows, and the magnificence of her palaces alone, but in the excesses of the table and her bacchanalian indulgences, producing a state of morals indicated by scenes of lewdness and debauchery, the details of which no one possessed of one feeling of delicacy could peruse without sensations of the most unqualified disgust.

That proud and independent nation, who, having by her military discipline, her capacity to endure fatigue and hardship, and, above all, her high sense of the value of freedom, not only drove back the armies of the foreign invader, but extended her conquests so far as to be denominated the mistress of the world, —after accomplishing all this, and, in effecting it, enduring without a murmur the scorching heat of the torrid and the chilling cold of the frigid zones, —by the withering influence of luxury and excess became the willing dupe of the designing and ambitious, and tamely submitted to the yoke of tyranny.

In a government like our own, in which all power resides in the people, and where those who govern and legislate do so by the will and permission of their constituents, it will ever be found that the representatives of the people not only maintain the political principles, but likewise personate the moral character of the majority they represent. Show me a profligate and intemperate representative, and I will guide you to a licentious and drunken community. It can not be otherwise ; the one follows the other as certainly as the effect follows the cause.

No Excellence without Labor.—WIRT.

THE education, gentlemen, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. How else could it happen, that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate.

You will see issuing from the walls of the same college—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. Men are the architects of their respective fortunes. It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself, at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this careering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and those long reaches of thought, that

“Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drowned honor by the locks.”

This is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

Belshazzar's Vision. — BYRON

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall ;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine,
Jehovah's vessels, hold
The godless heathen's wine.

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand ;
The fingers of a man ; —
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice ;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
“ Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore ,
But now they were not sage :
They saw, but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth

The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view ;
 He read it on that night :
 The morrow proved it true.

“Belshazzar’s grave is made,
 His kingdom passed away ;
 He, in the balance weighed,
 Is light and worthless clay —
 The shroud his robe of state,
 His canopy the stone :
 The Mede is at his gate !
 The Persian on his throne !”

Address to the Ocean. — BYRON.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean -- roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
 Man marks the earth with ruin : his control
 Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man’s ravage, save his own ;
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals, —
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war, —
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada’s pride or spoils of Trafalgar

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since : their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage : their decay

Has dried up realms to deserts. Not so thou.
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow:
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where th' Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 (Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving,) — boundless, endless, and sublime —
 The image of Eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

The Sun-burnt Man. — STAHL.

AN affidavit was made by Augustus Dormouse yesterday afternoon, against Clarence Fitz-Butter, for burning him with a burning glass.

Augustus Dormouse, being sworn by the recorder, deposed: Time of the alleged offence was about two o'clock, P. M., on Tuesday afternoon. Place, shade of a tree, on the Neutral Ground. Deponent was asleep; was oppressed by the sultriness of the weather, and wished for a little repose. Was quite sound asleep when accused came across him. Felt something sting him behind — on the back, between the shoulders. Had no jacket on. Shirt slightly torn. Pain increased till it felt like a coal of fire. Screamed, and awoke. Saw accused draw back a burning glass, and slip it in his pocket.

Cross-examined: Does not consider himself a vagrant. Is of a poetical temperament, and likes the look of green things. Has no particular residence. Does small chores for a living. Native of Indiana — of highly respectable family.

Clarence Fitz-Butter, a quizzical-looking vagabond, who was much better dressed than the plaintiff, and carried several stumps of cigars in his pockets, very offensive to the smell, and an incongruous assortment of burning, mostly spectacle, glasses, here begged the recorder to allow him to explain.

The recorder granted the request of the prisoner.

"I am a philosopher," observed Fitz-Butter, "and am peculiarly inclined to the investigation of light. I have perused the

works of Herschel, Davy, Daguerre, Faraday, and Draper. My vest pocket is a laboratory. In it I constantly keep a supply of sun glasses. I make it a point to draw a focus as often as possible. I wish not to allow a ray to pass me. Every beam I subject to my glass. Sir, this is necessary with my theory of nature. I am of the opinion that every thing in nature is combustible, or it is not combustible. How simple an arrangement! how concise a method! Combustible — non-combustible. With my illuminated foci, I explore the hidden arcana of nature. I carry the torch into her darkest labyrinths. I apply a match to her, and she reports or she does not report. I have, in my busy and devoted life, accumulated a great store of facts. I will give your honor a list of the combustible objects in nature — a list——”

“I will not listen,” said the justice. “What have you to observe relative to burning Augustus Dormouse?”

“This,” resumed Fitz-Butter. “Accidentally, I encountered the prone body of the individual responding to the appellation of Augustus Dormouse. Him I had never seen before, and therefore not examined. Now, was the sleeper combustible, or was he not? Is he — a *salamander*, and can stand fire? With the thought, instantly I produced my sun glass. His back is exposed, his shirt being torn between the shoulders. I draw a focus on the exposed skin. I lay my tablets on the grass, in readiness to record any important and wonderful discovery I may make. But the sleeper stirs in his sleep — he is combustible — he wakes, and stares with bestial rage upon me. Upon *me* — a philosopher! Nay, more; he complains to the police, he causes my arrest, he heaps upon me the disgrace of a public exhibition and a penal trial. What does he not deserve? I appeal to your honor, what does he not deserve? Punish the Vandal, recorder, to the utmost extent the laws of the country and your official oath will permit.”

Nothing in it. — CHARLES MATHEWS.

Leech. But you don't laugh, Coldstream! Come, man, be amused, for once in your life. You don't laugh.

Sir Charles. O, yes, I do. You mistake; I laughed twice distinctly — only, the fact is, I am bored to death.

Leech. Bored? What! after such a feast as that you have given us? Look at me. I'm inspired. I'm a king at this moment, and all the world is at my feet.

Sir C. My dear Leech, you began life late. You are a young fellow,—forty-five,—and have the world yet before you. I started at thirteen, lived quick, and exhausted the whole round of pleasure before I was thirty. I've tried every thing, heard every thing, done every thing, know every thing; and here I am, a man of thirty-three, literally used up—completely *blasé*!

Leech. Nonsense, man! Used up, indeed! with your wealth, with your twenty estates in the sunniest spots in England,—not to mention that Utopia, within four walls, in the *Rue de Provence*, in Paris.

Sir C. I'm dead with *ennui*.

Leech. *Ennui*! poor Cræsus.

Sir C. Cræsus!—no, I'm no Cræsus. My father,—you've seen his portrait, good old fellow!—he certainly did leave me a little matter of twelve thousand pounds a year; but, after all——

Leech. O, come!——

Sir C. O, I don't complain of it.

Leech. I should think not.

Sir C. O, no; there are some people who can manage to do on less—on credit.

Leech. I know several. My dear Coldstream, you should try change of scene.

Sir C. I have tried it. What's the use?

Leech. But I'd gallop all over Europe.

Sir C. I have. There's nothing in it.

Leech. Nothing in all Europe?

Sir C. Nothing! O, dear, yes. I remember, at one time, I did, somehow, go about a good deal.

Leech. You should go to Switzerland.

Sir C. I have been. Nothing there—people say so much about every thing. There certainly were a few glaciers, some monks, and large dogs, and thick ankles, and bad wine, and Mont Blanc; yes, and there was ice on the top, too; but I prefer the ice at Gunter's—less trouble, and more in it.

Leech. Then, if Switzerland wouldn't do, I'd try Italy.

Sir C. My dear Leech, I've tried it over and over again—and what then?

Leech. Did not Rome inspire you?

Sir C. O, believe me, Tom, a most horrible hole. People talk so much about these things! There's the Coliseum, now—round, very round,—a goodish ruin enough; but I was disappointed with it. Capitol—tolerably high; and St. Peter's—marble, and mosaics, and fountains—dome certainly not badly scooped; but there was nothing in it.

Leech. Come, Coldstream, you must admit we have nothing like St. Peter's in London.

Sir C. No, because we don't want it ; but if we wanted such a thing, of course we should have it. A dozen gentlemen meet, pass resolutions, institute, and in twelve months it would be run up ; nay, if that were all, we'd buy St. Peter's itself, and have it sent over.

Leech. Ha, ha ! well said — you're quite right. What say you to beautiful Naples ?

Sir C. Not bad — excellent watermelons, and goodish opera. They took me up Vesuvius — a horrid bore ! It smoked a good deal, certainly, but altogether a wretched mountain — saw the crater — looked down, but there was nothing in it.

Leech. But the bay ?

Sir C. Inferior to Dublin.

Leech. The Campagna ?

Sir C. A swamp.

Leech. Greece ?

Sir C. A morass.

Leech. Athens ?

Sir C. A bad Edinburgh.

Leech. Egypt ?

Sir C. A desert.

Leech. The pyramids ?

Sir C. Humbugs ! — nothing in any of them. You bore me. Is it possible that you can not invent something that would make my blood boil in my veins, my hair stand on end, my heart beat, my pulse rise ; that would produce an excitement, an emotion, a sensation, a palpitation ? But no ! —

Leech. I've an idea !

Sir C. You ? What is it ?

Leech. Marry !

Sir C. Hum ! — well, not bad. There's novelty about the notion ; it never did strike me to — O, but no : I should be bored with the exertion of choosing. If a wife, now, could be had like a dinner — for ordering !

Leech. She can, by you. Take the first woman that comes : on my life, she'll not refuse twelve thousand pounds a year.

Sir C. Come, I don't dislike the project ; I almost feel something like a sensation coming. I haven't felt so excited for some time ; it's a novel enjoyment — a surprise. I'll try it.

The Chameleon. — MERRICK

OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 Returning from his finished tour,
 Grown ten times pertier than before :
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The traveled fool your mouth will stop : —
 “ Sir, if my judgment you’ll allow —
 I’ve seen — and sure I ought to know ; ”
 So begs you’d pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travelers of such a cast,
 As o’er Arabia’s wilds they passed,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talked of this, and then of that,
 Discoursed awhile, ’mongst other matter,
 Of the chameleon’s form and nature.
 “ A stranger animal,” cries one,
 “ Sure never lived beneath the sun ;
 A lizard’s body, lean and long,
 A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue,
 Its tooth with triple claw disjoined ;
 And what a length of tail behind !
 How slow its pace ! and then its hue —
 Who ever saw so fine a blue ? ”

“ Hold there ! ” the other quick replies —
 “ ’Tis green ; I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warmed it in the sunny ray ;
 Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
 And saw it eat the air for food.”

“ I’ve seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue ;
 At leisure I the beast surveyed,
 Extended in the cooling shade.”

“ ’Tis green ! ’tis green, sir, I assure ye ! ”
 “ Green ? ” cries the other, in a fury ;
 “ Why, sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes ? ”

"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies ;
" For if they always use you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."

So high, at last, the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows ;
When luckily came by a third ;
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs," said the umpire, " cease your pother
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candle light ;
I marked it well — 'twas black as jet :
You stare — but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it." — " Pray, sir, do ;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
" And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green." —
" Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, " I'll turn him out ;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said — then full before their sight
Produced the beast ; and, lo ! 'twas white !

Both stared ; the man looked wondrous wise.
" My children," the chameleon cries, —
Then first the creature found a tongue, —
" You all are right, and all are wrong.
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you,
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

Knickerbocker's New England Farmer. — W. IRVING.

THE first thought of a Yankee farmer, on coming to the years of manhood, is to settle himself in the world — which means nothing more than to begin his rambles. To this end, he takes

to himself for a wife some buxom country heiress, passing rich in red ribbons, glass beads, and mock tortoise-shell combs, with a white gown and morocco shoes for Sunday, and deeply skilled in the mystery of making apple sweetmeats, long sauce, and pumpkin pie. Having thus provided himself, like a pedler, with a heavy knapsack, wherewith to regale his shoulders through the journey of life, he literally sets out on his peregrinations.

His whole family, household furniture, and farming utensils, are hoisted into a covered cart; his own and wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin — which done, he shoulders his axe, takes staff in his hand, whistles "Yankee Doodle," and trudges off to the woods, as confident of the protection of Providence, and relying as cheerfully on his own resources, as ever did a patriarch of yore, when he journeyed into a strange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds himself a log hut, clears away a cornfield and potato patch, and, Providence smiling upon his labors, he is soon surrounded by a snug farm, and some half a score of flaxen-headed urchins, who, by their size, seem to have sprung all at once out of the earth, like a crop of toadstools.

But it is not the nature of this most indefatigable of speculators to rest contented with any state of sublunary enjoyment: improvement is his darling passion; and having thus improved his lands, the next state is to provide a mansion worthy the residence of a landholder. A huge palace of pine boards immediately springs up in the midst of the wilderness, large enough for a parish church, and furnished with windows of all dimensions; but so rickety and flimsy withal, that every blast gives it a fit of the ague. By the time the outside of this mighty air castle is completed, either the funds or the zeal of our adventurer are exhausted, so that he barely manages to half finish one room within, where the whole family burrow together, while the rest of the house is devoted to the curing of pumpkins, or storing of carrots and potatoes, and is decorated with fanciful festoons of dried apples and peaches.

The outside, remaining unpainted, grows venerably black with time; the family wardrobe is laid under contribution for old hats, petticoats, and breeches, to stuff into the broken windows; while the four winds of heaven keep up a whistling and howling about the aerial palace, and play as many unruly gambols as they did of yore in the cave of Æolus. The humble log hut, which whilom nestled this improving family snugly within its narrow but comfortable walls, stands hard by — ignominious contrast! — degraded into a cow house or pig sty; and the whole scene

reminds one forcibly of a fable, which I am surprised has never been recorded, of an aspiring snail, who abandoned his humble habitation, which he had long filled with great respectability, to crawl into the empty shell of a lobster, where he could, no doubt have resided with great style and splendor, the envy and hate of all the painstaking snails in his neighborhood, had he not accidentally perished with cold in one corner of his stupendous mansion.

Being thus completely settled, and, to use his own words, "to rights," one would imagine that he would begin to enjoy the comforts of his situation, to read newspapers, to talk politics, neglect his own business, and attend to the affairs of the nation, like a useful or patriotic citizen; but now it is that his wayward disposition again begins to operate. He soon grows tired of a spot where there is no longer any room for improvement, sells his farm, (his air castle,) petticoat windows and all, reloads his cart, shoulders his axe, puts himself at the head of his family, and wanders away in search of new lands, again to fell trees, again to clear cornfields, again to build a shingle palace, and again to sell off and wander.

*The Suspension of Diplomatic Relations with
Austria.* — M. T. HUNTER.

MR. PRESIDENT, I know that I shall be accused of a want of sympathy for the Hungarians, whose case excites so much attention here. So far as I am personally concerned, I care nothing for such accusations, for I have a witness within me which pronounces them false. But, sir, I should be unwilling to inflict a new pang upon the unfortunate Hungarian, by doing any thing to give countenance to the idea that there was any man or class of men here who did not respect and sympathize with him in his misfortunes. I was no uninterested observer of his struggle — no unmoved witness of its final catastrophe. If my good wishes could have availed him, he had them all. I have studied their history with interest, and learned to admire and respect their national character. There is a wild mixture of Oriental fervor and western chivalry about them, which has always made them objects of rather a romantic interest. History, that great record of human affairs, is full of startling contrasts and striking vicissitudes and the chapter or that great book which belongs to Hungary and her people is nearly as eventful as any.

When I first heard, sir, that the Hungarian patriots had been

forced to take refuge with the Turk, and seek at his hands the charity of an asylum which Christendom refused them, I could but recall the day when that country was the bulwark of Christendom against the Infidel, and Hunniades made good its title to that debatable land between the Crescent and the Cross. When I saw who the oppressor was, whose foot was upon the neck of bleeding Hungary, I could but recur to the time when a noble ancestress of his, who to the loveliness of woman added the soul of a Cæsar, threw herself upon those people for succor and protection. The scene arose before me, as it appears on the pictured page of Macaulay, in which she is represented upon horseback, weak from recent suffering, yet strong in will, flushed under the weight of St. Stephen's iron crown, and after a fashion of her race, which would have been deemed extravagant by any but an Oriental imagination, waving the sword of state to the four quarters of the heavens, and bidding defiance to the earth.

But hard as has been the lesson taught the Hungarian in his recent struggles, it would do no good for foreign powers to interpose in his favor, and give him armed assistance; still less would it be of any avail to offer him such a resolution of sympathy as this. There is not, sir, on the page of history, an instance of a nation which has maintained its liberty by foreign aid; for the moment the protecting hand is withdrawn, it must fall, unless it has some internal resources—some means within itself of maintaining its independence, and for self-defense. I have said, sir, that this resolution of sympathy will do the Hungarian cause no good. But is that enough to say? Is there no danger that it may do that brave but unfortunate people some harm? It has been said, by wise and observing men, that the final catastrophe of Poland was probably hastened by imprudent speeches made in the British House of Commons and the French Chamber of Deputies. It is said that those imprudent but sympathizing speeches awakened false hopes in Poland, and led to unwise movements there.

Is there no danger that such a course of action as is proposed here might give rise to unfounded hopes in Hungary, or increase, perhaps, their sufferings by irritating those who govern them? But, sir, be that as it may with regard to Hungary, I am not prepared to take this step from considerations of what is due to my own country. I give Hungary my best wishes, my earnest sympathy; but I prefer my own country to any other, and I can not sacrifice its interests for those of another. I was sent here to legislate, not for foreign nations, but my own. I will not abandon my own duties in the attempt to discharge those of another. It

would doubtless be pleasing to any generous mind to indulge the demands of sympathy ; yet, sir, truth and justice are of higher obligation, and ought to be of higher consideration still. Mr. President, I can not vote for this resolution. I owe it not only to my own country, but to the rights of man, of which so much is said, to preserve the wise and long-established policy of the former, and to stand by the principle of non-intervention as a high moral defense and security for the other.

The Missionary Enterprise.

THE soul goes out with tears. Sublimity may fill the eye with fire, thrill through the frame, and give new intensity to the consciousness of existence ; tenderness carries a man from himself and gives up his poured-out affections into the bosom of another. The one enlarges ; the other diffuses and distributes through the wide range of humanity its own forgotten being. The one may be excited by the voice of the thunder speaking solemnly to the dark clouds, by the beetling brow of the mountain, by the sound of many waters ; the other claims no affinities with inanimate bulk or brutal force — its gushing affections flow only at the touch of the soul, or when the Spirit of God breathes upon the heart, disposing it to immense goodness and the overflowing of benevolence.

Just before the missionary enterprise commenced, the earth presented one of its darkest historical pictures. War — war — with brazen throat bellowed from continent to continent, and howled over every sea. The truce was asked only to renew the stores of national venom, and the preparations for national extermination. The remote shores of this western world were stained with fratricidal blood, and shaded with Gallic and British standards. Side by side, quiet at last in death, on the gory fields of the American revolution, lay the soldier of England, the soldier of France, of Hesse, of Prussia, of Poland ; and yet the American struggle was only as a drop before a mighty cataract of waters, precipitated by whirlwinds from the rent clouds to the earth, when compared with the gigantic march from the *Champ de Mars* to the pyramids of the Nile, and from the Eternal City to the embers of Moscow, hurling ancient dynasties to the howling winds, and forming bubble kingdoms of imposing, though transient magnificence, where the beast of the iron foot had trodden down the concentrations of the feudal ages.

The world was full of widows and orphans. There was no comforter. Infidelity would not stand by its followers, either in life or death. None but the messengers of the Most High could impart consolation. They came; angels, having the everlasting gospel to preach, brushed away the sulphur clouds of battle, and taught that the nations should love each other, and learn war no more. As far as their silver trumpets have sounded, and the ravishing music of their song been heard by the kingdoms of the earth, so far has sweet peace, to a very great extent, succeeded, and the milk of human kindness has been poured out to the sorrowful and afflicted.

The Missionary Spirit.

A SHIP was seen bearing up against the obstinate winds of the great Indian Ocean. It moved without proclamation, or shout, or defiance — bowing like a reed before the monsoon, and glancing through the permitting waves like a peaceful swan. There were on board that ship two hearts united by the tenderest love — he, the missionary and minister of the cross — she, the lovely vine, clinging to the oak for human support, while she lifts up her rich clusters to heaven. One in the Christian faith — one in the glorious purpose of preaching the gospel to the heathen — one in the sacred union of souls — in the mingling of pure affections. Happy pair! how shall the heavens glow with eternal beauty over your heads, to shelter you from the scorchings of India's fierce-haired sun — and how shall the balmy winds breathe health over the waste, that these lovely pioneers of American benevolence to heathen India may long breathe the vital air, and go on together to life's far distant verge, loving the miserable more and more, as their own love toward each other gains new strength at every successive stage of their Christ-like career!

But why the tumult of baffling winds? The coast of India gained and lost, and gained and lost again, is like the tantalizing stream, that, fabulous, flies away from the thirsty lip. The vessel, like a sea bird on ruffled wing, scours along under the angry brow of the tempest. Why does gloom gather on the good man's brow? Why sits he pale and disconsolate, disturbed and agonizing, by the bedside of his companion, all the livelong night, and why watch out the day? Shall she die — away from the land of her fathers — away from every tender tie, save her husband and her God — even before the great work for which she

lived, for which she had renounced country and friends, had been commenced?

Prepare thyself for bitterness, thou pale watcher; for thou art all lonely and sorrowful, by the dying bed of that devoted being, whose heart, though breaking up in death, still clings to thee. Thou art the only witness of these last looks, which reveal thoughts of impassioned fervor — far-wandering ones, that travel life over in a twinkling of time, recalling every thought, every endearing word. She steps alone into eternity, pointing with her farewell gesture to idolatrous India. In the spicy isle of the far-off Indian Ocean, a column of marble bears this plaintive tale, and bears the name of Harriet Newell.

A traveler on his horse was toiling beneath the sun of Georgia. He had overpassed the sands. The broken hills, the forests, the rude wigwam, the dark scowls of Indian suspicion rose on his view, like the phantasms of a hideous dream. He meekly spoke to those who had rarely known the white man, save in battle or treachery; he spoke to them tenderly of Jesus; he told them how his Savior and their Savior had died for them, and how, like his Savior, he was willing to lay down his life for them if they would only love his Lord. Surprised and overpowered to tears by such language from a white man, the unbending sternness of the savage character began to soften into the mellowness and glow of Christian love. This traveler loved these benighted Indians unto death. He laid himself down on their blanket, and they saw, with broken and adoring hearts, how a good man, a lamented missionary, could die.

Against Foreign Influence. — MILLARD FILLMORE.

[Extract of a private letter written by the ex-president, from the shades of his retirement in Buffalo, N. Y.,

I CONFESS that it seems to me — with all due respect to others — that, as a general rule, our country should be governed by American born citizens. Let us give to the oppressed of every country an asylum and a home in our happy land; give to all the benefits of equal laws and equal protection; but let us at the same time cherish as the apple of our eye the great principles of constitutional liberty, which few, who have not had the good fortune to be reared in a free country, know how to appreciate, and still less how to preserve.

Washington, in that inestimable legacy which he left to his country,—his Farewell Address,*—has wisely warned us to beware of foreign influence as the most baneful foe of a republican government. He saw it, to be sure, in a different light from that in which it now presents itself; but he knew that it would approach us in all forms, and hence he cautioned us against the *insidious wiles of its influence*. Therefore, as well for our own sakes, to whom this valuable inheritance of self-government has been left by our forefathers, as for the sake of the unborn millions who are to inherit this land,—foreign and native,—let us take warning of the Father of his Country, and do what we can, justly, to preserve our institutions from corruption, and our country from dishonor; but let this be done by the people themselves, in their sovereign capacity, by making a proper discrimination in the selection of officers, and not by depriving any individual—native or foreign born—of any constitutional or legal right to which he is now entitled.

These are my sentiments, in brief; and although I have sometimes almost despaired of my country, when I have witnessed the rapid strides of corruption, yet I think I perceive a gleam of hope in the future, and I now feel confident, that when the great mass of intelligence in this enlightened country is once fully aroused, and the danger manifested, it will fearlessly apply the remedy, and bring back the government to the pure days of Washington's administration. Finally, let us adopt the old Roman motto, "*Never despair of the republic.*" Let us do our duty, and trust, for the result, in that Providence which has so signally watched over and preserved us.

Against Sectional Agitation.

[Closing portion of President Pierce's Message, delivered to Congress,

It is necessary to speak plainly of projects, the offspring of that sectional agitation now prevailing in some of the states, which are as impracticable as they are unconstitutional, and which, if they are persevered in, must and will end calamitously. It is either disunion and civil war, or it is mere angry, idle, aimless disturbance of public peace and tranquillity. Disunion for what? If the passionate rage of fanaticism and partisan spirit

* Found at the close of this book.

did not force the fact upon our attention, it would be difficult to believe that any considerable portion of the people of this enlightened country could have so surrendered themselves to a fanatical devotion to the supposed interests of the relatively few Africans in the United States, as totally to abandon and disregard the interests of the twenty-five millions of Americans, to trample under foot the injunctions of moral and constitutional obligation, and to engage in plans of vindictive hostility against those who are associated with them in the enjoyment of the common heritage of our national institutions.

Nor is it hostility against their fellow-citizens of one section of the Union alone. The interests, the honor, the duty, the peace, and the prosperity of the people of all sections are equally involved and imperiled in this question. And are patriotic men in any part of the Union prepared, on such an issue, thus madly to invite all the consequences of the forfeiture of their constitutional engagements? It is impossible. The storm of frenzy and faction must inevitably dash itself in vain against the unshaken rock of the constitution. I shall never doubt it. I know that the Union is stronger a thousand times than all the wild and chimerical schemes of social change, which are generated, one after another, in the unstable minds of visionary sophists and interested agitators. I rely confidently on the patriotism of the people, on the dignity and self-respect of the states, on the wisdom of Congress, and above all, on the continued gracious favor of Almighty God, to maintain, against all enemies, whether at home or abroad, the sanctity of the constitution and the integrity of the Union.

Eloquence and Logic. — WILLIAM C. PRESTON.

OUR popular institutions demand a talent for speaking, and create a taste for it. Liberty and eloquence are united, in all ages. Where the sovereign power is found in the public mind and the public heart, eloquence is the obvious approach to it. Power and honor, and all that can attract ardent and aspiring natures, attend it. The noblest instinct is to propagate the spirit, "to make our mind the mind of other men," and wield the scepter in the realms of passion. In the art of speaking, as in all other arts, a just combination of those qualities necessary to the end proposed is the true rule of taste. Excess is always wrong. Too much ornament is an evil — too little also. The one may impede the progress of the argument, or divert attention

from it, by the introduction of extraneous matter ; the other may exhaust attention, or weary by monotony. Elegance is in a just medium. The safer side to err on is that of abundance—as profusion is better than poverty ; as it is better to be detained by the beauties of a landscape than by the weariness of the desert.

It is commonly, but mistakenly, supposed that the enforcing of truth is most successfully effected by a cold and formal logic ; but the subtleties of dialectics, and the forms of logic, may play as fantastic tricks with truth as the most potent magic of fancy. The attempt to apply mathematical precision to moral truths is always a failure, and generally a dangerous one. If man, and especially masses of men, were purely intellectual, then cold reason would alone be influential to convince ; but our nature is most complex, and many of the great truths which it most concerns us to know are taught us by our instincts, our sentiments, our impulses, and our passions. Even in regard to the highest and holiest of all truth, to know which concerns us here and hereafter, we are not permitted to approach its investigation in the confidence of proud and erring reason, but are taught to become as little children before we are worthy to receive it. It is to this complex nature that the speaker addresses himself, and the degree of power with which all the elements are evoked is the criterion of the orator. His business, to be sure, is to convince, but more to persuade ; and most of all, to inspire with noble and generous passions. It is the cant of criticism in all ages, to make a distinction between logic and eloquence, and to stigmatize the latter as declamation. Logic ascertains the weight of an argument, eloquence gives it momentum. The difference is that between the *vis inertia* of a mass of metal, and the same ball hurled from the cannon's mouth. Eloquence is an argument alive and in motion—the statue of Pygmalion inspired with vitality.

For Independence.—RICHARD HENRY LEE,

THE time will certainly come when the fated separation between the mother country and these colonies must take place, whether you will or no ; for so it is decreed by the very nature of things—by the progressive increase of our population, the fertility of our soil, the extent of our territory, the industry of our countrymen, and the immensity of the ocean which separates the

wo countries. And, if this be true,—as it is most true,—who does not see that the sooner it takes place, the better; that it would be the height of folly not to seize the present occasion, when British injustice has filled all hearts with indignation, inspired all minds with courage, united all opinions in one, and put arms in every hand? And how long must we traverse three thousand miles of a stormy sea, to solicit of arrogant and insolent men either counsels or commands to regulate our domestic affairs? From what we have already achieved, it is easy to presume what we shall hereafter accomplish. Experience is the source of sage counsels, and liberty is the mother of great men. Have you not seen the enemy driven from Lexington by citizens armed and assembled in one day? Already their most celebrated generals have yielded in Boston to the skill of ours. Already their seamen, repulsed from our coasts, wander over the ocean, the sport of tempests and the prey of famine. Let us hail the favorable omen, and fight, not for the sake of knowing on what terms we are to be the slaves of England, but to secure to ourselves a free existence, to found a just and independent government.

Why do we longer delay? Why still deliberate? Let this most happy day give birth to the American republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to reëstablish the reign of peace and of the laws. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom, that may contrast, by the felicity of the citizens, with the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprang up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade all the unfortunate of the human race. This is the end presaged by so many omens—by our first victories; by the present ardor and union; by the flight of Howe and the pestilence which broke out among Dunmore's people; by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleets and transports, and that terrible tempest which engulfed seven hundred vessels upon the coasts of Newfoundland. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to country, the names of the American legislators will be placed, by posterity, at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and will be, forever dear to virtuous men and good citizens.

The Raven.—EDGAR A. POE.

[In reference to this beautiful poem, the Critic says, "In our opinion, it is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conception, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift. It is one of those dainties bred in a book which we feed on. It will stick to the memory of every body who reads it."]

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door;
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore,
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide
the door;
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering,
fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream
before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
 And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
 "Lenore!"
 This *I* whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
 "Lenore!"
 Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning
 Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder than before.
 "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
 Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
 Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
 In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he, not an instant stopped or staid
 he,
 But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber
 door,
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
 Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
 "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art
 sure no craven.
 Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly
 shore,
 Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian
 shore."
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
 For we can not help agreeing, that no living human being
 Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his chamber door.
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
 door,
 With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
 Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before ;

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
 Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
 Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one burden bore.
 Till the dirges of his hope the melancholy burden bore,
 Of 'Nevermore,' of 'Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust,
 and door ;

Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
 What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of
 yore
 Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
 core ;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
 On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp light gloated o'er
 But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
 censer,

Swung by angels whose faint footfalls tinkled on the tufted
 floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these angels he
 hath sent thee,

Respite, respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore.
 Quaff, O, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore."
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil,— prophet still, if bird or devil,—
 Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
 ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted.

On this home by horror haunted, — tell me truly, I implore,
Is there, *is* there balm in Gilead; tell me, tell me, I implore.'
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil, — prophet still, if bird or devil, —
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aiden
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore."

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting;
Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore.
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken;
Leave my loneliness unbroken; quit the bust above my door.
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door."

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still *'s* sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on
the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

State Interposition. — J. C. CALHOUN.

WE have, Mr. President, arrived at a remarkable era in our political history. The days of legislative and executive encroachments, of tariffs and surpluses, of banks and public debt, and extravagant expenditure, are past for the present. The government stands in a position disentangled from the past, and free to choose its future course than it ever has been since its commencement. We are about to take a fresh start. I move off under the same rights banner, and go in the direction which I have been so long moving. I seize the opportunity thoroughly to reform the government; to bring it back to its original prin-

ciples ; to retrench and economize, and rigidly enforce accountability.

I shall oppose, strenuously, all attempts to originate a new debt ; to create a national bank ; to reunite the political and money powers (more dangerous than church and state) in any form or shape ; to prevent the disturbances of the compromise, which is gradually removing the last vestiges of the tariff system ; and, mainly, I shall use my best efforts to give an ascendancy to the great conservative principle of state sovereignty over the dangerous and despotic doctrine of consolidation.

I rejoice to think that the executive department of the government is now so reduced in power and means that it can no longer rely on its influence and patronage to secure a majority. Henceforward it can have no hope of supporting itself but on wisdom, moderation, patriotism, and devoted attachment to the constitution, which I trust will make it, in its own defense, an ally in effecting the reform which I deem indispensable to the salvation of the country and its institutions.

I look, sir, with pride to the wise and noble bearing of the little state rights party, of which it is my pride to have been a member, throughout the eventful period through which the country has passed since 1824. Experience already bears testimony to their patriotism, firmness, and sagacity, and history will do it justice. In that year, as I have stated, the tariff system triumphed in the councils of the nation.

We saw its disastrous political bearings ; foresaw its surpluses and the extravagances to which it would lead. We rallied on the election of the late president to arrest it through the influence of the executive department of the government. In this we failed. We then fell back upon the rights and sovereignty of the states ; and by the action of a small but gallant state, and through the potency of its interposition, we brought the system to the ground, sustained, as it was, by the opposition, and the administration, and by the whole power and patronage of the government.

The pernicious overflow of the treasury, of which it was the parent, could not be arrested at once. The surplus was seized on by the executive, and, by its control over the banks, became the fruitful source of executive influence and encroachment. Without hesitation we joined our old opponents on the tariff question, but under our own flag, without merging in their ranks, and made a gallant and successful war against the encroachments of the executive.

That terminated, we part with our late allies in peace, and

move forward, lag or onward who may, to secure the fruits of our long but successful struggle, under the old republican flag of '98, which, though tattered and torn, has never yet been lowered, and, with the blessing of God, never shall be with my consent.

Address to the Soldiers on assuming the Command of the Texian Army. — M. B. LAMAR.

SOLDIERS, your country calls you to her defense! Your homes, your firesides, the scenes of former joys and of coming glory, all the endearments of domestic happiness, and all the hopes of future competence and peace, summon you to the field. You are summoned too by the spirits of Fannin and Travis, and their gallant companions, whose blood has cemented the foundations of our freedom. Their flesh has been food for the raven, and their bones have whitened on the prairies unrevenged.

Your pious patriotism has gathered those scattered relics with decent sepulchral honors to a soldier's grave; but their glorified spirits, still hovering around the home of their patriotic devotion, call upon you to sustain the independence which they have consecrated by martyrdom, and to recompense with merited vengeance the wrongs which they have endured from a perfidious and dastard enemy. Shall the call be made in vain? Shall we turn a deaf ear to the voice of our country and the beseeching cries of our murdered brethren? Surely there can be no one so insensible to guilt and shame as to look with indifference upon the slaughter of his people and the desolation of his country.

If there be so foul a blot upon humanity — if there be one in the whole limits of our land who is mean enough, when his home is invaded by an insolent foe, to seek safety in dishonorable flight — I would say to him, "Detested recreant! retire to the shades of infamy, and sully no more a beautiful land, whose blessings belong to the brave and victorious." Let, then, every patriot soldier — every worthy citizen who abhors the name of traitor, and contemns the vile epithet of coward — rally to the call promptly around the unfurled banner of freedom. Let him repair with impatient zeal to the theater of his nation's glory, and there snatch, upon the brink of danger, fame for himself and safety for his rights.

The dastard who lingers behind may live to fatten upon the

fruits of his recreancy, but when he dies he rots in infamy to the joy of all ; whilst the noble hero who makes his breast the bulwark of a people's liberty, will find a rich reward for toil and valor in the pride of conscious virtue and the smiles of a grateful nation. If he fall in the holy cause, he will still survive in the affections of his comrades, and his name will gather glory with the flight of ages.

" Each little rill, each mountain river,
Rolls mingling with his fame forever."

Enthusiasm. — WILLIAM PINCKNEY.

THE vanity of human wisdom and the presumption of human reason are proverbial. This vanity and this presumption are often neither reasonable nor wise. Humanity, too, sometimes plays fantastic tricks with power. Time, moreover, is fruitful in temptations to convert discretionary power to all sorts of purposes.

Time, that withers the strength of man, and "strews around him, like autumnal leaves, the ruins of his proudest monuments," produces great vicissitudes in modes of thinking and feeling. It brings along with it, in its progress, new circumstances ; new combinations and modifications of the old ; generating new views, motives, and caprices, new fanaticisms of endless variety ; in short, new every thing. We ourselves are always changing ; and what to-day we have but a small desire to attempt, to-morrow becomes the object of our passionate aspirations.

There is such a thing as enthusiasm, moral, religious, or political, or a compound of all three ; and it is wonderful what it will attempt, and from what imperceptible beginnings it sometimes rises into a mighty agent. Rising from some obscure or unknown source, it first shows itself a petty rivulet, which scarcely murmurs over the pebbles that obstruct its way ; then it swells into a fierce torrent, bearing all before it ; and then again, like some mountain stream which occasional rains have precipitated upon the valley, it sinks once more into a rivulet, and finally leaves its channel dry.

Such a thing has happened. I do not say that it is now happening. It would not become me to say so. But if it should occur, woe to the unlucky territory that should be struggling to make its way into the Union at the moment when the opposing inundation was at its height, and at the same instant this wide

Mediterranean of discretionary powers, which, it seems, is ours, should open up all its sluices, and, with a consentaneous rush, mingle with the turbid waters of the others !

Be faithful to your Country. — E. EVERETT.

WHEN the old world afforded no longer any hope, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant auspices ; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society — to settle, and that forever, the momentous question — whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system.

One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all places and times are looking down from their happy seats to witness what shall now be done by us ; that they who lavished their treasures and their blood of old, who labored and suffered, who spoke and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of freedom and truth, are now hanging, from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity.

As I have wandered over the spots once the scene of their labors, and rused among the prostrate columns of their stately houses and forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages — from the sepulchers of the nations which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trusts ; they implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity — by the blessed memory of the departed — by the dear faith which has been pledged by pure hands to the holy cause of truth and man — by the awful secrets of the prison houses where the sons of freedom have been immured — by the noble heads which have been brought to the block — by the wrecks of time — by the eloquent ruins of nations, — they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes ; and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasions of her mangled Tully.

Yes, such is the exhortation which calls on us to exert our powers, to employ our time, and consecrate our efforts, in the cause of our native land. When we engage in that solemn study, the history of our race — when we survey the progress of man from his cradle in the East to these last limits of his

wandering—when we behold him forever flying westward from civil and religious thralldom, bearing his household gods over mountains and seas, seeking rest and finding none, but still pursuing the flying bow of promise to the glittering hills which it spans in Hesperian climes, we can not but exclaim with Bishop Berkeley, the generous prelate of England, who bestowed his benefactions, as well as blessings, on our country, —

“Westward the star of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

Washington’s Sword and Franklin’s Staff.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[In the United States House of Representatives, on reception of these memorials by Congress.]

THE sword of Washington! The staff of Franklin! O, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country’s cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing press, and the ploughshare!—What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! Washington and Franklin! What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

Washington, the warrior and the legislator; in war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race, — ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

Franklin, the mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant’s hand

the still more afflictive scepter of oppression ; while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the charter of independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the representatives of the North American people, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated republic, these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our government ! And may every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world, and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more !

The Sword of General Jackson.—CASS,

[The sword being placed on Mr. Cass's desk, he rose, and raising the sword, made the following eloquent speech : —]

MR. PRESIDENT, I must ask the indulgence of the Senate for requesting that its usual business may be suspended to give me an opportunity to discharge a trust which has been committed to me—a trust I had not the heart to decline, but which I knew I had not the power to fulfill as such a mission should be fulfilled. I hold in my hand the sword of General Jackson, which he wore in all his expeditions, while in the military service of the country, and which was his faithful companion in his last and crowning victory, when New Orleans was saved from the grasp of a rapa-

cious and powerful enemy, and our nation from the disgrace and disaster which defeat would have brought in its train. When the hand of death was upon him, General Jackson presented this sword to his friend, the late General Armstrong, as a testimonial of his high appreciation of the services, worth, and courage of that most estimable citizen and distinguished soldier, whose desperate valor on one occasion stayed the tide of Indian success and saved the army from destruction. The family of that lamented depositary, now that death has released him from the guardianship of this treasure of patriotism, are desirous it should be surrendered to the custody of the national legislature, believing that to be the proper disposition of a memorial which, in all time to come, will be a cherished one for the American people. To carry that purpose into effect, I now offer it in their name to Congress.

Mr. President, this is no doubtful relic, whose identity depends upon uncertain tradition, and which owes its interest to an impulsive imagination. Its authenticity is established beyond controversy by the papers which accompany it, and it derives its value as well from our knowledge of its history as from its association with the great captain whose days of toil and nights of trouble it shared and witnessed, and who never drew it from its scabbard but to defend the honor and the interests of his country. This is neither the time nor the place to portray those great traits of character which gave to General Jackson the ascendancy that no man ever denied who approached him, and that wonderful influence with his countrymen which marked almost his whole course from his entrance upon a public career till the grave closed upon his life and his labors, and left him to that equality which the mighty and the lowly must find at last. Still, from my personal and official relations with him, and, I trust, I may add, from his friendship toward me, of which I had many proofs, I can not withhold the acknowledgment of the impression which his high qualities made upon me, and which becomes more lasting and profound as time is doing its work of separation from the days of my intercourse with him.

I have been no careless observer of the men of my time, who, controlled by events, or controlling them, have stood prominent among them, and will occupy distinguished positions in the annals of the age; and circumstances have attended my opportunities of examination to the old world, as well as to the new. But I say, and with a deep conviction of its truth, that I never have been brought into contact with a man who possessed more native sagacity, more profundity of intellect, higher powers of

observation, or greater probity of purpose, more ardor of patriotism, nor more firmness of resolution after he had surveyed his position and occupied it, than the lamented subject of this feeble tribute, not to him, but to truth. And I will add that during the process of determination upon important subjects, he was sometimes slow, and generally cautious and inquiring, and, he has more than once told me, anxious and uneasy, not seldom passing the night without sleep; but he was calm in his mind and inflexible in his will, when reflection had given place to decision. The prevailing opinion that he was rash and hasty in his conclusions is founded upon an erroneous impression of his habits of thought and action—upon a want of discrimination between his conduct before and after his judgment had pronounced upon his course.

Union linked with Liberty.—ANDREW JACKSON,
(Born 1767, died 1845.)

WITHOUT union our independence and liberty would never have been achieved; without union they can never be maintained. Divided into twenty-four, or even a smaller number of separate communities, we shall see our internal trade burdened with numberless restraints and exactions; communication between distant points and sections obstructed or cut off; our sons made soldiers, to deluge with blood the fields they now till in peace; the mass of our people borne down and impoverished by taxes to support armies and navies; and military leaders, at the head of their victorious legions, becoming our lawgivers and judges. The loss of liberty, of all good government, of peace, plenty, and happiness, must inevitably follow a dissolution of the Union. In supporting it, therefore, we support all that is dear to the freeman and the philanthropist.

The time at which I stand before you is full of interest. The eyes of all nations are fixed on our republic. The event of the existing crisis will be decisive, in the opinion of mankind, of the practicability of our federal system of government. Great is the stake placed in our hands; great is the responsibility which must rest upon the people of the United States. Let us realize the importance of the attitude in which we stand before the world. Let us exercise forbearance and firmness. Let us extricate our country from the dangers which surround it, and learn wisdom from the lessons they inculcate. Deeply impressed

with the truth of these observations, and under the obligation of that solemn oath which I am about to take, I shall continue to exert all my faculties to maintain the just powers of the constitution, and to transmit unimpaired to posterity the blessings of our federal Union.

At the same time it will be my aim to inculcate, by my official acts, the necessity of exercising, by the general government, those powers only that are clearly delegated ; to encourage simplicity and economy in the expenditures of the government ; to raise no more money from the people than may be requisite for these objects, and in a manner that will best promote the interests of all classes of the community, and of all portions of the Union. Constantly bearing in mind that, in entering into society, " individuals must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest," it will be my desire so to discharge my duties as to foster with our brethren, in all parts of the country, a spirit of liberal concession and compromise, and, by reconciling our fellow-citizens to those partial sacrifices which they must unavoidably make for the preservation of a greater good, to recommend our invaluable government and Union to the confidence and affections of the American people. Finally, it is my most fervent prayer to that Almighty Being before whom I now stand, and who has kept us in his hands from the infancy of our republic to the present day, that he will so overrule all my intentions and actions, and inspire the hearts of my fellow-citizens, that we may be preserved from dangers of all kinds, and continue forever a united and happy people.

Scene from Catiline. — CROLY.

The Senate. — LICTORS ; the CONSUL ; CICERO speaking.

Cic. Our long dispute must close. Take one proof more
Of this rebellion. — Lucius Catiline
Has been commanded to attend the Senate.
He dares not come. I now demand your votes.
Is he condemned to exile ?

(*Catiline comes in hastily, and flings himself on the bench ;
all the senators go over to the other side.*)

Cic. (*Turning to Catiline.*) Here I repeat the charge, to
gods and men,
Of treasons manifold — that, but this day,

He has received despatches from the rebels;
 That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
 To seize the province; nay, has levied troops,
 And raised his rebel standard; that but now
 A meeting of conspirators was held
 Under his roof, with mystic rites, and oaths,
 Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.
 To these he has no answer.

Cat. (Rising calmly.) Conscript fathers:
 I do not rise to waste the night in words;
 Let that plebeian talk; 'tis not my trade;
 But here I stand for right — let him show proofs —
 For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
 To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
 'Cling to your master; judges, Romans — *slaves!*
 His charge is false; I dare him to his proofs.
 You have my answer. Let my actions speak.

Cic. (Interrupting him.) Deeds shall convince you! *Has*
 the traitor done?

Cat. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
 And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong;
 Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
 Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
 Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
 The gates of honor on me, turning out
 The Roman from his birthright; and for what! (*Looking round*
him.)

To fling your offices to every slave;
 Vipers that creep where man disdains to climb;
 And having wound their loathsome track to the top
 Of this huge moldering monument of Rome,
 Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?
 Fathers, you know there lives not one of us
 But lives in peril of his midnight sword.
 Lists of proscription have been handed round,
 In which your general properties are made
 Your murderer's hire.

(*A cry is heard without — "More prisoners!" An officer enters with letters for Cicero; who, after glancing at them, sends them round the Senate. Catiline is strongly perturbed.*)

Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced

By proof as clear as daylight, here it is !
 Look on these letters ! Here's a deep-laid plot
 To wreck the provinces ; a solemn league,
 Made with all form and circumstance. The time
 Is desperate — all the slaves are up — Rome shakes !
 The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
 We stand even here ! — The name of Catiline
 Is foremost in the league. He was their king.
 Tried and convicted traitor ! go from Rome !

Cat. (*Haughtily rising.*) Come, consecrated lictors, from
 your thrones ; (*To the Senate.*)

Fling down your scepters ; take the rod and ax,
 And make the murder as you make the law.

Cic. (*Interrupting him.*) Give up the record of his banish-
 ment. (*To an officer.*)

(*The officer gives it to the Consul.*)

Cat. (*Indignantly.*) Banished from Rome ! What's ban-
 ished, but set free

From daily contact of the things I loathe ?

"Tried and convicted traitor !" Who says this ?

Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head ?

Banished — I thank you for it. It breaks my chain !

I held some slack allegiance till this hour ;

But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords !

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,

Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,

I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,

To leave you in your lazy dignities.

But here I stand and scoff you ; here I fling

Hatred and full defiance in your face.

Your consul's merciful. For this, all thanks.

He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.

(*The Consul reads : —* "Lucius Sergius Catiline, by
 the decree of the Senate, you are declared an enemy
 and alien to the state and banished from the territory
 of the commonwealth.")

The Consul. Lictors, drive the traitor from the temple !

Cat. (*Furious.*) "Traitor !" I go — but I return. This —
 trial !

Here I devote your Senate ! I've had wrongs

To stir a fever in the blood of age,

Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.

This day's the birth of sorrows ! — this hour's work

Will breed proscriptions : — look to your hearths, my lords !
 For there, henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
 Shapes hot from Tartarus ! — all shames and crimes !
 Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn ;
 Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup ;
 Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones ;
 Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
 And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave !

(*The senators rise in tumult and cry out,*)

Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome !

Cic. Expel him, lictors ! Clear the Senate house !

(*They surround him.*)

Cat. (*Struggling through them.*) I go, but not to leap the
 gulf alone.

I go — but when I come, 'twill be the burst
 Of ocean in the earthquake — rolling back
 In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well !
 You build my funeral pile, but your best blood
 Shall quench its flame. Back, slaves ! (*To the lictors.*) — I will
 return.

(*He rushes out ; the scene closes.*)

We are Seven. — WORDSWORTH

I MET a little cottage girl ;
 She was eight years old, she said ;
 Her hair was thick, with many a curl,
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
 And she was wildly clad ;
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
 Her beauty made me glad.

" Sisters and brothers, little maid,
 How many may you be ? "
 " How many ? seven, in all," she said,
 And wondering, looked at me.

" And where are they ? I pray you tell."

She answered, " Seven are we ;
And two of us in Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

" Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them, with my mother "

" You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven ; I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be ? "

Then did the little maid reply,
" Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie ;
Beneath the churchyard tree."

" You run about, my little maid ;
Your limbs, they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

" Their graves are green ; they may be seen
The little maid replied,
" Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

" My stockings there I often knit,
My 'kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit ,
I sit and sing to them.

" And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

" The first that died was little Jane
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain ,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven ?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master, we are seven."

"But they are dead ; those two are dead ;
Their spirits are in heaven ;"
'Twas throwing words away ; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

Constitution of the United States.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

AFTER all our doubts, our suspicions, and speculations, on the subject of government, we must return, at last, to this important truth — that, when we have formed a constitution upon free principles, when we have given a proper balance to the different branches of administration, and fixed representation upon pure and equal principles, we may, with safety, furnish it with all the powers necessary to answer, in the most ample manner, the purposes of government. The great desiderata are a free representation and mutual checks. When these are obtained, all our apprehensions of the extent of powers are unjust and imaginary. What, then, is the structure of this constitution ? One branch of the legislature is to be elected by the people — by the same people who choose your state representatives. Its members are to hold their office two years, and then return to their constituents. Here, sir, the people govern. Here they act by their immediate representatives. You have also a Senate, constituted by your state legislatures, — by men in whom you place the highest confidence, — and forming another representative branch.

Then, again, you have an executive magistrate, created by a form of election which merits universal admiration.

In the form of this government, and in the mode of legislation, you find all the checks which the greatest politicians and the best writers have ever conceived. What more can reasonable men desire? Is there any one branch in which the whole legislative and executive powers are lodged? No! The legislative authority is lodged in three distinct branches, properly balanced; the executive authority is divided between two branches; and the judicial is still reserved for an independent body, who hold their office during good behavior. This organization is so complex, so skillfully contrived, that it is next to impossible that an impolitic or wicked measure should pass the great scrutiny with success. Now, what do gentlemen mean by coming forward and declaiming against this government? Why do they say we ought to limit its powers, to disable it, and to destroy its capacity of blessing the people? Has philosophy suggested, has experience taught, that such a government ought not to be trusted with every thing necessary for the good of society? Sir, when you have divided and nicely balanced the departments of government; when you have strongly connected the virtue of your rulers with their interests; when, in short, you have rendered your system as perfect as human forms *can* be,—you *must* place confidence; you *must* give power.

Extent of Country no Bar to Union

EDMUND RANDOLPH,

[In the Virginia convention on the federal constitution,

EXTENT of country, in my conception, ought to be no bar to the adoption of a good government. No extent on earth seems to me too great, provided the laws be wisely made and executed. The principles of representation and responsibility may pervade a large as well as a small territory; and tyranny is as easily introduced into a small as into a large district. Union, Mr. Chairman, is the rock of our salvation. Our safety, our political happiness, our existence depend on the union of these states. Without union, the people of this and the other states will undergo the unspeakable calamities which discord, faction, turbulence, war, and bloodshed have continually produced in other countries. Without union, we throw away all those blessings for which we have so earnestly fought. Without union, there is no peace, sir, in the land.

The American spirit ought to be mixed with American pride — pride to see the Union magnificently triumph. Let that glorious pride which once defied the British thunder reanimate you again. Let it not be recorded of Americans, that, after having performed the most gallant exploits, after having overcome the most astonishing difficulties, and after having gained the admiration of the world by their incomparable valor and policy, they lost their acquired reputation, lost their national consequence and happiness, by their own indiscretion. Let no future historian inform posterity that Americans wanted wisdom and virtue to concur in any regular, efficient government. Catch the present moment. Seize it with avidity. It may be lost, never to be regained; and if the Union be lost now, I fear it will remain so forever.

Sublime Prospects. — AGENSIDE.

Who, that from Alpine heights his laboring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his broad tide
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand, will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft;
Through fields of air pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volleyed lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long track of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and, hovering o'er the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence, far effused,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting circles the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone
Invests the orient. Now, amazed, she views
The empyreal wastes, where happy spirits hold,

Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode,
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has traveled the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrived in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world, untired,
She meditates the eternal depth below,
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges, soon o'erwhelmed and swallowed up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal ; for, from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment ; but from these
Turning, disdainful, to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

France and the United States. — GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(Born 1732, died 1799.)

[Reply, as president of the United States, January 1, 1796, to the address of the minister plenipotentiary of the French republic, on his presenting the colors of France to the United States.]

BORN, sir, in a land of liberty, — having early learned its value, — having engaged in a perilous conflict to defend it, — having, in a word, devoted the best years of my life to secure its permanent establishment in my own country, — my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes are irresistibly excited whensoever, in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom. But, above all, the events of the French revolution have produced the deepest solicitude, as well as the highest admiration. To call your nation brave, were to pronounce but common praise. Wonderful people ! Ages to come will read with astonishment the history of your brilliant exploits. I rejoice that the period of your toils and of your immense sacrifices is approaching. I rejoice that the interesting revolutionary movements of so many years have issued in the formation of a constitution designed to give permanency to the great object for which you have contended. I rejoice that

liberty, which you have so long embraced with enthusiasm, — liberty, of which you have been the invincible defenders, — now finds an asylum in the bosom of a regularly organized government; a government which, being formed to secure the happiness of the French people, corresponds with the ardent wishes of my heart, while it gratifies the pride of every citizen of the United States by its resemblance to his own. On these glorious events, accept, sir, my sincere congratulations.

In delivering to you these sentiments, I express not my own feelings only, but those of my fellow-citizens, in relation to the commencement, the progress, and the issue of the French revolution; and they will cordially join with me in purest wishes to the Supreme Being that the citizens of our sister republic, our magnanimous allies, may soon enjoy in peace that liberty which they have purchased at so great a price, and all the happiness which liberty can bestow.

I receive, sir, with lively sensibility, the symbol of the triumphs and of the enfranchisement of your nation, the colors of France, which you have now presented to the United States. The transaction will be announced to Congress, and the colors will be deposited with those archives of the United States which are at once the evidences and the memorials of their freedom and independence. May these be perpetual. And may the friendship of the two republics be commensurate with their existence.

The Hermit. — GOLDSMITH.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

“For here forlorn and lost I tread
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.”

“Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries
“To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies,
To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows —
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

' But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn ; thy cares forego ,
All earth-born cares are wrong.
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Man alone makes War on his own Species. — SCOTT

THE hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth.
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assigned.
The falcon, poised on soaring wing,
Watches the wild duck by the spring ;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair ;
The greyhound presses on the hare ;
The eagle pounces on the lamb ;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam ;
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likeness and their lineage spare.
Man only mars kind nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man ;

Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue. — Part.

No more shall nation against nation rise,
No ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes ;
No fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field ,
The swain, in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise ;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles and the bulrush nods.
Waste, sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
The leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead.
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
Exalt thy towery head and lift thy eyes !
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn ·
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate **kings**,
 And heaped with products of Sabæan springs.
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts. The Light himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine.
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

The Soldier's Tear. — T. H. BAILEY.

UPON the hill he turned
 To take a last fond look
 Of the valley, and the village church,
 And the cottage by the brook ;
 He listened to the sounds
 So familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier leant upon his sword
 And wiped away a tear.

Beside that cottage porch
 A girl was on her knees ;
 She held aloft a snowy scarf,
 Which fluttered in the breeze ;
 She breathed a prayer for him,
 A prayer he could not hear,
 But he paused to bless her, as she knelt,
 And wiped away a tear.

He turned and left the spot ,
 O, do not deem him weak !
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
 Though tears were on his cheek.

FREE DISCUSSION.

Go watch the foremost rank
In danger's dark career ;
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.

The Veteran. — T. H. BAILEY.

It was a Sabbath morn ;
The bell had chimed for church,
And the young and gay were gathering
Around the rustic porch ;
There came an aged man, —
In a soldier's garb was he, —
And gazing round the group, he cried,
“ Do none remember me ? ”

The veteran forgot
His friends were changed or gone ;
The manly forms around him there
As children he had known.
He pointed to the spot
Where his dwelling used to be,
Then told his name, and smiling said,
“ You now remember me.”

Alas ! none knew him there :
He pointed to a stone
On which the name he breathed was traced,
A name to them unknown ;
And then the old man wept.
“ I am friendless, now,” cried he ;
“ Where I had many friends in youth,
Not one remembers me.”

Free Discussion. — WEBSTER.

IMPORTANT as I deem it to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing fashionable, make it necessary to be explicit on this point. The

more I perceive a disposition to check the freedom of inquiry by extravagant and unconstitutional pretences, the firmer shall be the tone in which I shall assert, and the freer the manner in which I shall exercise it.

It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people to canvass public measures and the merits of public men. It is a "homebred right"—a fireside privilege. It hath ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air or walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. Aiming at all times to be courteous and temperate in its use, except when the right itself shall be questioned, I shall then carry it to its extent. I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm that would move me from my ground.

This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house, and without this house, and in all places; in time of peace, and in all times. Living, I shall assert it; and, should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defense of them.

American Institutions. — WEBSTER.

WHO is there among us that, should he find himself on any spot of the earth where human beings exist, and where the existence of other nations is known, would not be proud to say, I am an American; I am a countryman of Washington; I am a citizen of that republic which, although it has suddenly sprung up, yet there are none on the globe who have ears to hear, and have not heard of it—who have eyes to see, and have not read of it—who know any thing, and yet do not know of its existence and its glory? And, gentlemen, let me now reverse the picture. Let me ask, Who is there among us, if he were to be found to-morrow in one of the civilized countries of Europe, and were there to learn that this goodly form of government had been overthrown—that the United States were no longer united—who is there whose heart would not sink within him? Who is there who would not cover his face for very shame?

At this very moment, gentlemen, our country is a general

refuge for the distressed and the persecuted of other nations. Whoever is in affliction from political occurrences in his own country looks here for shelter. Whether he be republican, flying from the oppression of thrones—or whether he be monarch or monarchist, flying from thrones that crumble and fall under or around him—he feels equal assurance that, if he get foothold on our soil, his person is safe, and his rights will be respected.

We have tried these popular institutions in times of great excitement and commotion, and they have stood substantially firm and steady while the fountains of the great political deep have been elsewhere broken up; while thrones, resting on ages of prescription, have tottered and fallen; and while, in other countries, the earthquake of unrestrained popular commotion has swallowed up all law, and all liberty, and all right together. Our government has been tried in peace, and it has been tried in war, and has proved itself fit for both. It has been assailed from without, and it has successfully resisted the shock; it has been disturbed within, and it has effectually quieted the disturbance. It can stand trial; it can stand assault; it can stand adversity; it can stand every thing but the marring of its own beauty and the weakening of its own strength. It can stand every thing but the effects of our own rashness and our own folly. It can stand every thing but disorganization, disunion, and nullification.

On Government Extravagance

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN,

THE bill under consideration is intended to authorize the treasury department to issue ten millions of treasury notes, to be applied to the discharge of the expenses of government. Habits of extravagance, it seems, are hard to change. They constitute a disease; ay, sir, a very dangerous one. That of the present administration came to a crisis about eight months ago, and it cost the patient ten millions of treasury notes to get round the corner. And now it is as bad as ever. Another crisis has come, and the doctors ask for ten millions more. The disease is desperate. Money or death. They say, if the bill is rejected government must "stop." What must stop? The laws? The judicial tribunals? The legislative bodies? The institutions of the country? No, no, sir; all these will remain and go on. What stops, then? Its own extravagance; that must stop, and

"there's the rub!" Besides, sir, I must really be permitted to say, that if to keep this administration on its feet is to cost ten millions of extraordinary supply every six or eight months, why, Mr. President, the sooner its fate is recorded in the bills of mortality the better.

Let me know how this money is to be applied. I never will vote a dollar on the mere cry of "exigency!" — "crisis!" I will be behind no man in meeting the real necessities of my country, but I will not blindly or heedlessly vote away the money of the people, or involve them in debt. If the government wants money, let it borrow it. If extravagance or necessity shall bring a national debt upon us, let it come openly, and not steal upon us in the disguise of treasury notes. "O, but it is no debt!" say gentlemen; "it is only issuing a few notes to meet a crisis." Well, sir, whether it be a national debt I will not say. This I know: it will be followed, whatever it is, with the serious and substantial consequence, that the people of the United States will have to pay it — every cent of it — and with interest. Sir, I desire to see this experimenting administration forced to make some experiments in economy. It is almost the only sort of experiment to which it seems averse. Its cry is still for money, money, money! But, for one, I say to it, "Take physic, Pomp!" Lay aside your extravagance. Too much money has been your bane; and I do not feel myself required, by any duty, to grant you more at present. If I did, it would not be in the form proposed by the bill.

The Tyrant Gesler and William Tell. — KNOWLES.

Gesler. Why speak'st thou not?

William Tell. For wonder.

Ges. Wonder?

Tell. Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.

Ges. What should I seem?

Tell. A monster!

Ges. Ha, beware! — think on thy chains.

Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down

Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up

Erect, with nothing but the honest pride

Of telling thee, usurper, to the teeth,

Thou art a monster. Think upon my chains!

Show me the link of them, which, could it speak,

Would give its evidence against my word.

Think on my chains ! Think on my chains !

How came they on me ?

Ges. Darest thou question me ?

Tell. Darest thou not answer ?

Ges. Do I hear ?

Tell. Thou dost.

Ges. Beware my vengeance !

Tell. Can it more than kill ?

Ges. Enough — it can do that.

Tell. No, not enough.

It can not take away the grace of life,
Its comeliness of look that virtue gives,
Its port erect with consciousness of truth,
Its rich attire of honorable deeds,
Its fair report, that's rife on good men's tongues ;
It can not lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,
Or, with polluted finger, tarnish it.

Ges. But it can make thee writhe.

Tell. It may.

Ges. And groan.

Tell. It may ; and I may cry,

Go on, though it should make me groan again.

Ges. Whence comest thou ?

Tell. From the mountains. Wouldst thou learn

What news from them ?

Ges. Canst tell me any ?

Tell. Ay ; they watch no more the avalanche.

Ges. Why so ?

Tell. Because they look for thee. The hurricanes

Comes unawares upon them ; from its bed

The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.

Ges. What do they then ?

Tell. Thank Heaven it is not thou !

Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth

Presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked ;

The harvest sun is constant, and they scarce

Return his smile ; their flocks and herds increase

And they look on as men who count a loss.

They hear of thriving children born to them,

And never shake the teller by the hand ;

While those they have they see grow up and flourish,

And think as little of caressing them

As they were things a deadly plague had smit.

There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes them, but
 The thought of thee doth wither to a curse,
 As something they must lose, and richer were
 To lack.

Ges. That's right! I'd have them like their hills,
 That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
 Them e'er so much.

Tell. But they do sometimes smile.

Ges. Ay! — when is that?

Tell. When they do talk of vengeance.

Ges. Vengeance? Dare
 They talk of that?

Tell. Ay, and expect it, too.

Ges. From whence?

Tell. From Heaven.

Ges. From Heaven?

Tell. And the true hearts
 Are lifted up to it, on every hill,
 For justice on thee.

The Murderer's Secret. — WEBSTER.

[These parts may be spoken together, or separately.]

THE deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to

make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by man.

The Same. Part Second.—WEBSTER.

TRUE it is, generally speaking, that “murder will out.” True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven, by shedding man’s blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery; especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime the guilty soul can not keep its own secret.

It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself; it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole

world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion ; it breaks down his courage it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed ; it will be confessed ; there is no refuge from confession but suicide ; and suicide is confession.

War with France. — J. C. CALHOUN.

THE first thing that strikes me, sir, in casting my eyes to the future, is the utter impossibility that war, should there unfortunately be one, can have an honorable termination. The capacity of France to inflict injury upon us is ten times greater than ours to inflict injuries on her ; while the cost of the war, in proportion to her means, would be in nearly the same proportion less than ours to our means. She has relatively a small commerce to be destroyed, while we have the largest in the world, in proportion to our capital and population. She may threaten and harass our coast, while her own is safe from assault. I do not hesitate to pronounce, sir, that a war with France will be among the greatest calamities — greater than a war with England herself. The power of the latter to annoy us may be greater than that of the former ; but so is ours, in turn, greater to annoy England than France. Nothing can be more destructive to our commerce and navigation than for England to be neutral, while we are belligerent, in a contest with such a country as France. The whole of our commercial marine, with our entire shipping, would pass almost instantly into the hands of England. With the exception of our public armed vessels, there would be scarcely a flag of ours afloat on the ocean. We grew rich by being neutral while England was belligerent. It was that which so suddenly built up the mighty fabric of our prosperity and greatness. Reverse the position : let England be neutral while we are belligerent, and the sources of our wealth and prosperity would be speedily exhausted.

In a just and necessary war, all these consequences ought to be fearlessly met. Though a friend to peace, when a proper occasion occurs I would be among the last to dread the consequences of war. I think the wealth and blood of a country are well poured out in maintaining a just, honorable, and necessary war ; but, in

in such a war as that with which the country is now threatened—a mere war of etiquette—a war turning on a question so trivial as whether an explanation shall or shall not be given—no, whether it has or has not been given, (for that is the real point on which the controversy turns,)—to put in jeopardy the lives and property of our citizens, and the liberty and institutions of our country, is worse than folly—is madness. I say the liberty and institutions of the country. I hold them to be in imminent danger. Such has been the grasp of executive power, that we have not been able to resist its usurpations, even in a period of peace; and how much less shall we be able, with the vast increase of power and patronage which a war must confer on that department? In a sound condition of the country, with our institutions in their full vigor, and every department confined to its proper sphere, we would have nothing to fear from a war with France, or any other power; but our system is deeply diseased, and we may fear the worst in being involved in a war at such a juncture.

The Preservation of the Union.—CASS

SIR, I may well appeal to those who find in the constitution or out of the constitution this power to control the territories, whether it is a power that ought to be exercised under existing circumstances. Here is one half of a great country which believes, with a unanimity perhaps without a parallel in grave national questions, that the constitution has delegated to Congress no such power whatever. And there is a large portion of the other half which entertains similar views; while of those who see in the constitution sufficient grounds for legislative action, there are many who admit, indeed, probably there are few who deny, that the question is not free from serious doubts.

Besides the want of constitutional power, there are at least fourteen states of this Union which see in this measure a direct attack upon their rights, and a disregard of their feelings and interests, as injurious in itself as it is offensive to their pride of character, and incompatible with the existence of those bonds of amity which are stronger than constitutional ties to hold us together. No man can shut his eyes to the excitement which prevails there, and which is borne to us by the press in countless articles coming from legislative proceedings, from popular assemblies, and from all the sources whence public opinion is derived, and be insensible to the evil day that is upon us. I

believe this Union will survive all the dangers with which it may be manaced, however trying the circumstances in which it may be placed. I believe it is not destined to perish till long after it shall have fulfilled the great mission confided to it, of example and encouragement to the nations of the earth who are struggling with the despotism of centuries, and groping their way in a darkness once impenetrable, but where the light of knowledge and freedom is beginning to disperse the gloom.

But to maintain this proud position, this integrity of political existence, on which so much for us and for the world depends, we must carefully avoid those sectional questions so much and so forcibly deprecated by the father of his country, and cultivating a spirit of mutual regard, adding to the considerations of interest which hold us together the higher motives of affection and of affinity of views and of sympathies. Sad will be the day when the first drop of blood is shed in the preservation of this Union. The day need never come, and never will come, if the same spirit of compromise and of concession by each to the feelings of all, which animated our fathers, continues to animate us and our children. But if powers offensive to one portion of the country, and of doubtful obligation, — to say the least of it, — are to be exercised by another, and under circumstances of peculiar excitement, this confederation may be rent in twain, leaving another example of that judicial blindness with which God, in his providence, sometimes visits the sins of nations.

The True Nature of our Government.

D. ULMANN,

THE great truth which was promulgated by the Declaration of Independence, and established by the war of the revolution, and made the distinguishing characteristic of our nationality, was, that all legitimate power resides in, and is derived from, the people. This sublime truth, to us so self-evident, so simple, so obvious, was before that time measurably undeveloped in the history of the world. Philosophers, in their dreams, had built ideal governments; Plato had luxuriated in the happiness of his fanciful republic; Sir Thomas More had reveled in the bright visions of his Utopia; the immortal Milton had uttered his sublime views on freedom; and the great Locke had published his profound speculations on the true principles of government; but never until the establishment of American independence, was it, except

in very imperfect modes, acknowledged by a nation, and made the corner stone and foundation of its government, that the sovereign power is vested in the mass. It was a total condemnation of all prevalent political theories; an absolute contradiction of the doctrines of the divine right of kings to reign, and of passive obedience; an emanation from, and a constituent part of, the age-long movement of the human mind—the principle of progress. It burst upon mankind like the roar of thunder in a cloudless sky, and the hearts of nations leaped with sympathy. They felt that a hidden power had been revealed to man, a power destined to advance in its glorious career of conquest, until the day when it shall spring at a single bound to the throne of the world.

This fundamental principle of our republican government, the sovereignty of the people, when analyzed, resolves itself into the equal and unrestrained right of each individual to judge and act for himself in all matters of social, civil, political, and religious import. When each constituent member of the community freely and fearlessly forms and expresses his own opinions, and consents to be controlled by the general result of the opinions of all who are united in the same organization, we have a complete exemplification of the theory of our government. A community thus constituted exhibits the strongest possible contrast to that most abominable and abhorred of all human governments, a despotism. In the former, all are equal, and the combined opinions of a majority control. In the latter, one mind, or a few minds, control, but the great mass are slaves. Between these two extremes may be arranged those governments in which equal political rights are partially extended or curtailed. But the slightest curtailment impairs the fundamental principle. Divest but a single member of this great republic of his right to form and exercise his free opinion on all matters, political and religious, and you mar the beauty and symmetry of the system, and so far impair its perfection. Entire equality, entire freedom in the formation of political and religious opinions, and the exercise of political and religious rights, are the vital principle of our republic. It matters not, to the public weal, whether this freedom of individual opinion be crushed by a single despot, or be extorted by the tyranny of an oligarchy, or a hierarchy; it is lost to the man; and the elementary principle of progress and freedom is equally extinguished, or silenced. So far as the *despot*, *oligarchy*, or *hierarchy*, assumes a control over his opinions, he is driven back from the freedom of an equal, independent citizen, and is constrained to approach the condition of a subject or a slave.

The Sentinels of Liberty.—WEBSTER.

WHEN the members of this house shall lose the freedom of speech and debate; when they shall surrender the right of publicly and freely canvassing all important measures of the executive; when they shall not be allowed to maintain their own authority and their own privileges by vote, declaration, or resolution, they will then be no longer free representatives of a free people, but slaves themselves, and fit instruments to make slaves of others.

Sir, if the people have a right to discuss the official conduct of the executive, so have their representatives. We have been taught to regard a representative of the people as a sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty. Is he to be blind, though visible danger approaches? Is he to be deaf, though sounds of peril fill the air? Is he to be dumb, while a thousand duties impel him to raise the cry of alarm? Is he not, rather, to catch the lowest whisper which breathes intention or purpose of encroachment on the public liberties, and to give his voice breath and utterance at the first appearance of danger? Is not his eye to traverse the whole horizon, with the keen and eager vision of an unhooded hawk, detecting, through all disguises, every enemy advancing, in any form, toward the citadel which he guards?

Sir, this watchfulness for public liberty, this duty of foreseeing danger and proclaiming it, this promptitude and boldness in resisting attacks on the constitution from any quarter, this defence of established landmarks, this fearless resistance of whatever would transcend or remove them, — all belong to the representative character, are interwoven with its very nature, and of which it can not be deprived, without converting an active, intelligent, faithful agent of the people into an unresisting and passive instrument of power. A representative body which gives up these rights and duties gives itself up. It is a representative body no longer. It has broken the tie between itself and its constituents, and henceforth is fit only to be regarded as an inert, self-sacrificed mass, from which all appropriate principle of vitality has departed forever.

Political Corruption.—McDUFFIE.

SIR, we are apt to treat the idea of our own corruptibility as utterly visionary, and to ask, with a grave affectation, of dignity, "What! do you think a member of Congress can be corrupted?"—Sir, I speak what I have long and deliberately considered, when I say, that since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances. Corruption steals upon us in a thousand insidious forms, when we are least aware of its approaches.

Of all the forms in which it can present itself, the bribery of office is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, "Where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it?" Sir, do you expect to see it? You might as well expect to see the embodied forms of pestilence and famine stalking before you, as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amidst it and breathe its contagion, without being conscious of its presence.

All experience teaches us the irresistible power of temptation, when vice assumes the form of virtue. The great enemy of mankind could not have consummated his infernal scheme for the seduction of our first parents, but for the disguise in which he presented himself. Had he appeared as the devil, in his proper form—had the spear of Ithuriel disclosed the naked deformity of the fiend of hell—the inhabitants of paradise would have shrunk with horror from his presence.

But he came as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glowing story to the unsuspecting victim of his guile. "It can be no crime to taste of this delightful fruit. It will disclose to you the knowledge of good and evil. It will raise you to an equality with the angels." Such, sir, was the process, and in this simple but impressive narrative we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited.

Mr. Chairman, I have been forcibly struck with the similarity between our present situation and that of Eve, after it was announced that Satan was on the borders of paradise. We, too, have been warned that the enemy is on our borders. But God forbid that the similitude should be carried any farther. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation and defied it.

The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went "with the blessings of Heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels; she returned covered with shame, under the heavy denunciation of heaven's everlasting curse.

Instability of Human Governments.—RUTLEDGE.

SIR, human nature is the same every where; and man is precisely the same sort of being in the new world that he is in the old. All Europe was once free. But where now is the diet of Sweden? Where are the states of Holland, and Portugal, and the republics of Switzerland and Italy? The people of those countries were once free and happy, but their governments, for the want of some protecting check, some inherent principle to defend themselves, have all been subverted; they have all traveled the same road; it is as plain as a turnpike: it is pointed out by the ruins of other republics.

Every where the same causes have produced the same effects. The honorable gentleman says he does not want to seek examples across the Atlantic. Sir, is this wise? Are we to shut our eyes to the light of history, and turn away from the voice of experience? Sir, the untutored Indian marks on his tomahawk great events as they pass, and augurs what will happen from knowing what has happened; and shall we travel on without noticing the finger boards erected by historians for our security?

The gentleman censures our having noticed France, and read a passage from a speech of the illustrious Washington, where he called the French a great and wise people. What has been the fate of this gallant people? Where is their constitution? We have seen La Fayette in the Champ de Mars, at the head of fifty thousand warriors, who, with one hand grasping their swords, and the other laid on the altar, swore, in the presence of Almighty God, they never would desert their constitution.

Through all the departments of France similar pledges were given. Frenchmen received their constitution as the followers of Mahomet did the Alcoran, and thought it came to them from Heaven. They swore on their standards and their sabers never to abandon it. But, sir, this constitution has vanished: their swords, which were to have formed a rampart around it, are now worn by the consular janizaries, and the republican standards are among the trophies which deccrate the vau ted roof of the consul's palace.

Religious Education. — E. A. NISBET

No citizen entertains stronger convictions of the necessity of education than I do, or a more honest zeal for its diffusion; I would teach all — dispel every shade that darkens the mind of my country, and establish at once the reign of light. No man within the limits of this broad land should plead ignorance for moral delinquency or political heresy. Each one should know his rights and the means of maintaining them — should understand all his duties, personal, relative, and divine, and enjoy Nature by a just appreciation of the wisdom of her laws, and the beauty and sublimity of her exhibitions.

I would light up the peasant's cot with the radiance of science, and kindle the beacon of letters upon the dark mountains of ignorance — a guide to the weary wanderers of mortality. Every woman should feel her equality, by equal culture — should reign the graceful queen of domestic and social life, commanding allegiance by the polish of her manners, the sweetness of her temper, and the resources of her mind; dispensing, with endearing benignity, such favors as she alone can give.

Above all, as the mothers of society, females should know well what constitutes greatness; what right and wrong; what genius — liberty — science — God; that they may form well and mold aright the character of their sons. Intellectual improvement merely, however, is not adequate to the happiness of individuals or the security of the state. There is a wide difference between the education of thought and of moral principle. One comes to illumine, the other to purify the state. One expands the mind; the other directs and sanctifies motives. One is light — beautiful, it is true, yet often cold as Alpine reflections; the other is warm, and genial, and vivifying.

Knowledge, I concede, is a means of propagating virtue, and I might add, a state of ignorance is incompatible with general piety; still there is no necessary connection between human science and virtuous conduct. In science there is no high, and holy, and uniform standard of right and wrong; nothing to restrain the passions and curb the will; nothing to hold the conscience and the conduct to rectitude, by the richness of its rewards, or the might and eternity of its punishments. The mind may teem with thought, yet the character be destitute of honor, justice, mercy, and benevolence.

The astronomer may explore the heavens, and read intelligibly the language of the stars, yet defraud his neighbor. The

historian may know for himself the polity and prowess, the triumphs and defeats, the rise and fall of empires, yet fulfill no duty, relative or divine. The orator may delight the ear, and arouse or tranquilize the feelings, sway the mob, and rule the Senate, yet plot and perpetuate treason against his country. So, too, the judge may grace the ermin by the depth of his science and the extent of his legal lore, and still receive from the hand of wealth or power the wages of corruption. The poet, fancy-winged with living light, may traverse earth, and sea, and air, yet see no God in all. Religious education is the cheap defense of nations.

Tribute to Chatham.—WIRT.

WHEN the great Earl of Chatham first made his appearance in the House of Commons, and began to astonish and transport the British Parliament and the British nation by the boldness, the force, and range of his thoughts, and the celestial fire and pathos of his eloquence, it is well known that the minister, Walpole, and his brother Horace, from motives very easily understood, exerted all their wit, all their oratory, all their acquirements of every description, sustained and enforced by the unfeeling "insolence of office," to heave a mountain on his gigantic genius, and hide it from the world. Poor and powerless attempt! The tables were turned. He rose upon them, in the might and irresistible energy of his genius, and in spite of all their convulsions, frantic agonies, and spasms, he strangled them and their whole faction with as much ease as Hercules did the serpent Python.

Who can turn over the debates of the day, and read the account of this conflict between youthful ardor and hoary-headed cunning and power, without kindling in the cause of the tyro, and shouting at his victory. That they should have attempted to pass off the grand, yet solid and judicious operations of a mind like his as being mere theatrical start and emotion, the giddy, hare-brained eccentricities of a romantic boy,—that they should have had the presumption to suppose themselves capable of chaining down to the floor of the Parliament a genius so ethereal, towering, and sublime,—seems unaccountable. Why did they not, in the next breath, by way of crowning the climax of vanity, bid the magnificent fire-ball to descend from its exalted and appropriate region, and perform its splendid tour along the surface of the earth?

Napoleon fallen. — PHILLIPS.

HE is fallen ! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive, a will despotic in its dictates, an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character, the most extraordinary, perhaps, that, in the annals of this world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed in the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny.

He knew no motive but interest ; he acknowledged no criterion but success ; he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an Eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate. In the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent ; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross : the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic ; and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and tribune he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope ; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country ; and in the name of Brutus he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars.

Through this pantomime of policy fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory ; his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny ; ruin itself only elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent ; decision flashed upon his councils ; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects his combination.

appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable but in his hands, simplicity marked their development and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacle that he did not surmount, space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or Polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity.

The whole continent trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became commonplace in his contemplation: kings were his people, nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were titular dignitaries of the chess-board. Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant.

Napoleon at Rest.—PIERPONT.

His falchion flashed along the Nile;
 His hosts he led through Alpine snows;
 O'er Moscow's towers, that blazed the while,
 His eagle flag unrolled, and froze.

Here sleeps he now, alone: not one
 Of all the kings whose crowns he gave
 Bends o'er his dust, nor wife nor son
 Has ever seen or sought his grave.

Behind this sea-girt rock, the star
 That led him on from crown to crown
 Has sunk; and nations from afar
 Gazed as it faded and went down.

High is his couch: the ocean flood,
 Far, far below, by storms is curled;
 As round him heaved, while high he stood
 A stormy and unstable world.

Alone he sleeps: the mountain cloud,
 That night hangs round him, and the breath
 Of morning scatters, is the shroud
 That wraps the conqueror's clay in death.

Pause here. The far off world at last
 Breathes free; the hand that shook its thrones,
 And to the earth its miters cast,
 Lies powerless now beneath these stones.

Consequences of our Independence.—MAXCY.

WHILE we celebrate the anniversary of our independence, let us not pass over in silence the defenders of our country. Where are those brave Americans whose lives were cloven down in the tempest of battle? Are they not bending from the bright abodes? A voice from the altar cries, "These are they who loved their country; these are they who died for liberty." We now reap the fruit of their agony and toil. Let their memories be eternally embalmed in our bosoms. Let the infants of all posterity prattle their fame, and drop tears of courage for their fate.

The consequences of American independence will soon reach to the extremities of the world. The shining car of freedom will soon roll over the necks of kings, and bear off the oppressed to scenes of liberty and peace. The clamors of war will cease under the whole heaven. The tree of liberty will shoot its top up to the sun. Its boughs will hang over the ends of the whole world, and wearied nations will lie down and rest under its shade.

Here, in America, stands the asylum for the distressed and persecuted of all nations. The vast temple of freedom rises majestically fair. Founded on a rock, it will remain unshaken by the force of tyrants, undiminished by the flight of time. Long streams of light emanate through its portals, and chase the darkness from distant nations. Its turrets will swell into the heavens, rising above every tempest; and the pillar of divine glory, descending from God, will rest forever on its summit.

Gentleman and Irish Servant.

(*Gentleman seated at a table; Irish servant enters, in search of employment.*)

Irishman. (*Taking off his hat and bowing.*) An' plaze yer honor, would ye be after giving employment to a faithful servant, who has been rekimminded to call upon yer honor?

Gentleman. You appear to have walked some distance Does it rain?

Ir. Never a drop, plaze yer honor.

Gent. (*Looking out of window.*) Ah, I see the sun shines now! — *post nubila Phæbus.*

Ir. The post has not yet arrived, sir.

Gent. What may I call your name?

Ir. My name is Michael Carnes, and I have always been called Mike, and you are at liberty to call me that same.

Gent. Well, Mike, who was your last master?

Ir. Mr. Jacobs, plaze yer honor; and a nicer man never brathed.

Gent. How long did you live with Mr. Jacobs?

Ir. In troth, sir, I can't tell. I passed my time so pleasantly in his sarvice that I niver kept any account of it, at all, at all. I might have lived with him all the days of my life, and a great dale longer, if I had plazed to do so.

Gent. Why, then, did you leave him?

Ir. It was by mutual agrament. The truth was, a slight difference arose betwane us, and he said I should not live with him longer; and at the same instant, you see, I declared I would not live with him; so we parted on good terms — by agrament, you see.

Gent. Was not your master a proud man?

Ir. Indade he was, bless his honest sowl! he would not do a mane act for the univarse.

Gent. Well, Mike, how old are you now?

Ir. I am just the same age of Patrick O'Leary; he and I were born the same wake.

Gent. And how old is he?

Ir. He is just my age. He and I are just of an age, you see, only one of us is older than the other; but which is the oldest I can not say, neither can Patrick.

Gent. Were you born in Dublin?

Ir. No, sir, plaze yer honor, though I might have been if I had desired; but as I always preferred the country, I was born

there ; and, plaze God, if I live and do well I'll be buried in the same parish I was born in.

Gent. You can write, I suppose.

Ir. Yes, sir ; as fast as a dog can trot.

Gent. What is the usual mode of travelling in Ireland ?

Ir. Why, sir, if you travel by water you must take a boat ; and if you travel by land, either in a chaise or on horseback ; and they who can not afford either of them are obliged to trudge it on foot, which, to my mind, is decidedly the safest and chapest mode of moving about.

Gent. And which is the pleasantest season for travelling ?

Ir. Faith, sir, I think that season in which a man has most money in his pocket.

Gent. I think your roads are passably good.

Ir. They are all quite passable if you only pay the tollman.

Gent. I understand you have many black cattle in Ireland.

Ir. Faith, we have plenty of every color.

Gent. I think you have too much rain in your country.

Ir. So every one says ; but Sir Boyle has promised to bring in an act of Parliament in favor of fair weather, and I am sure the poor hay-makers and turf-cutters will bless him for it. It was he that first proposed that every quart bottle should hold just two pints.

Gent. As you have many fine rivers, I suppose you have an abundance of nice fish.

Ir. And well may you say that, for water never wet better ones. Why, master, I won't tell you a lie ; but if you were at the Boyne you could get salmon and trout for nothing, and if you were at Ballyshanny you'd get them for much less.

Gent. Well, you seem to be a clever fellow, and if you will call again to-morrow I will see what I can do for you.

Ir. Pace to your good sowl ! I will surely do so. (*Bowing, leaves.*)

Frenchman and his English Tutor.

Frenchman. Ha, my good friend ! I have met with one diffeulty — one ver' strange word. How you call h-o-u-g-h, ha ?

Tutor. H-o-u-g-h spells *huff*.

Fr. Ver' good, *huff* ; and *snuff* — him what you put in de nose — you spell s-n-o-u-g-h, ha ?

Tu. O, no, no ! S-n-u-double-f spells *snuff*. The truth is words endin g in *ough* are not very regular in their pronounciation

Fr. Ah, ver' good! 'Tis beau'ful language! H-o-u-g-h is *huff*. I will remember him. And c-o-u-g-h is *cuff*. I have one bad *cuff*, ha?

Tu. No, that is wrong. We say *kauf*, not *cuff*.

Fr. *Kauf*? Ver' well. *Huff* and *kauf* me no forget; and, pardon me, how you call him what makes bread with — d-o-u-g-h, *duff*, ha?

Tu. No, not *duff*.

Fr. Not *duff*? Ah, monsieur, I understan'; it is *dauf*, ha?

Tu. No; d-o-u-g-h spells *doe*.

Fr. *Doe*? Ver' fine language, sure! wonderful language! D-o-u-g-h is *doe*, and t-o-u-g-h is *toe*, certainment. The bread is made of *doe*, and my beefsteak is very *toe*, ha?

Tu. O, no, no! You should say *tuff*, and not *toe*.

Fr. *Tuff*? Then him what the farmer uses, what you call him, p-l-o-u-g-h — *pluff*? ha? no? Me no get him right? Is his name *ploe*, like *doe*? One ver' fine *ploe*, ha?

Tu. You are still wrong, my friend. P-l-o-u-g-h spells *plow*.

Fr. *Plow*! ha? Ver' wonderful language! Me understand him ver' soon. *Plow*, *doe*, *kauf*, and *tuff*. Then one more, r-o-u-g-h; what you call General Taylor, — *rauf* and ready, ha? No; certainment, then, it must be *row* and ready, ha?

Tu. No. R-o-u-g-h spells *ruff*.

Fr. *Ruff*, ha? Let me not forget him. R-o-u-g-h is *ruff*, and b-o-u-g-h is *buff*, ha?

Tu. No; *bow*, and not *buff*.

Fr. Ver' wonderful language, sure! And what you call t-h-r-o-u-g-h? — *throw*? or *thruff*? or what you call him?

Tu. T-h-r-o-u-g-h spells *thru*.

Fr. Ah, 'tis ver' simple, sure! — wonderful language! but I have had e-n-o-u-g-h; what you call him, ha?

Tu. *Enuff*. But that you may not forget these terminations, it may be well for you to write them as I spell and pronounce them.

(*Tutor spells and Frenchman writes as follows.*)

H-o-u-g-h. *Huff*. — C-o-u-g-h. *Kauf*. — P-l-o-u-g-h. *Plow*. — D-o-u-g-h. *Doe*. — R-o-u-g-h. *Ruff*. — S-l-o-u-g-h. *Slou* and *Shuf*. — L-o-u-g-h. *Lok*. — T-h-r-o-u-g-h. *Thru*. — T-o-u-g-h. *Tuf*. — T-h-o-r-o-u-g-h. *Thur-ro*. — B-o-u-g-h. *Bow*. — H-i-c-c-o-u-g-h. *Hik-kup*. — B-o-r-o-u-g-h. *Bur-o*. — T-r-o-u-g-h. *Trof*. — E-n-o-u-g-h. *Enuf*. — F-u-r-l-o-u-g-h. *Fur-lo*.

Fr. *Enuff*, sure! Ver' strange language! You certainment have given me e-n-o-u-g-h for dis one lesson, and now I will take what de soldiers call one f-u-r-l-o-u-g-h.

A Plea for the Ancient Languages

NEW ORLEANS CREOLE.

THE studies of youth are the mere training of the mind for the contests in which it is afterwards to mingle. They are not the race, but the preparation for it ; and where can living waters that may refresh and invigorate be drawn from richer fountains than the mountain springs of classic literature ? Where can poetry, at once the cause and the indication of a nation's feelings, gaze with more inspired admiration than at that wonderful monument of human genius, the poems of Homer ? that monument, which, erected in an age almost unknown, has withstood the assaults of time and skill, and towers above all modern efforts, the first and most exalted of its kind ? Who can dwell upon his glowing pages, and not catch some portion of that light, which, dispersed in thousands and tens of thousands of channels, has filled the world with bright images and illustrious thoughts ? Who can read and study him, and not find his own soul enlarged by every splendid achievement, by every lofty sentiment, by the wisdom of the old and the "daring of the young," the filial piety and devoted friendship that breathe, live, and move in this matchless work ?

Who can stand in the presence of Plato, and not find his mind elevated by the teachings, with all their errors, of this wonderful man ? Plato — of whom his admiring countrymen said, "The father of the gods, had he spoken in Greek, would have read no other language than Plato's." Plato — of whose unrivaled works it has been beautifully said, "We stand as in a vast and connected fabric, vistas and aisles of thought opening on every side — high thoughts that raise the mind to heaven ; pillars and arches ranged in seeming confusion, and a veil of tracery and foliage thrown over all ; but all rich with a light, streaming through dim religious forms ; all leading up to God ; all blessed with an effluence from him, — though an effluence dimmed and half lost in the contaminated reason of man.

Who can, in imagination, become one of the audience of that mighty tragic triumvirate, whose productions are still dear to every scholar, and not find his mind enlarged and strength given to the wings of his own thoughts by the energy of Æschylus, the grace of Sophocles, the tenderness and pathos of the brilliant although unequal Euripides ? Where can the patriot find purer principles of freedom than those which journey through the pages of ancient literature as its companions and its guides ?

When did the accents of liberty roll upon the tongue with a more commanding and pervading influence than in the vehement, yet chastened, philippics of Demosthenes, the flowery, the polished, yet terrible, denunciations of Cicero? Who can behold the one, in that fierce democracy of Athens, — and yet not more fierce in their passions than tyrannous in their critical judgment, — raised by his eloquence from capitulating fears, and with a withering sneer led against the “man of Macedon,” or dwell upon the terrible invectives of the other against a Catiline, a Verres, or a Clodius, and not bow before the majesty of their genius, and find his own powers exalted by the very homage he is paying?

Where can more beautiful treatises on all that can assuage the evils of life, or purer rules of conduct, apart from revelation, be found, than those which, composed in hours stolen from the cares and tumults of life, were devoted to “friendship” and “old age;” the glowing songs of Pindar, who “harnessed for the conqueror the chariot of the Muses;” the gayety, the grace of polished Horace; the “pictured page” of Livy; the annals of Tacitus; the majestic dignity of Virgil, yet painting with inimitable tenderness the pure, devoted, life-sacrificing friendship of Nisus and Euryalus?

“Me, me adsum qui feci — in me
Convertite ferrum.”

We care not that in after life these early studies may be forgotten. We care not though even the characters in which they were written become a dead letter to us, and their matchless diction as a sealed book; the deep and noble feelings which their fervent study once excited have purified the heart that was even their temporary habitation, and left an impress upon our thoughts which no forgetfulness can efface.

Defalcation and Retrenchment. — S. S. PRENTISS,

SINCE the avowal, Mr. Chairman, of that unprincipled and barbarian motto, that “to the victors belong the spoils,” office, which was intended for the service and benefit of the people, has become but the plunder of party. Patronage is waved like a huge magnet over the land; and demagogues, like iron filings, attracted by a law of their nature, gather and cluster around its poles. Never yet lived the demagogue who would not make

office. The whole frame of our government — all the institutions of the country — are thus prostituted to the uses of party. Office is conferred as the reward of partisan service; and what is the consequence? The incumbents, being taught that all moneys in their possession belong, not to the people, but to the party, it requires but small exertion of casuistry to bring them to the conclusion that they have a right to retain what they may conceive to be the value of their political services; just as a lawyer holds back his commissions.

Sir, I have given you but three or four cases of defalcations. Would time permit, I could give you a hundred. Like the fair sultana of the Oriental legends, I could go on for a thousand and one nights; and even as in those Eastern stories, so in the chronicles of the office holders, the tale would ever be of heaps of gold, massive ingots, uncounted riches. Why, sir, Aladdin's wonderful lamp was nothing to it. They seem to possess the identical cap of Fortunatus. Some wish for fifty thousand dollars, some for a hundred thousand, and some for a million, — and behold, it lies in glittering heaps before them! Not even

“The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold”

in such lavish abundance, as does this administration upon its followers. Pizarro held not forth more dazzling lures to his robber band when he led them to the conquest of the “Children of the Sun.”

And now it is proposed to make up these losses through defaulters by retrenchment. And what do you suppose are to be the subjects of this new and sudden economy? What branches of the public service are to be lopped off on account of the licentious rapacity of the office holders? I am too indignant to tell you. Look into the report of the secretary of the treasury, and you will find out. Well, sir, what are they? Pensions, harbors, and lighthouses! Yes, sir; these are recommended as proper subjects for retrenchment. First of all, the scarred veterans of the revolution are to be deprived of a portion of the scanty pitance doled out to them by the cold charity of the country. How many of them will you have to send forth as beggars on the very soil which they wrenched from the hand of tyranny, to make up the amount of even one of these splendid robberies? How many harbors will it take, — those improvements dedicated no less to humanity than to interest, — those nests of commerce to which the canvas-winged birds of the ocean flock for safety? How many lighthouses will it take? How many of those bright

eyes of the ocean are to be put out? How many of those faithful sentinels who stand along our rocky coast, and, peering far out in the darkness, give timely warning to the hardy mariner where the lee shore threatens, — how many of these, I ask, are to be discharged from their humane service? Why, the proposition is almost impious. I should as soon wish to put out the stars of heaven. Sir, my blood boils at the cold-blooded atrocity with which the administration proposes thus to sacrifice the very family jewels of the country to pay for the consequences of its own profligacy.

The South during the War of 1812. — HAYNE,

I COME now to the war of 1812; a war which, I well remember, was called, in derision, (while its event was doubtful,) the Southern war, and sometimes the Carolina war, but which is now universally acknowledged to have done more for the honor and prosperity of the country than all other events in our history put together. What, sir, were the objects of that war? "Free trade and sailors' rights." It was for the protection of northern shipping and New England seamen that the country flew to arms. What interest had the South in that contest? If they had sat down coldly to calculate the value of their interests involved in it, they would have found that they had every thing to lose, and nothing to gain. But, sir, with that generous devotion to country so characteristic of the South, they only asked if the rights of any portion of their fellow-citizens had been invaded; and when told that northern ships and New England seamen had been arrested on the common highway of nations, they felt that the honor of their country was assailed; and, acting on that exalted sentiment "which feels a stain like a wound," they resolved to seek, in open war, for a redress of those injuries which it did not become freemen to endure.

Sir, the whole South, animated as by a common impulse, cordially united in declaring and promoting that war. South Carolina sent to your councils, as the advocates and supporters of that war, the noblest of her sons. How they fulfilled that trust let a grateful country tell. Not a measure was adopted, not a battle fought, not a victory won, which contributed, in any degree, to the success of that war, to which southern councils and southern valor did not largely contribute. Sir, since South Carolina is assailed, I must be suffered to speak it to her praise, that at the very moment when, in one quarter we heard it

solemnly proclaimed "that it did not become a religious and moral people to rejoice at the victories of our army or our navy," her legislature unanimously

"*Resolved*, That we will cordially support the government in the vigorous prosecution of the war, until a peace can be obtained on honorable terms; and we will cheerfully submit to every privation that may be required of us, by our government for the accomplishment of this object."

South Carolina redeemed that pledge. She threw open her treasury to the government. She put at the absolute disposal of the officers of the United States all that she possessed — her men, her money, and her arms. She appropriated half a million of dollars, on her own account, in defense of her maritime frontier; ordered a brigade of state troops to be raised; and, when left to protect herself by her own means, never suffered the enemy to touch her soil without being instantly driven off or captured. Such, sir, was the conduct of the South — such the conduct of my own state — in that dark hour "which tried men's souls!"

An Excuse. — E. W. C. — NORMAL SCHOOL.

AND so Wednesday morning has come again, but with it no composition, and I shall be obliged to do what I have never done before — ask to be excused, although I know, when the difficulties under which I labor are understood, my omission to write this week will be considered entirely pardonable.

The matter can be explained in a few words. I have nightly, for the last two weeks, seated myself at my table with the full intent of inditing a long, sound, well-worded, beautifully written, dovetailed composition, but have as regularly overturned the inkstand, slammed the books and slates together, and gone to bed in a towering passion.

The cause of all this trouble is, the addition to the family of our next neighbor of some musical instrument, of unknown construction and excruciating power. I am not certain whether it is an accordeon or a hand organ, a banjo or a piano-forte; but one thing I do know — it is a certain something which is stamped upon my mind as intermediate between a hurdy-gurdy and a frying-pan; a certain something which, if I had the honor of naming, I would call a *hurdy-gurdy-frying-pan-olio*.

If, perchance, a stray idea, in its wanderings, alights upon my brain, a fresh note from my unknown tormentor, resembling the

cadence arising from some swamp in spring time, frightens it forever away. Now, I think I have the initiatory sentence perfected, when a strain of "Yankee Doodle" or "Old Dan Tucker" sweeps across my auditories, leaving memory as bare as the sands of Arabia. Then I attempt to raise my thoughts above "the dull regions of sense;" but suddenly the tune changes, and a voice accompanies the instrument,

"So mournfully and low,
A ballad of a tender maid heart-broken long ago!"

I listen with the most eager attention to the consummation of the piece, and the happy couple are comfortably established in an orange bower; and so goes my composition.

Thus I have passed a great part of my time lately; and I verily believed the cup of my affliction to be full. But not so. A few days since a tailor took up his residence on the other side of me, and a tailor, too, who is as unlike Charles Lamb's tailors as could well be imagined; for he will sit cross-legged for hours together, his voice now swelling out into fortissimo, and then contracting to that point where "nothing could live betwixt it and silence."

But this morning I thought to steal a march upon all the performers; so I started my composition about five o'clock. After writing some two and a half lines, that eternal instrument again started off on one of its old tunes. Well, I stopped, of course.

Having thus briefly related a few of my difficulties, I hope to be excused from writing a composition this week.

Eulogy on Candle Light.—CHARLES LAMB.

HAIL, candle light! without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindest luminary of the three; if we may not rather style thee their radiant deputy, mild viceroy of the moon! We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by candle light. It is every body's sun and moon: it is our peculiar and household planet. Wanting it, what savage, unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unilluminated fastnesses! They must have lain about, and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's cheek, to be sure that he understood it? This accounts for the seriousness of the

elder poetry. It has a somber cast, derived from the tradition of those unlanterned nights.

Jokes came in with candles. We wonder how they saw to pick up a pin, if they had any. How did they sup? What a medley of chance-carving they must have made of it! There is neither good eating nor drinking in the dark. The senses give and take reciprocally. Can you tell veal from pork without light? or distinguish Sherry from pure Malaga? Take away the candle from the smoking man; by the glimmering of the left ashes, he knows that he is still smoking; but he knows it only by an inference, till the restored light, coming in to the aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma. Then how he redoubles his puffs! how he burnishes!

There is absolutely no such thing as reading, but by a candle. We have tried the affectation of a book at noonday in gardens and in sultry arbors; but it was labor thrown away. Those gay motes in the beam come about you, hovering and teasing, like so many coquettes, that will have you all to their self, and are jealous of your abstractions. By the midnight taper the writer digests his meditations. By the same light you must approach to their perusal, if you would catch the flame, the odor. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus.* No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works,—

“Things that were born when none but the still night
And his dumb candle saw his pinching throes.”

Daylight may furnish the images, the crude material; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing, they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild, internal light that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sunshine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's morning hymn, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight; and Taylor's richer description of a sunrise smells decidedly of a taper. Even ourself, in these our humbler incubations, tune our best measured cadences, (prose has her cadences,) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsy watchman, “blessing the doors,” or the wild sweep of winds at midnight. Even now, a loftier speculation than we have yet attempted courts our endeavors. We would indite something about the solar system. *Betty, bring the candles.*

The Patriot's Ambition. — CLAY,

I HAVE been accused of ambition in presenting this measure *Ambition!* inordinate ambition! If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself; the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those whom we have long tried and loved; and the honest misconceptions both of friends and foes. *Ambition!* If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers, if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could. I have been heretofore often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism, — beings who, forever keeping their own selfish aims in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence on their aggrandizement, — judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves.

I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office, not even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these states, united or separated: I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquillize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, amidst my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment, and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land; the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people.

The Consequences of Disunion.—CLAY,

SOUTH CAROLINA must perceive the embarrassments of her situation. She must be desirous—it is unnatural to suppose that she is not—to remain in the Union. What! a state whose heroes in its gallant ancestry fought so many glorious battles along with those of the other states of this Union—a state with which this confederacy is linked by bonds of such a powerful character!

I have sometimes fancied what would be her condition if she goes out of this Union—if her five hundred thousand people should at once be thrown upon their own resources. She is out of the Union. What is the consequence? She is an independent power. What then does she do? She must have armies and fleets, and an expensive government—have foreign missions—she must raise taxes—enact this very tariff, which had driven her out of the Union, in order to enable her to raise money, and to sustain the attitude of an independent power. If she should have no force, no navy to protect her, she would be exposed to piratical incursions. Her neighbor, St. Domingo, might pour down a horde of pirates on her borders, and desolate her plantations. She must have her embassies; therefore must she have a revenue.

But I will not dwell on this topic any longer. I say it is utterly impossible that South Carolina ever desired, for a moment, to become a separate and independent state. I would repeat that, under all the circumstances of the case, the condition of South Carolina is only one of the elements of a combination, the whole of which together constitutes a motive of action which renders it expedient to resort, during the present session of Congress, to some measure, in order to quiet and tranquilize the country.

If there be any who want civil war, who want to see the blood of any portion of our countrymen spilt, I am not one of them: I wish to see war of no kind; but above all do I not desire to see a civil war. When war begins, whether civil or foreign, no human foresight is competent to foresee when, or how, or where it is to terminate. But when a civil war shall be lighted up in the bosom of our own happy land, and armies are marching, and commanders are winning their victories, and fleets are in motion on our coast,—tell me, if you can, tell me, if any human being can tell, its duration. God alone knows where such a war will end.

Incidents of Travel. — MAJOR JONES.

I'd hearn a great deal about steam ingins; but if the Semy nole ingins is any uglier or frightfuler than they is, I don' wonder nobody wants to tack 'em. Why, sich other cog wheels, cranks, and conflutements I never did see; and then they's so spiteful, and makes the fire fly so! I couldn't help feelin sort o' skeered of it all the time, and I wouldn't been that feller what rid on top of the critter, and fed and watered it, not for no considerashun. I was lookin round it a little, to try to git the hang of it, when the feller just touched one of the fixins, and feugh-h-h! it went right in my ear, and like to blowd my brains out with hot steam. "My eyes!" ses I, "mister, what made it do that?" "O, it was jest blowin its nose," ses he; and he tuck hold of another thing, and the infurnel critter set up a yell like a panther with a grindstone on his tale. Thunderation, how the steem did fly! enuff to blow all creation to Ballyhack. "All aboard," ses the man; the bell tapped, and in bout a minit every body was stowed away and waitin. Chug, went sumthing, and away I goes rite over the back of the seat — it jerked once more, and then it began to go. Chow, chow, chow — chew, chew, chew — che, che, chit-tu, chit-to, fit-te, fit, fit, fit, cher-r-r-r-r; and the whole bilin of us was gwine a long with a perfect whiz; and the way the fire flew was miracelus — grate big sparks now and then dodgin all round a feller's face like a yaller jacket, and then drappin rite down in his busum. For sum time it would tuck three men to watch the sparks of one, and they couldn't.

Well, we went hummin along jest like iled thunder, makin more noise nor a dozen cotten gins all gwine at once, only stoppin now and then to pile on lighterd and fill up the bilers, and to drap a feller here and thar on the rode. They was the sleepiest set of folks abroad that ever I did see. Thar they was, all scattered about in their seats, heads and heels together; here a pair o' boots stickin rite strate upwards, and thar a feller's face opened wide enuff to swaller a saw-mill. Some of 'em was monstrous troubled in their dreams, and kept tossin and twistin about as bisy as bull yearlins in fly time, while some big-foot fellers lay sprawl'd out on the benches, quiet as midlin of meat, snorin a perfect harrycane.

The fust thing I knowd I didn't know any thing in pertickler, cept that my eyes felt monstrous gritty when I tried to open 'em wide.

"Look here; master — master!"

"Hello!" ses I, "Jim, what's the matter?"

"I isn't Jim, master," says the nigger feller what was shakin' me by the collar; "you better go to the hotel; the passengers is all gone long time ago."

I soon seed how it was, and not havin no baggage but just my saddle-bags, I tuck the road the feller pinto to.

I soon came to a place where there was nothin but wagons and a lot of fellers settin round a fire.

"Whar's the hotel?" ses I.

"Thar ain't no hotel here," ses one feller, what was singin,—

"Drive my wagon long the rode;
Sorry team and heavy load."

"Won't you take something?" ses he, drawin a old junk bottle of rum, that smelled strong enuff of inyuns to knock a man down, and pinto it rite under my nose fore I know'd what he was bout.

"No, I thank you," ses I; "I's a Washingtonian."

"Who's they?" ses he; "sum of your Flurnoy preachers, I spose?"

"No," ses I, "they's revolutioners."

"Revolutioners!" ses he; "why, my father was a revolutioner, and fit against the British at King's Mounting, and helped to lick tyranny out of the country."

"Well, that was right," ses I; "hurra for the revolutioners!"

"Come, take sumthing," ses he, and pinto the bottle at my nose agin.

"No," ses I, "I'm a revolutioner, and go agin King Alkohol tooth and toe nail."

"King who?" ses he.

"King Rum," ses I; "that very tyrant that's got you by the guzzle now, and he'll have you choked down on yer knees to him fore a half hour if you don't revolutionize on him and quit him."

The feller stopped and looked rite down in the fire — then at me — then at the bottle, and then he tuck another look at the fire.

"That's a fact," ses he; "it's had me on my back afore to-night; but somehow I can't — yes, I kin — and here goes, mister — hang all tyrants — I'm a revolutioner too, a Washington revolutioner, forever!" and with that he throw'd the bottle of rum smack in the middle of the fire, and it blazed up blue and yaller like a hell broth, as it is.

Taxation for War. — CALHOUN.

IF taxes should become necessary, I do not hesitate to say the people will pay cheerfully. It is for their government and their cause, and would be their interest and duty to pay. But it may be, and, I believe, was said that the nation will not pay taxes, because the rights violated are not worth defending; or that the defense will cost more than the profit.

Sir, I here enter my solemn protest against this low and "calculating avarice" entering this hall of legislation. It is only fit for shops and counting houses, and ought not to disgrace the seat of sovereignty by its squalid and vile appearance. Whenever it touches sovereign power, the nation is ruined. It is too shortsighted to defend itself. It is an unpromising spirit, always ready to yield a part to save the balance. It is too timid to have in itself the laws of self-preservation. It is never safe but under the shield of honor. Sir, I only know of one principle to make a nation great, to produce in this country not the form, but real spirit of union; and that is, to protect every citizen in the lawful pursuit of his business. He will then feel that he is backed by the government; that its arm is his arms, and will rejoice in its increased strength and prosperity. Protection and patriotism are reciprocal. This is the road that all great nations have trod. Sir, I am not versed in this calculating policy, and will not, therefore, pretend to estimate in dollars and cents the value of national independence or national affection. I can not dare to measure in shillings and pence the misery, the stripes, and the slavery of our impressed seamen; nor even to value our shipping, commercial, and agricultural losses under the orders in council and the British system of blockade. I hope I have not condemned any prudent estimate of the means of a country, before it enters on a war. This is wisdom; the other, folly.

State Rights. — CALHOUN.

THIS bill proceeds on the ground that the entire sovereignty of this country belongs to the American people, as forming one great community, and regards the states as mere fractions or counties, and not as an integral part of the Union. It has been said that it declares war against South Carolina. No! It decrees a massacre of her citizens! War has something ennobling about

t, and, with all its horrors, brings into action the highest qualities, intellectual and moral. It was, perhaps, in the order of Providence that it should be permitted for that very purpose. But this bill declares no war, except, indeed, it be that which savages wage — a war, not against the community, but the citizens of whom that community is composed. But I regard it as worse than savage warfare — as an attempt to take away life, under the color of law, without the trial by jury, or any other safeguard which the constitution has thrown around the life of the citizen. It authorizes the president, or even his deputies, when they may suppose the law to be violated, without the intervention of a court or jury, to kill without mercy or discrimination.

It has been said by the senator from Tennessee to be a measure of peace. Yes, such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb, the kite to the dove ! Such peace as Russia gives to Poland, or death to its victim ! A peace by extinguishing the political existence of the state, by awing her into an abandonment of the exercise of every power which constitutes her a sovereign community ! It is to South Carolina a question of self-preservation ; and I proclaim it, that, should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted, at every hazard, even that of death itself. Death is not the greatest calamity ; there are others still more terrible to the free and brave ; and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honor. There are thousands of her brave sons, who, if need be, are prepared cheerfully to lay down their lives in defense of the state, and the great principles of constitutional liberty for which she is contending. God forbid that this should become necessary ! It never can be, unless this government is resolved to bring the question to extremity ; when her gallant sons will stand prepared to perform the last duty — to die nobly.

Eulogy upon John C. Calhoun. — WEBSTER.

SIR, the eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner of his exhibition of his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise ; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner. These are the qualities, as I

think, which have enabled him through such a long course of years to speak often, and yet always command attention. His demeanor as a senator is known to us all — is appreciated, venerated by us all. No man was more respectful to others; no man carried himself with greater decorum; no man with superior dignity. I think there is not one of us but felt, when he last addressed us from his seat in the Senate, — his form still erect, with a voice by no means indicating such a degree of physical weakness as did, in fact, possess him, with clear tones, and an impressive, and, I may say, an imposing manner, — who did not feel that he might imagine that he saw before us a senator of Rome, when Rome survived.

Mr. President, he had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was, unspotted integrity, unimpeached honor and character. If he had aspirations, they were high, and honorable, and noble. There was nothing groveling or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. Firm in his purpose, perfectly patriotic and honest, as I am sure he was, in the principles that he espoused, and in the measures that he defended, aside from that large regard for that species of distinction that conducted him to eminent stations for the benefit of the republic, I do not believe he had a selfish motive, or selfish feeling.

However, sir, he may have differed from others of us in his political opinions, or his political principles, those principles and those opinions will now descend to posterity under the sanction of a great name. He has lived long enough, he has done enough, and he has done it so well, so successfully, so honorably, as to connect himself for all time with the records of his country. He is now an historical character. Those of us who have known him here will find that he has left upon our minds and our hearts a strong and lasting impression of his person, his character, and his public performances, which, while we live, will never be obliterated. We shall hereafter, I am sure, indulge in it as a grateful recollection that we have lived in his age, that we have been his contemporaries, that we have seen him, and heard him, and known him. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And, when the time shall come when we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession, to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism.

To the American Flag. — J. R. DRAKE

WHEN freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there ;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings from the morning light ,
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the free heart's only home,
By angel hands to valor given,
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven ,
Forever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us ?
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us.

Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet's tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on :
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon's mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight pall, —
There shall thy victor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall fall beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lofty messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave,
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ,
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the swelling sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Old Ironsides. — O. W. HOLMES.

Av, tear her tattered ensign down !
 Long has it waved on high ;
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar ; —
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
 And waves were white below, —
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee ; —
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea !

O, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave ;
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep
 And there should be her grave :
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
 And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale !

Demosthenes on the Crown.

(EXORDIUM.)

“The greatest oration of the greatest of orators.”

LET me begin, men of Athens, by imploring, of all the heavenly powers, that the same kindly sentiments, which I have, throughout my public life, cherished toward this country and each one of you, may now by you be shown toward me in the present contest. In two respects my adversary plainly has the advantage of me. First, we have not the same interests at stake: it is by no means the same thing for me to forfeit your esteem, and for Æschines, an unprovoked volunteer, to fail in his impeachment. My other disadvantage is, the natural proneness of men to lend a pleased attention to invective and accusation, but to give little heed to him whose theme is his own vindication. To my adversary, therefore, falls the part which ministers to your gratification, while to me there is only left that which, I may almost say, is distasteful to all. And yet, if I do not speak of myself and my own conduct, I shall appear defenseless against his charges, and without proof that my honors were well earned. This, therefore, I must do; but it shall be with moderation. And bear in mind that the blame of my dwelling on personal topics must justly rest upon him who has instituted this personal impeachment.

At least, my judges, you will admit that this question concerns me as much as Ctesiphon, and justifies on my part an equal anxiety. To be stripped of any possession, and more especially by an enemy, is grievous to bear; but to be robbed of your confidence and esteem, — of all possessions the most precious, — is indeed intolerable. Such, then, being my stake in this cause. I conjure you all to give ear to my defense against these charges, with that impartiality which the laws enjoin — those laws first given by Solon, and which he fixed, not only by engraving them on brazen tables, but by the sanction of the oaths you take when sitting in judgment; because he perceived that, the accuser being armed with the advantage of speaking first, the accused can have no chance of resisting his charges, unless you, his judges, keeping the oath sworn before heaven, shall receive with favor the defense which comes last, and, lending an equal ear to both parties, shall thus make up your minds upon the whole of the case.

But, on this day, when I am about to render up an account, as it should seem, of my whole life, both public and private, I would again, as in the outset, implore the gods, and in your presence

pour out to them my supplications, — first, to grant me at your hands the same kindness, in this conflict, which I have ever borne toward our country and all of you; and next, that they may incline you all to pronounce upon this impeachment the decision which shall best consult the glory of the state, and the religious obligations of each individual judge.

Public Spirit of the Athenians.

DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN.

THE Athenians never were known to live contented in a slavish though secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No. Our whole history is a series of gallant contests for preëminence: the whole period of our national existence hath been spent in braving dangers for the sake of glory and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, as characteristic of the Athenian spirit, that those of your ancestors who were most eminent for it are ever the most favorite objects of your praise. And with reason; for who can reflect, without astonishment, on the magnanimity of those men who resigned their lands, gave up their city, and embarked in their ships, rather than live at the bidding of a stranger? The Athenians of that day looked out for no speaker, no general, to procure them a state of easy slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. For it was a principle fixed deeply in every breast, that man was not born to his parents only, but to his country. And mark the distinction. He who regards himself as born only to his parents waits in passive submission for the hour of his natural dissolution. He who considers that he is the child of his country, also, volunteers to meet death rather than behold that country reduced to vassalage, and thinks those insults and disgraces which he must endure in a state enslaved much more terrible than death.

Should I attempt to assert that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No: it is my point to show that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of my country long before my days. I claim but my share of merit in having acted on such principles in every part of my administration. He, then, who condemns every part of my administration, — he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who hath involved the state in terrors and dangers, — while he labors to deprive me of present honor, robs you of

he applause of all posterity. For, if you now pronounce, that, as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that you yourselves have acted wrong, not that you owe your present state to the caprice of fortune. — But it can not be. No, my countrymen, it can not be that you have acted wrong in encountering danger bravely for the liberty and safety of all Greece. No: I swear it by the spirits of our sires, who rushed upon destruction at Marathon! — by those who stood arrayed at Plataea! — by those who fought the sea fight at Salamis! — by the men of Artemisium! — by the others, so many and so brave, who now rest in our public sepulchres! — all of whom their country judged worthy of the same honor; all, I say, Æschines; not those only who prevailed, not those only who were victorious. And with reason. What was the part of gallant men they all performed? Their success was such as the supreme Ruler of the world dispensed to each.

Demosthenes not vanquished by Philip.

DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN.

A WICKED thing, Athenians, a wicked thing is a calumniator, ever — querulous and industrious in seeking pretenses of complaint. But this creature is despicable by nature, and incapable of any trace of generous and noble deeds; ape of a tragedian, third-rate actor, spurious orator! For what, Æschines, does your eloquence profit the country? You now descant upon what is past and gone; as if a physician, when called to patients in a sinking state, should give no advice, nor prescribe any course by which the disease might be cured, but, after one of them had died, and the last offices were performing to his remains, should follow him to the grave, and expound how the poor man never would have died, had such and such things only been done. Moon-stricken! is it now that at length you too speak out?

As to the defeat, that incident in which you so exult, (wretch! who should rather mourn for it,) — look through my whole conduct, and you shall find nothing there that brought down this calamity on my country. Consider only, Athenians: never, from any embassy upon which you sent me, did I come off worsted by Philip's ambassadors; not from Thessaly, not from Ambracia, not from Illyria, not from the Thracian kings, not from the Byzantians, nor from any other quarter whatever, — nor finally, of late, from Thebes. But wheresoever his negotiators were overcome in debate, thither Philip marched, and

carried the day by his arms. Do you, then, exact this of me; and are you not ashamed, at the moment you are upbraiding me for weakness, to require that I should defy him single-handed, and by force of words alone? For what other weapons had I? Certainly not the lives of men, nor the fortune of warriors, nor the military operations of which you are so blundering as to demand an account at my hands.

But, whatever a minister can be accountable for, make of that the strictest scrutiny, and I do not object. What, then, falls within this description? To descry events in their first beginnings, to cast his look forward, and to warn others of their approach. All this I have done. Then to confine within the narrowest bounds all delays, and backwardness, and ignorance, and contentiousness — faults which are inherent and unavoidable in all states; and, on the other hand, to promote unanimity, and friendly dispositions, and zeal in the performance of public duty: and all these things I likewise did; nor can any man point out any of them that, so far as depended on me, was left undone.

If, then, it should be asked by what means Philip for the most part succeeded in his operations, every one would answer, "By his army, by his largesses, by corrupting those at the head of affairs." Well, then, I neither had armies, nor did I command them; and therefore the argument respecting military operations can not touch me. Nay, in so far as I was inaccessible to bribes, there I conquered Philip. For, as he who purchases any one overcomes him who has received the price and sold himself, so he who will not take the money, nor consent to be bribed, has conquered the bidder. Thus, as far as I am concerned, this country stands unconquered.

Catiline denounced. — CICERO.

[Cicero was born 106 B. C., two hundred and sixteen years after the death of Demosthenes, and as an orator ranks next to Demosthenes. His orations against Catiline and Verres are masterpieces of denunciatory eloquence.]

How far, O Catiline, wilt thou abuse our patience? How long shalt thou baffle justice in thy mad career? To what extreme wilt thou carry thy audacity? Art thou nothing daunted by the nightly watch posted to secure the Palatium? Nothing by the city guards? Nothing by the rally of all good citizens? Nothing by the assembling of the Senate in this fortified place? Nothing by the averted looks of all here present? Seest thou

not that all thy plots are exposed? — that thy wretched conspiracy is laid bare to every man's knowledge here in the Senate? — that we are well aware of thy proceedings of last night; of the night before; the place of meeting, the company convoked, the measures concerted? Alas the times! Alas the public morals! The Senate understands all this. The consul sees it. Yet the traitor lives! Lives? Ay, truly, and confronts us here in council — takes part in our deliberations — and, with his measuring eye, marks out each man of us for slaughter! And we, all this while, strenuous that we are, think we have amply discharged our duty to the state if we but *shun* this madman's sword and fury!

Long since, O Catiline, ought the consul to have ordered thee to execution, and brought upon thy own head the ruin thou hast been meditating against others. There was that virtue once in Rome, that a wicked citizen was held more execrable than the deadliest foe. We have a law still, Catiline, for thee. Think not that we are powerless, because forbearing. We have a decree, — though it rests among our archives like a sword in its scabbard, — a decree, by which thy life would be made to pay the forfeit of thy crimes. And, should I order thee to be instantly seized and put to death, I make just doubt whether all good men would not think it done rather too late than any man too cruelly. But, for good reasons, I will yet defer the blow long since deserved. *Then* will I doom thee, when no man is found so lost, so wicked, nay, so like thyself, but shall confess that it was justly dealt. While there is one man that dares defend thee, live. But thou shalt live so beset, so surrounded, so scrutinized by the vigilant guards that I have placed around thee, that thou shalt not stir a foot against the republic without my knowledge. There shall be eyes to detect thy slightest movement, and ears to catch thy wariest whisper, of which thou shalt not dream. The darkness of night shall not cover thy treason — the walls of privacy shall not stifle its voice. Baffled on all sides, thy most secret counsels clear as noonday, what canst thou now have in view? Proceed, plot, conspire as thou wilt; there is nothing you can contrive, nothing you can propose, nothing you can attempt, which I shall not know, hear, and promptly understand. Thou shalt soon be made aware that I am even more active in providing for the preservation of the state than thou in plotting its destruction.

Catiline expelled.—CICERO.

At length Romans, we are rid of Catiline. We have driven him forth, drunk with fury, breathing mischief, threatening to revisit us with fire and sword. He is gone; he is fled; he has escaped; he has broken away. No longer, within the very walls of the city, shall he plot her ruin. We have forced him from secret plots into open rebellion. The bad citizen is now the avowed traitor. His flight is the confession of his treason. Would that his attendants had not been so few. Be speedy, ye companions of his dissolute pleasures; be speedy, and you may overtake him before night, on the Aurelian road. Let him not languish, deprived of your society. Haste to join the congenial crew that compose his army; *his* army, I say, for who doubts that the army under Manlius expect Catiline for their leader? And such an army! Outcasts from honor, and fugitives from debt; gamblers and felons; miscreants, whose dreams are of rapine, murder, and conflagration.

Against these gallant troops of your adversary, prepare, O Romans, your garrisons and armies; and first to that maimed and battered gladiator oppose your consuls and generals; next, against that miserable, outcast horde, lead forth the strength and flower of all Italy. On the one side chastity contends; on the other wantonness; here purity, there pollution; here integrity, there treachery; here piety, there profaneness; here constancy, there rage; here honesty, there baseness; here continence, there lust in short, equity, temperance, fortitude, prudence, struggle with iniquity, luxury, cowardice, rashness; every virtue with every vice; and, lastly, the contest lies between well-grounded hope and absolute despair. In such a conflict, were even human aid to fail, would not the immortal gods empower such conspicuous virtue to triumph over such complicated vice?

Verres denounced.—CICERO

An opinion has long prevailed, fathers, that, in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the state, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal, but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemna-

tion in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal, or of a prosecutor, but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty. Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the quæstorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villainies? The public treasure squandered, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people trampled on! But his prætorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His exactions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant prætor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus? And what was his offense? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions. For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged, and tortured. In vain did he exclaim, "I am a Roman citizen. I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence." Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted. While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips, — words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection, — you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross.

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! — once sacred, now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who

in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be. It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre, and ruin on the Commonwealth.

Soliloquy of Hamlet's Uncle. — SHAKESPEARE.

O, MY offence is rank; it smells to Heaven;
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon it.
 A brother's murder! Pray I can not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
 But to confront the visage of offense?
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
 To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardoned being down? — Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder!"
 That can not be; since I am still possessed
 Of those effects for which I did the murder —
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardoned and retain the offense?
 In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
 There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies
 In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then — what rests?
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
 O, wretched state! O, bosom, black as death!
 O, limed soul; that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay!

Bow, stubborn knees ; and heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !
All may be well.

Cheerfulness.—SHAKESPEARE.

LET me play the fool ;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.
Why should a man, whose blood is within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Antonio,
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks :
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
And do a willful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time ;
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.

The Essence Boy.

THIS may be spoken by a boy with a basket on his arm containing vials.

LADIES, you could not do a kinder act than to lighten a poor lad's basket. I have been crying my essence since early dawn, but I have not had worse luck in a long time. I thought I should soon sell this one bottle of "patriotism," for I am sure a few drops would act as a charm at this time. It is a scarce article, and nearly out of the market.

It is compounded from extracts of the "spirit of seventy-six,"

the oil of the "love of peace and good order," together with two other valuable extracts, viz., "do justice to all men," and "love your neighbor as yourself."

But, ladies, stay a moment ; here is the very article for you. See how it sparkles. You may say of it, "How ruby bright." This is the essence of "matrimony"—a very harmless and delightful composition. Observe its crimson hue ; that is produced by the extract of "modesty" with the tincture of "blushes." This essence also contains a mixture of "simplicity of manners" and "plain dealing," with a decoction from a simple sprig of "firmness."

There are several other precious ingredients in this essence, and among them is the "spirit of meekness," "gentleness," and "forbearance," with some grains of "economy," "prudence," and "industry." This essence is sometimes adulterated with an extract of "bitter sweet." The genuine has on the seal a heart and an eye, with the word "fides." This is the veritable essence, as you see, and is sweetened with the honey of "reciprocal affection."

Here is an article of great value to the ladies. It is the essence of "beauty," distilled from the delicate and lovely plant known as a "meek and quiet spirit." I have been told by those who have long used it, that they are regardless of gray hairs and wrinkles, and seek no greater adornment for grace and beauty.

I will also show the "art of pleasing," procured from an extract of the "root of good will." Here is the essence of "prudence." It is distilled from the blossoms of the tree called "think before you act." This is very cooling, and keeps off all fevers of fretfulness and anger. A single drop taken daily strengthens the whole system.

This is the essence of "industry." It contains a decoction from a native plant called "keep yourself busy," united with the oil of the "flowers of contentment." These two, the essence of "prudence" and the essence of "industry," are excellent articles to guard against the ills of life. Those who have made use of them say they operate admirably in preventing poverty bad habits, discontent, and many other evils.

. *Scene from Shakspeare.*

QUINCE, BOTTOM, FLUTE, STARVELING, and SNUG

Quince. Is all our company here ?

Bottom. You had best call them, conjunctly and severally, generally and specially ; that is whereof to call them man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name in this town that is fit to be seen upon the stage before the duke and duchess.

Bot. Good Peter Quince, go to work in a method. Begin at the top and go on to the bottom ; that is whereof, as a man may say, first tell us what the play treats of, then read the names of the actors ; and so your business will stand by itself, as regular as a building set upon the very pinnacle of its foundation.

Quin. Why, then, the play is the most delectable and lamentable comedy, entitled and called "The cruel tragedy of the death of Pyramus and Thisby."

Bot. A very moving play, I warrant it. A very deep tragedy, I know by the sound of the title of it. Pyramus and Thisby ! I suppose they are to have their throats cut from ear to ear. Well, now, good Peter, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves out into a clump, every man conjunctly by himself.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, weaver.

Bot. Ready ; name my part, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. I am to play Pyramus. Well, and who is Pyramus ? A gentleman, or a simple man ?

Quin. Pyramus is a lover, and Thisby is his sweetheart. Pyramus kills himself for grief because a lion got hold of Thisby's cloak and tore it, which makes Pyramus conclude as how he had torn her too, and eaten her up all but the cloak, whereof he had not touched her. So that poor Pyramus loses his life, d'ye see, for nothing at all ; whereof you know that it is enough to make a man hang himself.

Bot. What, then, am I to hang myself for vexation because I had killed myself for nothing ?

Quin. No, that is not in the play.

Bot. Here will be salt tears wept, or I am mistaken • and if I be the man that acts this same Pyramus, let the ladies look to their eyes. I will condole and congratulate to some time. I

will break every heart that is not double hooped with flint. I have a main notion of acting your lovyer that is crossed in love. There is but one thing that is more to my humor than your tribulation lovyer ; that is your tyrant — your thundering tyrant. I could play you, for example, I could play you such a tyrant as Ercles, when he gets on his brimstone shirt and is all on fire, as the unlucky boys burn a great rat alive with spirits. And then when he takes up little — what's his name ? — to squir him off the cliff into the sea, O, then 'tis fine ! “ I'll split

“ The raging rocks ;
And shivering shocks,
With thundering knocks,
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates.
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far,
And kindle war
With many a scar,
And make and mar
The foolish fates.”

There is your right tragedy stuff. This is Ercles' vein to a hair ; this is your only true tyrant's vein. Your lovyer's vein is more upon the condoling and congratulating. Now, Peter Quince, name the rest of the players.

Quin. Francis Flute, bellows mender.

Flute. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Francis, you must take Thisby on you.

Flute. What, that is to be Nick Bottom's sweetheart, and to have my cloak worried alive by the great beast ? Why, Peter, I have a beard a-coming ? I shan't make a clever woman, as you may say, unless it were Mrs. What-d'ye-call-her — Mrs. Tibby's mother or aunt. Has not the gentlewoman of the play a mother or aunt that appears ?

Quin. Yes ; but you must do Thisby. You will do Thisby well enough, man. You shall do it in a mask. Robin Starveling, tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must play Pyramus' father ; I will play Thisby's father ; and Flute must play Thisby. Simon Snug, joiner.

Snug. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Simon, you must act the part of the lion.

Snug. Heh ! the part of the lion do you say, Peter Quince ? Why, I never made a beast of myself in my life, but now and then when I had drunk a cup too much.

Quin. Pshaw ! pshaw ! a better man than you or I either has been made a beast before now — ay, and a horned beast, too. But the lion is a royal beast, the king of beasts. So, Simon, you must play the part of the lion.

Snug. Well, but an' it be a long part, I can't remember it, for I have but a poor brain of my own. Let me see how many pages.

Quin. Why, Simon, it is not written ; and, for the matter of that, you may do it off hand. It is nothing but roaring.

Bot. I'll tell you what, Peter Quince, you were better to let me act the part of the lion. Simon Snug is but a hen-hearted sort of a fellow. He won't roar you so loud as a mouse in the hole in the wall. But if you will let me play the part, I will make such a noise as shall do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar that the duke shall cry, " Encore, encore ; let him roar — once more, once more."

Quin. But if you were too terrible, you might frighten the duchess and the ladies that they would shriek, and that were enough to hang us all.

Bot. Ay, if the duchess and the ladies were frightened out of their wits, to be sure, perhaps, they might have no more wit than to get us all hanged. But do you think, Peter Quince, that I have no more inhumanity in my nature than to frighten people ? I would restrain and aggravate my voice that I would roar you as gentle as any sucking dove. I would roar you were it any nightingale.

Quin. I tell you, Nick Bottom, hold your tongue with your roaring, and set your heart at rest. You shall play nothing but Pyramus.

Bot. Well, if I must, I must. What can not be endured, you know, must be cured. But what beard were I best to play it in ?

Quin. You must not have on a gray beard, you know, because it will not look natural for a man with a gray beard to be acting the part of a lover.

Bot. Why, look you, Master Peter Quince, I don't think it so very unnatural to see people with gray beards acting the part of lovers ; at least I am sure it had not need be unnatural, for it is common enough. But, howsomever, it will look a little unnatural, as you say, to see the young woman, Mrs. Tibby, fondling and looking sweet upon a man with a gray beard. Wherefore, upon mature deliberation, I will play it in a beard as black as jet.

Quin. Here then, masters, take your parts, and con them

over with as much re ention as you can, that you may be ready to rehearse by to-morrow night.

Bot. But where must we rehearse, Peter Quince?

Quin. Why, you know, if we should go to rehearse in a garret or a malt loft, we should but draw a mob, and perhaps get ourselves taken up for cromancers; therefore we must go to the palace wood and do it by moonlight. Then, you know, we shall do it with dacity and imposition of mind, when there is nobody to deplaud or to hiss.

Bot. Right, Peter Quince. We will be ready for you. (*Exeunt.*)

Necessity of Education in a Republic.

[Extract of an address delivered by Judge O. N. Ogden, of Alexandria, La., on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the "Louisiana State Seminary of Learning,"

THE corner stone, which has been found by the square, plumb, and level to be "well formed, true, and trusty," is that of a monument dedicated, on this day, under the sanction and by the authority of the constitution and laws of the State of Louisiana, to the genius of enlightened liberty. It will stand here, in the midst of these primeval forests, where, at no remote period, the savage Indian kindled his camp fire, or the wild beast made his lair, a light and landmark of the era when the education of the children of the state was first recognized in Louisiana as a public duty, and provided for by the organic law. And surely no period in the history of our state was ever better entitled to be worthily commemorated.

It is not commemorated by the classic chisel of the sculptor, nor illustrated by the painter's magic art; not cut in marble, nor cast in bronze; but it will have in this "Seminary of Learning" a fit testimonial and most becoming monument. Memnon's statue was said to breathe music when touched by the first rays of the morning sun. When this uprising structure, complete in its magnificent proportions, shall be devoted to its great purposes, the sun of science will evoke from it continually the eloquent music of Christian instruction. Filled with the youth of all portions of Louisiana, situated in a delightful and healthy region, and occupying a site very nearly in the exact geographical center of the state, how exceedingly bright is the promise of future usefulness from this institution!

Under other forms of government than ours the education of

the people, although an element of strength and greatness, (for knowledge is power every where and under all circumstances,) is not indispensable to the proper administration of the government, which is assigned to the privileged classes. It was said, in former times, that the monarchical form of government was the strongest, and the aristocratic the most enlightened. The fundamental principle, the essential element of both the strength and the enlightenment of our democratic system, — indeed, the indispensable condition of its maintenance, — is *the education and the integrity of the people.*

Not with us is the king the state, but “*we the people.*”

“What constitutes a state?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;

Not bays, and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No; *men, high-minded men*

With powers as far above dull brutes embued,

In forest brake or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;

Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain,

Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain, —

These constitute a state;

And sovereign law, that state's collected will,

O'er thrones and globes elate,

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.”

The Same, concluded.

RESIDING directly, as our government does, on the people, belonging to them, and administered by themselves and for themselves, the enlightenment of the masses is no longer a matter of mere private concernment, but of general interest. The son of my neighbor may be called to-morrow, by the popular voice, to assist in framing and enacting those laws by which, in their equal and uniform operation, my rights of person and property, and yours, and those of all of us, are to be determined. It is then manifestly and directly to my interest that he should be well qualified to perform intelligently the high duties and important functions which may thus devolve upon him.

It is certainly a noble, just, and true conception — that of the

duty of the government to instruct the children of the people. We have military and naval schools supported by government expenditure. Is it of more moment that the government should have an army and a navy for its protection, and should maintain them in efficient skill and discipline, than that the people by whom that government is administered, which the army and navy are designed to uphold, should be properly fitted for the important duties assigned them by the constitution and the laws?

The several professions are open only to those who are duly qualified for their exercise. Are statesmen and law makers born, as is said of poets? The pilots and engineers who officiate on the high seas, and upon the thousand arteries of internal commerce which course through our valleys, are required to be proficient in their respective arts. While thus particular and exacting as to these, are we to be careless as to the officers and crew of our goodly ship of state, in which the fortunes and the hopes of all of us are embarked? and not our hopes only, but those of the votaries of freedom throughout the world, who are straining their eager eyes to see how she heads and how she rides the waves, fondly hoping that she will be the ark of their safety too.

The corner stone of the great fabric of American free government is equality. We promulgated, in 1776, the dogma, that all men are created free and equal. We can not limit, and would not if we could, the exercise and enjoyment of political franchises and privileges to the educated classes; but we can, and we ought to, diffuse throughout the whole social circle the light of education, so that there shall be no chamber or gallery, no nook or corner of our great common dwelling, — our country, — where Wisdom shall not hang her lamp to guide the feet of our children.

“ Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals and forts.”

Ode to the South. — MISS LOUISE PAGE,

THE South! the far South! yes, the story-famed South!
 O, the bright, sunny climate for me,
 Where the flowers in wildest luxuriance grow,
 And the mocking bird's carol is free!
 There's a charm in the strain — I will sing it again:
 O, the bright sunny climate for me!

The South ! the mild South ! O, the genial South !
 Where the winter makes transient its stay ;
 Where the wild peach and forest magnolia keep
 Their green vigils by night and by day,
 O'er the summer's repose, till it wake from its doze,
 And smile the cold shadows away.

The South ! the warm South ! O, the bright, sunny South !
 Where the soft, balmy breezes inspire
 On the pale cheek of invalid-languishing, health,
 And relight in the bosom its fire !
 The weak spirit once more lightly bounds, as of yore,
 And its gloomy forebodings expire.

The South ! the kind South ! the ingenuous South !
 Where the stranger, from home far away,
 Finds a greeting of friendship confidently true,
 And a thousand blest welcomes to stay.
 There's a witching, bright spell makes the lonely heart swell
 With a rapture both happy and gay.

The South ! the famed South ! O, the bard-chanted South !
 In my childhood's wee, roseate hours,
 I had fairy-bright visions — entrancingly bright —
 Of thy gardens and evergreen bowers.
 Now the day-dreams of yore mock my vision no more —
 I'm at home with thy breezes and flowers.

The South ! the loved South ! Heaven smile on the South !
 When I'm far, far away from thy clime,
 I'll be true to thy praises, unchangingly true,
 And I'll mention thy fortunes with mine
 To my Father above, at the throne of his love,
 When I pray for his blessings divine.

The Beer Trial. — TEMPERANCE DIALOGUES.

William. I saw you this morning, James, go into a shop where Albany cream ale was advertised, and buy a glass. I did not expect you would do that, as you belong to the Temperance Society.

James. I'm none of your teetotalers, I tell you, William. I signed the ardent spirit pledge, and I'll stick to that, up to any of you. But I like good cider and ale. Mother says it purifies the blood; and then it braces me up, and makes me feel so nice and strong here, (*placing his hand on his stomach.*)

Will. You think it purifies the blood, — do you? Have you ever read the famous beer trial? and do you know how your precious Albany cream ale is made? If you have not, I can lend it to you; the reading of it may make you think that there is something gets into the blood which might as well be kept out.

James. Beer trial? — what is that? I never heard of it.

Will. Why, the trial of Mr. Delavan, who was sued by the Albany brewers, who brew your favorite cream ale, for saying that they made it out of such filthy water that no dog nor horse would drink it; water that was as thick as cream — the reason, I suppose, it is called cream ale.

James. None of your talking so. I don't believe a word of it. I asked why they called it cream ale, and they said it was because the foam looked yellow, like cream.

Will. I should think it would look green instead of yellow, for the top of the pond was green; but there was enough in the pond under the green cover to give the yellow tinge.

James. Now, William, I won't bear it. I say the ale is good ale. None of your nonsense.

Will. Well, James, read for yourself. If you are pleased to drink beer made out of a pond which is the receptacle of the wash of slaughter houses and graveyards, and where are thrown all manner of dead beasts, you may. I say, —

“Water, pure water, pure water for me.”

But every one to his liking; as my Latin book says, *De gustibus non disputandum.*

James. Well, William, if it is as you say, I'll drink no more cream ale. Let me see the trial.

Will. Here it is. Read it through. But mind, now, don't take your hand off your stomach, for you will want something to brace you up, better than cream ale, before you get through.

The Spirit of Human Liberty.—WEBSTER.

THE spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from Heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty, is to show, in our own examples, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free states may be stable as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government is a vision for the contemplation of theorists, or a truth, established, illustrated, and brought into practice, in the country of Washington.

For the earth which we inhabit, and the whole circle of the sun, for all the unborn races of mankind, we seem to hold in our hands, for their weal or woe, the fate of this experiment. If we fail, who shall venture the repetition? If our example shall prove to be one, not of encouragement, but of terror, not fit to be imitated, but fit only to be shunned, where else shall the world look for free models? If this great western sun be struck out of the firmament, at what other fountain shall the lamp of liberty hereafter be lighted? What other orb shall emit a ray to glimmer, even, on the darkness of the world?

My Aunt.—O. W. HOLMES.

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
 Long years have o'er her flown;
 Yet still she strains the aching clasp
 That binds her virgin zone:
 I know it hurts her, though she looks
 As cheerful as she can;
 Her waist is ampler than her life,
 For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
 Her hair is almost gray:
 Why will she train that winter curl
 In such a spring-like way?
 How can she lay her glasses down,
 And say she reads as well,
 When, through a double convex lens,
 She just makes out to spell?

Her father — grandpapa, forgive
 This erring lip its smiles —
 Vowed she would make the finest girl
 Within a hundred miles.
 He sent her to a stylish school, —
 'Twas in her thirteenth June, —
 And with her, as the rules required,
 "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
 To make her straight and tall;
 They laced her up, they starved her down,
 To make her light and small;
 They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
 They screwed it up with pins; —
 O, never mortal suffered more
 In penance for her sins.

So when my precious aunt was done,
 My grandsire brought her back,
 (By daylight, lest some rabid youth
 Might follow on the track.)
 "Ah," said my grandsire, as he shook
 Some powder in his pan,
 "What could this lovely creature do
 Against a desperate man?"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
 Nor bandit cavalcade,
 Tore from the father's trembling arms
 His all-accomplished maid.
 For her how happy had it been!
 And Heaven had spared to me
 To see one sad, ungathered rose
 On my ancestral tree

OUR COUNTRY'S ORIGIN.

Our Country's Origin. — WEBSTER.

OUR fathers came hither to a land from which they were never to return. Hither they had brought, and here they were to fix, their hopes, their attachments, and their objects. Some natural tears they shed, as they left the pleasant abodes of their fathers, and some emotions they suppressed, when the white cliffs of their native country, now seen for the last time, grew dim to their sight.

A new existence awaited them here ; and when they saw these shores, rough, cold, barbarous, and barren, as then they were, they beheld their country. Before they reached the shore, they had established the elements of a social system, and at a much earlier period had settled their forms of religious worship. At the moment of their landing, therefore, they possessed institutions of government and institutions of religion. The morning that beamed on the first night of their repose saw the Pilgrims already established in their country. There were political institutions, and civil liberty, and religious worship. Poetry has fancied nothing in the wanderings of heroes so distinct and characteristic.

Here was man indeed unprotected, and unprovided for, on the shore of a rude and fearful wilderness ; but it was politic, intelligent, and educated man. Every thing was civilized but the physical world. Institutions containing in substance all that ages had done for human government were established in a forest. Cultivated mind was to act on uncultivated nature ; and, more than all, a government and a country were to commence with the very first foundations laid under the divine light of the Christian religion. Happy auspices of a happy futurity ! Who would wish that his country's existence had otherwise begun ? Who would desire the power of going back to the ages of fable ? Who would wish for an origin obscured in the darkness of antiquity ? Who would wish for other emblazoning of his country's heraldry or other ornaments of her genealogy, than to be able to say that her first existence was with intelligence ; her first breath the inspirations of liberty ; her first principle the truth of divine religion ?

The Progress of Liberty. — WEBSTER.

MR. PRESIDENT, the contest for ages has been to rescue liberty from the grasp of executive power. Whoever has engaged in her sacred cause, from the days of the downfall of those great aristocracies which had stood between the king and the people to the time of our own independence, has struggled for the accomplishment of that single object. On the long list of the champions of human freedom there is not one name dimmed by the reproach of advocating the extension of executive authority; on the contrary, the uniform and steady purpose of all such champions has been to limit and restrain it. To this end, the spirit of liberty, growing more and more enlightened, and more and more vigorous from age to age, has been battering for centuries against the solid buttments of the feudal system. To this end, all that could be gained from the imprudence, snatched from the weakness, or wrung from the necessities of crowned heads, has been carefully gathered up, secured, and hoarded as the rich treasures, the very jewels of liberty.

To this end, popular and representative right has kept up its warfare against prerogative with various success; sometimes writing the history of a whole age in blood; sometimes witnessing the martyrdom of Sydneys and Russells; often baffled and repulsed, but still gaining, on the whole, and holding what it gained with a grasp which nothing but the complete extinction of its own being could compel it to relinquish. At length the great conquest over executive power, in the leading western states of Europe, has been accomplished. The feudal system, like other stupendous fabrics of past ages, is known only by the rubbish which it has left behind it. Crowned heads have been compelled to submit to the restraints of law, and the people, with that intelligence and that spirit which make their voice resistless, have been able to say to prerogative, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther." I need hardly say, sir, that into the full enjoyment of all which Europe has reached only through such slow and painful steps, we sprang at once, by the declaration of independence, and by the establishment of free representative governments; governments borrowing more or less from the models of other free states, but strengthened, secured, improved in their symmetry, and deepened in their foundation, by those great men of our own country, whose names will be as familiar to future times as if they were written on the arch of the sky.

The Character of Washington.—WEBSTER.

AMERICA has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind. Washington!—"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen!"—Washington is all our own! The enthusiastic veneration and regard in which the people of the United States hold him prove them to be worthy of such a countryman; while his reputation abroad reflects the highest honor on his country and its institutions. I would cheerfully put the question to-day to the intelligence of Europe and the world, what character of the century, upon the whole, stands out in the relief of history most pure, most respectable, most sublime; and I doubt not, that, by a suffrage approaching to unanimity, the answer would be, Washington!

This structure,* by its uprightness, its solidity, its durability, is no unfit emblem of his character. His public virtues and public principles were as firm as the earth on which it stands; his personal motives as pure as the serene heaven in which its summit is lost. But, indeed, though a fit, it is an inadequate emblem. Towering high above the column which our hands have builded, beheld, not by the inhabitants of a single city, or a single state, ascends the colossal grandeur of his character, and his life. In all the constituents of the one, in all the acts of the other, in all its titles to immortal love, admiration, and renown, it is an American production. It is the embodiment and vindication of our Transatlantic liberty. Born upon our soil, of parents also born upon it; never for a moment having had a sight of the old world; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people; growing up beneath and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society; growing up amidst our expanding, but not luxurious, civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory, the war of independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the constitution, — he is all, all our own! That crowded and glorious life, —

"Where multitudes of virtues pass along,
 Each pressing foremost, in the mighty throng,
 Contending to be seen, then making room
 For greater multitudes that were to come," —

that life was the life of an American citizen.

I claim him for America. In all the perils, in every darkened moment of the state, in the midst of the reproaches of enemies and the misgiving of friends, I turn to that transcendent name for courage and for consolation. To him who denies, or doubts, whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuit and advancement of happiness; to him who denies that our institutions are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory; to him who denies that we have contributed any thing to the stock of great lessons and great examples,—to all these I reply by pointing to WASHINGTON!

The Responsibility of Americans. — WEBSTER.

THIS lovely land, this glorious liberty, these benign institutions, the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours — ours to enjoy ours to preserve, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers from behind admonish us, with their anxious paternal voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future; the world turns hither its solicitous eyes, all, all conjure us to act wisely and faithfully in the relation which we sustain. We can never, indeed, pay the debt which is upon us; but by virtue, by morality, by religion, by the cultivation of every good principle and every good habit, we may hope to enjoy the blessing through our day, and to leave it unimpaired to our children. Let us feel deeply how much of what we are, and of what we possess, we owe to this liberty and these institutions of government. Nature has, indeed, given us a soil which yields bounteously to the hands of industry; the mighty and fruitful ocean is before us, and the skies over our heads shed health and vigor. But what are lands, and seas, and skies, to civilized men, without society, without knowledge, without morals, without religious culture? and how can these be enjoyed, in all their extent, and all their excellence, but under the protection of wise institutions and a free government? There is not one of us, there is not one of us here present, who does not, at this moment, and at

every moment, experience in his own condition, and in the condition of those most near and dear to him, the influence and the benefit of this liberty and these institutions. Let us then acknowledge the blessing; let us feel it deeply and powerfully; let us cherish a strong affection for it, and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. The blood of our fathers — let it not have been shed in vain; the great hope of posterity — let it not be blasted.

The Deep. — BRAINARD.

There's beauty in the deep: —
 The wave is bluer than the sky;
 And though the light shine bright on high,
 More softly do the sea-gems glow
 That sparkle in the depths below;
 The rainbow's tints are only made
 When on the waters they are laid,
 And sun and moon most sweetly shine
 Upon the ocean's level brine.
 There's beauty in the deep.

There's music in the deep: —
 It is not in the surf's rough roar,
 Nor in the whispering, shelly shore —
 They are but earthly sounds, that tell
 How little of the sea-nymph's shell,
 That sends its loud, clear note abroad,
 Or winds its softness through the flood,
 Echoes through groves with coral gay,
 And dies, on spongy banks, away.
 There's music in the deep.

There's quiet in the deep: —
 Above, let tides and tempests rave
 And earth-born whirlwinds wake the wave
 Above, let care and fear contend
 With sin and sorrow to the end:
 Here, far beneath the tainted foam,
 That frets above our peaceful home,
 We dream in joy, and wake in love,
 Nor know the rage that yells above.
 There's quiet in the deep.

Patriotic Triumph.—MAXOT.

THE citizens of America celebrate that day which gave birth to their liberties. The recollection of this event, replete with consequences so beneficial to mankind, swells every heart with joy, and fills every tongue with praise. We celebrate not the sanguinary exploits of a tyrant to subjugate and enslave millions of his fellow-creatures—we celebrate neither the birth nor the coronation of that phantom styled a king; but the resurrection of liberty, the emancipation of mankind, the regeneration of the world. These are the sources of our joy, these the causes of our triumph. We pay no homage at the tomb of kings, to sublimise our feelings; we trace no line of illustrious ancestors, to support our dignity; we recur to no usages sanctioned by the authority of the great, to protect our rejoicing; no, we love liberty, we glory in the rights of men, we glory in independence. On whatever part of God's creation a human form pines under chains, there Americans drop their tears.

A dark cloud once shaded this beautiful quarter of the globe. Consternation for a while agitated the hearts of the inhabitants. War desolated our fields, and buried our vales in blood. But the dayspring from on high soon opened upon us its glittering portals. The angel of liberty, descending, dropped on Washington's brow the wreath of victory, and stamped on American freedom the seal of omnipotence. The darkness is past, and the true light now shines, to enliven and rejoice mankind. We tread a new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness; and view a new heaven, flaming with inextinguishable stars. Our feet will no more descend into the vale of oppressions, our shoulders will no more bend under the weight of a foreign domination as cruel as it was unjust. Well may we rejoice at the return of this glorious anniversary; a day dear to every American; a day to be had in everlasting remembrance; a day whose light circulates joy through the hearts of all republicans, and terror through the hearts of all tyrants.

The Infant Orator.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,

Don't view me with a critic's eye,
 But pass my imperfections by.
 Large streams from little fountains flow ;
 Tall oaks from little acorns grow :
 And though I now am small and young,
 Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue,
 Yet all great learned men like me
 Once learned to read their A, B, C.
 But why may not Columbia's soil
 Rear men as great as Britain's isle,
 Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
 Or any land beneath the sun ?
 Mayn't Louisiana boast as great
 As any other sister state ?
 Or where's the town, so far and near,
 That does not find a rival here ?
 Or where's the boy, but three feet high,
 Who's made improvements more than I ?
 These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
 To be the greatest of mankind —
 Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood ;
 But only great as I am good.

Parody on the foregoing.

You'd scarce expect a boy like me
 To get up here where all can see,
 And make a speech as well as those
 Who wear the largest kind of clothes.
 I think it was in olden time
 That some one said, in funny rhyme,
 " Tall aches from little toe-corns grow ;
 Large screams from little children flow."
 And if that rhymers told the truth,
 Though I am now a little youth,
 Perhaps I'll make as great a noise
 As some who are much larger boys.
 I will not speak of Greece and Rome,
 But tell you what I've learned at home,
 And what was taught me when at school,
 While sitting on a bench or stool :

I've learned to talk, and read, and spell,
And don't you think that's pretty well
For such a little boy as I?
But I must leave you — so good by

The Intemperate Husband. — SPRAGUE.

It is, my friends, in the degradation of a husband by intemperance, where she who has ventured every thing feels that all is lost. Who shall protect her when the husband of her choice insults and oppresses her? What shall delight her, when she shrinks from the sight of his face and trembles at the sound of his voice? The hearth is indeed dark that he has made desolate. There, through the dull midnight hour, her griefs are whispered to herself; her bruised heart bleeds in secret. There, while the cruel author of her distress is drowned in distant revelry, she holds her solitary vigil, waiting yet dreading his return, that is only to wring from her by unkindness tears even more scalding than those she sheds over his transgression.

To fling a deeper gloom across the present, memory turns back and broods upon the past. The joys of other days come over her, as if only to mock her grieved and weary spirit. She recalls the ardent lover, whose graces won her from the home of her infancy; the enraptured father, who bent with such delight over his new-born children; and she asks if this can be the same — this sunken being, who has now nothing for her but the sot's disgusting brutality; nothing for those abashed and trembling children but the sot's disgusting example.

Can we wonder that, amid these agonizing moments, the tender cords of violated affection should snap asunder? that the scorned and deserted wife should confess, "there is no killing like that which kills the heart?" that though it would have been hard to kiss for the last time the cold lips of a dead husband, and lay his body forever in the dust, it is harder still to behold him so debasing life that even death would be greeted in mercy?

Had he died in the light of his goodness, bequeathing to his family the inheritance of an untarnished name and the example of virtues that should blossom for his sons and daughters from the tomb, though she would have wept bitterly indeed, the tears of grief would not have been also the tears of shame. She beholds him, fallen from the station he once adorned, degraded

from eminence to ignominy ; at home turning his dwelling to darkness and its holy endearments to mockery ; abroad, thrust from the companionship of the worthy, a self-branded outlaw.

The Drunkard's Daughter. — G. W. BUNGAY

Out in the street, with naked feet,
I saw the drunkard's daughter ;
Her tattered shawl was thin and small ;
She little knew, for no one taught her.

Her skin was fair, her auburn hair
Was blown about her pretty forehead ;
Her sad, white face wore sorrow's trace,
And want and woe that were not borrowed.

Heart-broken child, she seldom smiled ;
Hope promised her no bright to-morrow ;
Or if its light flashed on her night,
Then came up darker clouds of sorrow.

She softly said, " We have no bread,
No wood to keep the fire burning."
The child was ill ; the winds so chill,
Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

But men well fed and warmly clad,
And ladies robed in richest fashion,
Passed on the side, where no one cried
To them for pity or compassion.

That long night fled, and then the light
Of rosy day, in beauty shining,
Set dome, and spire, and roof on fire,
And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep, alone, as cold as stone,
Where no dear parent sought her,
In winding sheet of snow and sleet
Was found the drunkard's lifeless daughter

Baneful Effects of Party Spirit.

REV. WILBUR FISK, D. D.

WE see that man has a spirit which is not easily broken down by oppression. Let us inquire whether it can be more easily satisfied by indulgence. And in every step of this inquiry we shall find that no miser ever had gold enough, no office seeker ever yet had honor enough, no conqueror ever yet subdued kingdoms enough. When the rich man had filled his store-houses, he must pull down and build larger. When Cæsar had conquered all his enemies, he must enslave his friends. When Bonaparte had become the Emperor of France, he aspired to the throne of all Europe. Facts, a thousand facts, in every age and among all classes, prove that such is the ambitious nature of the soul, such the increasing compass of its vast desires, that the material universe, with all its vastness, richness, and variety, can not satisfy it. Nor is it in the power of the governments of this world, in their most perfect forms, so to interest the feelings, so to regulate the desires, so to restrain the passions, or so to divert, or charm, or chain the souls of a whole community, but that these latent and ungovernable fires will sooner or later burst out, and endanger the whole body politic.

I know it has been supposed by the politicians, that in an intelligent and well-educated community a government might be so constituted, by a proper balance of power, by equal representation, and by leaving open the avenues to office and wealth for a fair and honorable competition among all classes, as to perpetuate the system to the latest posterity. Such a system of government, it is acknowledged, is the most likely to continue; but all these political and literary helps, unaided by the kingdom of Christ, will not secure any community from revolution and ruin. And he knows but little of the nature of man who judges otherwise. What has been the fate of the ancient republics? They have been dissolved by this same restless and disorganizing spirit of which we have been speaking. And do we not see the same dangerous spirit in our own comparatively happy and strongly constituted republic?

The wise framers of our excellent political institutions, like the eclectic philosophers, have selected the best parts out of all the systems which preceded them, and to these have added others, according to the suggestions of their own wisdom or the leadings of Providence, and have formed the whole into a constitution, the most perfect the world has ever witnessed. Here

every thing that is rational in political liberty is enjoyed; here the most salutary checks and restraints that have yet been discovered are laid upon men in office. Here the road to honor and wealth is open to all; and here is general intelligence. But nere man is found to possess the same nature as elsewhere; and the stirrings of his restless spirit have already disturbed the peace of society, and portend future convulsions. Party spirit is begotten; ambitious views are engendered, and fed, and inflamed; many are running the race for office; rivals are envied; characters are aspersed; animosities are enkindled; and the whole community are disturbed by the electioneering contest.

No meanness is foregone, no calumny is too glaring, no venality is too base, when the mind is inflamed with strong desire and elated with the hope of success in the pursuit of some favorite object; and when the doubtful question is decided, it avails nothing. Disappointment sours the mind, and often produces the most bitter enmity and the most settled and systematic opposition in the unsuccessful party; while success but imperfectly satisfies the mind of the more fortunate. And if no other influence come in to curb the turbulent spirits of men besides that which is found in our general intelligence and constitutional checks, probably, at no great distance of time, such convulsions may be witnessed in our now happy country as shall make the ears of him that heareth it tingle, and the eyes of him that seeth it weep blood. State may be arrayed against state, section against section, and party against party, till all the horrors of civil war may desolate our land. Are there no grounds for such fears.

The Destiny of America. — STORY.

WE stand the latest, and, if we fail, probably the last experiment of self-government by the people. We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppressions of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the old world. Such as we are, we have been from the beginning — simple, hardy, intelligent, accustomed to self-government and self-respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and any formidable foe.

Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude and longitude, we have the choice of many products and many means of independence. The government is mild. The

press is free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach, every home. What fairer prospects of success could be presented? What means more adequate to accomplish the sublime end? What more is necessary than for the people to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has already ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of both oceans. It has infused itself into the life blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the north, and, moving onward to the south, has opened to Greece the lessons of her better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances, can betray herself? that she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon whose ruins is, "They were, but they are not?" Forbid it, my countrymen; forbid it, Heaven.

The Responsibilities of America. — STORY.

THE old world has already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginning and end of all its own marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece, lovely Greece, "the land of scholars and the nurse of arms," where sister republics in fair procession chanted the praises of liberty and the gods, — where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun, — where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but traveled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was

upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the north, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute money.

When we reflect on what has been and is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibility of this republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence!

Adams and Jefferson. — EVERETT.

No, fellow-citizens, we dismiss not Adams and Jefferson to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What we admired, and prized, and venerated in them can never die, nor, dying, be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live — to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. They were of the select few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their physical existence; whose hearts have watched while their senses slept; whose souls have grown up into a higher being; whose pleasure is to be useful; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation; who respire the breath of honorable fame; who have deliberately and consciously put what is called life to hazard, that they may live in the hearts of those who come after. Such men do not, can not die.

To be cold, and motionless, and breathless; to feel not and speak not: this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their hearts' blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred hight, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor with the rose of heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye? Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, can not die. The hand that traced the charter of

independence is indeed motionless, the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed ; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, matured, maintained it, and which alone, to such men, " make it life to live," these can not expire.

" These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away :
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once can never die."

The Same, concluded.

THEY have gone to the companions of their cares, of their toils. It is well with them. The treasures of America are now in heaven. How long the list of our good, and wise, and brave, assembled there ! How few remain with us ! There is our Washington ; and those who followed him in their country's confidence are now met together with him and all that illustrious company.

The faithful marble may preserve their image ; the engraven brass may proclaim their worth ; but the humblest sod of independent America, with nothing but the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, is a prouder mausoleum than kings or conquerors can boast. The country is their monument. Its independence is their epitaph.

But not to their country is their praise limited. The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men. Wherever an agonizing people shall perish, in a generous convulsion, for want of a valiant arm and a fearless heart, they will cry, in the last accents of despair, " O for a Washington, an Adams, a Jefferson ! " Wherever a regenerated nation, starting up in its might, shall burst the links of steel that enchain it, the praise of our fathers shall be the prelude of their triumphal song.

The contemporary and successive generations of men will disappear. In the long lapse of ages, the tribes of America, like those of Greece and Rome, may pass away. The fabric of American freedom, like all things human, however firm and fair, may crumble into dust. But the cause in which these our fathers shone is immortal. They did that to which no age, no people of reasoning men, can be indifferent.

Their eulogy will be uttered in other languages, when those we speak, like us who speak them, shall all be forgotten. And

when the great account of humanity shall be closed at the throne of God, in the bright list of his children, who best adorned and served it, shall be found the names of our Adams and our Jefferson.

A Mother's Gift — the Bible. — W. FARQUHAR.

REMEMBER, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come,
When she, who had thine earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home ;
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest, for her son ;
And from the gifts of God above
She chose a goodly one.
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of light, and life, and joy ; —

And bade him keep the gift, that, when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again,
In an eternal home.
She said his faith in this would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside,
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause, and ask his breast
If *she* or *he* had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing ;
The love that would retain the one
Must to the other cling.
Remember, 'tis no idle toy :
A mother's gift, remember, boy.

The Destiny of America.—G. S. HILLARD.

WE may betray the trust reposed in us — we may most miserably defeat the fond hopes entertained of us. We may become the scorn of tyrants and the jest of slaves. From our fate oppression may assume a bolder front of insolence, and its victims sink into a darker despair.

In that event, how unspeakable will be our disgrace! With what weight of mountains will the infamy lie upon our souls! The gulf of our ruin will be as deep as the elevation we might have attained is high. How wilt thou fall from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! Our beloved country with ashes for beauty; the golden cord of our union broken; its scattered fragments presenting every form of misrule, from the wildest anarchy to the most ruthless despotism; our "soil drenched with fraternal blood;" the life of man stripped of its grace and dignity; the prizes of honor gone, and virtue divorced from half its encouragements and supports; — these are gloomy pictures, which I would not invite your imaginations to dwell upon, but only to glance at, for the sake of the warning lessons we may draw from them.

Remember that we can have none of those consolations which sustain the patriot who mourns over the undeserved misfortunes of his country. Our Rome can not fall and we be innocent. No conqueror will chain us to the car of his triumph; no countless swarm of Huns and Goths will bury the memorials and trophies of civilized life beneath a living tide of barbarism. Our own selfishness, our own neglect, our own passions, and our own vices will furnish the elements of our destruction. With our own hands we shall tear down the stately edifice of our glory. We shall die by self-inflicted wounds.

But we will not talk of themes like these. We will not think of failure, dishonor, and despair. We will elevate our minds to the contemplation of our high duties, and the great trust committed to us. We will resolve to lay the foundations of our prosperity on that rock of private virtue which can not be shaken until the laws of the moral world are reversed. From our own breasts shall flow the salient springs of national increase. Then our success, our happiness, our glory is inevitable. We may calmly smile at all the croakings of all the ravens, whether of native or foreign breed.

The whole will not grow weak by the increase of its parts. Our growth will be like that of the mountain oak, which strikes its roots more deeply into the soil, and clings to it with a closer

grasp as its lofty head is exalted and its broad arms stretched out. The loud burst of joy and gratitude which this, the anniversary of our independence, is breaking from the full hearts of a mighty people, will never cease to be heard. No chasms of sullen silence will interrupt its course, no discordant notes of sectional madness mar the general harmony. Year after year will increase it, by tributes from now unpeopled solitudes. The farthest west shall hear it and rejoice ; the Oregon shall swell it with the voice of its waters ; the Rocky Mountains shall fling back the glad sound from their snowy crests.

The Development of our Country. — DR. HENRY.

It is but a few years since we entered upon the conquest of a country wilder than Germany in the days of Cæsar, and ten times more extensive ; and yet in that short space we have reached a point of physical development which twenty centuries have not accomplished there. The forests have fallen down, the earth has been quarried, cities and towns have sprung up all over the immense extent of our land, thronged with life, and resounding with the multitudinous hum of traffic ; and from hundreds of ports the canvas of ten thousand sails whitens all the ocean and every sea, bearing the products of our soil and manufactures, and bringing back the wealth and luxuries of every quarter of the globe. Then, too, the tremendous agencies of nature — the awful forces evolved by chemical and dynamic science — have been subdued to man's dominion, and have become submissive ministers to his will, more prompt and more powerful than the old fabled genii of the Arabian tales. Little did our fathers, little did we ourselves, even the youngest of us, dream, in the days of our childhood, when we fed our wondering imaginations with the prodigies wrought by those elemental spirits evoked by the talismanic seal of Solomon, that these were but faint foreshadowings of what our eyes should see in the familiar goings on of the everyday life around us. Yet so it truly is.

Ha ! gentlemen, the steam engine is your true elemental spirit, it more than realizes the gorgeous ideas of the old Oriental imagination. That had its different orders of elemental spirits — genii of fire, of water, of earth, and of air, whose everlasting hostility could never be subdued to unity of purpose ; this combines the powers of all in one, and a child may control them. Across the ocean, along our coast, through the length of a hun-

dred rivers, with the speed of wind, we plow our way against currents, wind, and tide ; while on iron roads, through the length and breadth of the land, innumerable trains, thronged with human life, and freighted with the wealth of the nation, are urging their way in every direction—flying through the valleys ; thundering across the rivers ; panting up the sides or piercing through the hearts of the mountains, with the resistless force of lightning, and scarcely less swift.

All this is wonderful. The old limitations to human endeavor seem to be broken through—the everlasting conditions of time and space seem to be annulled. Meanwhile the magnificent achievements of to-day lead but to grander projects for to-morrow. Success in the past serves but to enlarge the purposes of the future ; and the people are rushing onward in a career of physical development to which no bounds can be assigned

The Poet in the Clouds.—COLERIDGE,

O, IT is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
 Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
 To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
 Or let the easily persuaded eyes
 Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mold
 Of a friend's fancy ; or with head bent low
 And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold,
 'Twixt crimson banks ; and then, a traveler, go
 From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land !
 Or, listening to the tide with closéd sight,
 Be that blind bard, who, on the Chian strand,
 By those deep sounds possessed, with inward light
 Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
 Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

Washington a Man of Genius.—WHIPPLE.

How many times have we been told that Washington was not a man of genius, but a person of *excellent common sense*, of *admirable judgment*, of *rare virtues* ! He had no genius, it seems. O, no ! genius, we must suppose, is the peculiar and shining attribute of some orator, whose tongue can spout patri-

otic speeches, or some versifier, whose muse can Hail Columbia, but not of the man who supported states on his arm, and carried America in his brain. What is genius? Is it worth any thing? Is splendid folly the measure of its inspiration? Is wisdom its base and summit — that which it recedes from, or tends toward? And by what definition do you award the name to the creator of an epic, and deny it to the creator of a country? On what principle is it to be lavished on him who sculptures in perishing marble the image of possible excellence, and withheld from him who built up in himself a transcendent character, indestructible as the obligations of duty, and beautiful as her rewards?

Indeed, if, by the genius of action, you mean will enlightened by intelligence, and intelligence energized by will; if force and insight be its characteristics, and influence its test; and if great effects suppose a cause proportionally great, a vital, causative mind, — then was Washington most assuredly a man of genius, and one whom no other American has equaled in the power of working morally and mentally on other minds. His genius was of a peculiar kind, the genius of character, of thought, and the objects of thought solidified and concentrated into active faculty. He belongs to that rare class of men — rare as Homers and Miltons, rare as Platos and Newtons — who have impressed their characters upon nations without pampering national vices. Such men have natures broad enough to include all the facts of a people's practical life, and deep enough to discern the spiritual laws which underlie, animate, and govern those facts.

The Death of Washington. — ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

HAVING accomplished the embassy of a benevolent Providence, Washington, the founder of one nation, the sublime instructor of all, took his flight to heaven; not like Mahomet, for his memory is immortal without the fiction of a miracle; not like Elijah, for recording time has not registered the man on whom his mantle should descend; but in humble imitation of that omnipotent Architect, who returned from a created universe to contemplate from his throne the stupendous fabric he had erected.

The august form whose undaunted majesty could arrest the lightning, ere it fell on the bosom of his country, now sleeps in silent ruin, untenanted of its celestial essence. But the incorruptible example of his virtues shall survive, unimpaired by the

corrosion of time, and acquire new vigor and influence from the crimes of ambition and the decay of empires. The invaluable valediction bequeathed to the people who inherited his affections is the effort of a mind whose powers, like those of prophecy, could overleap the tardy progress of human reason, and unfold truth without the labor of investigation. Impressed in indelible characters, this legacy of his intelligence will descend, unsullied as its purity, to the wonder and instruction of succeeding generations; and should the mild philosophy of its maxims be ingrafted into the policy of nations, at no distant period will the departed hero, who now lives only in the spotless splendor of his own great actions, exist in the happiness and dignity of mankind.

The sighs of contemporary gratitude have attended the sublime spirit to its paternal abode; and the prayers of meliorated posterity will ascend in glowing remembrance of their illustrious benefactor. The laurels that now droop as they shadow his tomb with monumental glory, will be watered by the tears of ages; and, embalmed in the heart of an admiring world, the temple erected to his memory will be more glorious than the pyramids, and as eternal as his own imperishable virtues.

The Light of Science. — E. D. BARNES.

O, LET the light spread far and wide,
 Away o'er hill and vale;
 O, let it be our nation's pride;
 The star of science hail!
 No longer pent in lordly hall,
 Among the favored few;
 The boon of God — 'tis free to all,
 As drops the heavenly dew.

Ten thousand, thousand lamps of mind,
 O'er wide creation spread,
 Have long in darkness been confined,
 Bedimmed by error dread.
 Then march we on with torch in hand
 And light them in a glow,
 Till science beam from every land,
 A firmament below.

Then radiant with eternal truth,
 The soul on earth shall shine,
 And early learn in infant youth
 The way to worlds divine.
 Then, teachers, rouse with cheerful zeal,
 And mold with skillful art ;
 Take Virtue's signet, — God's own seal, —
 Impress the youthful heart.

The Good Time coming. — J. B. GORDON,

OF those who began the temperance reform, some are living to-day ; and I should like to stand now and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard ; they lifted the first turf, prepared the bed in which to lay the corner stone ; they laid it amid persecution and storm ; they worked under the surface, and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By and by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm or persecution. Now we see the superstructure, pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned — “ Love, truth, sympathy, and good will to all men.” Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty ; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers.

We do not see its beauty yet ; we do not see the magnificence of the superstructure yet, because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building ; but, by and by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle fields, waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery ; through vineyards, under trellised vines with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind ; when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase ; when they shall come up to the last distillery, and destroy it, to the last stearn of liquid death, and dry it up ; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away ; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that mankind should stand ; to the

last drunkard and nerve him to burst the burning fetters, and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains,—then, ah! then will the cope stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will stand in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world.

The Warfare of Truth.—C. W. UPHAM.

THE awful and murderous operations of military power can only be justified when directed against a foreign invader, or domestic conspirators attempting to obtain possession of the government by force of arms. Even in such cases they must be allowed to be in themselves great evils, and are only tolerated because necessary to put down still greater evils. They can not be rightfully employed as the means of enlarging the liberties, or reforming the abuses, of any nation or community.

The horrors and cruelties of civil and intestine war, the bloodshed and the barbarism of the battle field, the furies and the crimes attendant upon massacre, conflagration, and pillage, can never be made to prepare the way for the blessings of liberty, peace, and equal rights, to enter and take up their abode in any land. They serve only to bind upon it still more firmly the burden and the woes of slavery and sin. "All they that take the sword," that is, select and adopt it as the means of improving their social or political condition, "shall perish with the sword." But truth is mighty, reason is mighty, conscience is mighty; the spirit of human and of Christian benevolence is mightier than them all, and the most despised minority, the most trampled victims of oppression and slavery, if they make these the weapons of their warfare, and wield them in faith, patience, and perseverance, will be sure to conquer, for God will be their ally. And the strongest and fiercest giant, who comes to the field with a spear, and with a sword, and with a shield, will be sure to fall before the merest stripling who meets him in the name of the Lord.

The Party Man.—ANON.

THE party man has associated his ambition, his interests, and his affections with a party. He prefers, doubtless, that his side should be victorious by the best means and under the champion

ship of good men ; but rather than lose the victory, he will consent to any means, and follow any man. Thus, with a general desire to be upright, the exigency of his party pushes constantly to dishonorable deeds. He gradually adopts two characters, a personal and a political character. All the requisitions of his conscience he obeys in his private character ; all the requisitions of his party he obeys in his political conduct. In one character he is a man of principle, in the other a man of mere expedients.

As a man he means to be veracious, honest, moral ; as a politician he is deceitful, cunning, unscrupulous, any thing for a party ; as a man he abhors the slimy demagogue ; as a politician he employs him as a scavenger ; as a man he shrinks from the flagitiousness of slander ; as a politician he permits it, smiles upon it in others, rejoices in the success gained by it ; as a man he respects no one who is rotten in heart ; as a politician no man through whom victory may be gained can be too bad ; as a citizen he is an apostle of temperance ; as a politician he puts his shoulder under the men who deluge their track with whiskey, marching a crew of brawling patriots too pugnaciously drunk to exercise the freeman's noblest franchise—the vote.

As a citizen he is considerate of the young, and counsels them with admirable wisdom ; then, as a politician, he votes for tools, supporting for the magistracy worshipful aspirants, scraped from the ditch, the grog shop, and the brothel. Thus saying by deeds which the young are quick to understand, “ I jested when I warned you of bad company, for you perceive none worse than those whom I delight to honor.” For his religion he will give up all his secular interest, but for his politics he gives up even his religion. He adores virtue and rewards vice. Whilst bolstering up unrighteous measures and more unrighteous men, he prays for the advancement of religion, and justice, and honor. I would to God that his prayers might be answered upon his own political head, for never was there a place where such blessings were more needed. I am puzzled to know what will happen at death to this public Christian, but most unchristian politician.

The Philosopher's Scales. — JANE TAYLOR.

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell with his stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain ;

But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers,
We know not ; indeed, 'tis no business of ours.

Perhaps it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear ;
In youth 'twas projected, but years stole away,
And ere 'twas complete, he was wrinkled and gray ;
But success is secure, unless energy fails ;
And, at length, he produced the philosopher's scales.

"What were they ?" you ask, you shall presently see
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea ;
O, no ; for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts they could weigh
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets to atoms of sense.

Nought was there so bulky but there it would lay,
And nought so ethereal but there it would stay,
And nought so reluctant but in it must go ;
And which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there ;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time he put in Alexander the Great,
With a garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight,
And, though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of almshouses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale ; while the other was prest
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest ;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce

By further experiments, (no matter how,)
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plow ;

A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
 Though balanced by only a ten-penny nail ;
 A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
 Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
 When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale ;
 Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
 Ten counselors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
 All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
 Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense ;—

A first water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
 Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt :
 Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice
 One pearl to outweigh — 'twas the pearl of great price.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate
 With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
 When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
 That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof ;
 When, balanced in air, it ascended on high,
 And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky ;
 While the scale with the soul in't so mightily fell,
 That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

Observance of the Sabbath.—DR. SPRING

THE Sabbath lies at the foundation of all true morality. Morality flows from principle. Let the principles of moral obligation become relaxed, and the practice of morality will not long survive the overthrow. No man can preserve his own morals, no parent can preserve the morals of his children, without the impressions of religious obligation.

If you can induce a community to doubt the genuineness and authenticity of the Scriptures ; to question the reality and obligations of religion ; to hesitate, undeciding, whether there be any such thing as virtue or vice ; whether there be an eternal state of retribution beyond the grave ; or whether there exists any such being as God, — you have broken down the barriers of moral virtue, and hoisted the flood gates of immorality and crime. I need not say that, when a people have once done this, they can

no longer exist as a tranquil and happy people. Every bond that holds society together would be ruptured; fraud and treachery would take the place of confidence between man and man; the tribunals of justice would be scenes of bribery and injustice; avarice, perjury, ambition, and revenge would walk through the land, and render it more like the dwelling of savage beasts than the tranquil abode of civilized and Christianized men.

If there is an institution which opposes itself to this progress of human degeneracy, and throws a shield before the interests of moral virtue, in our thoughtless and wayward world, it is the Sabbath. In the fearful struggle between virtue and vice, notwithstanding the powerful auxiliaries which wickedness finds in the bosoms of men, and in the seductions and influence of popular example, wherever the Sabbath has been suffered to live, the trembling interests of moral virtue have always been revered and sustained. One of the principal occupations of this day is to illustrate and enforce the great principles of sound morality. Where this sacred trust is preserved inviolate, you behold a nation convened one day in seven, for the purpose of acquainting themselves with the best moral principles and precepts. And it can not be otherwise than that the authority of moral virtue, under such auspices, should be acknowledged and felt.

We may not, at once, perceive the effects which this weekly observance produces. Like most moral causes, it operates slowly; but it operates surely, and gradually weakens the power, and breaks the yoke of profligacy and sin. No villain regards the Sabbath. No vicious family regards the Sabbath. No immoral community regard the Sabbath. The holy rest of this ever-memorable day is a barrier which is always broken down before men become giants in sin. Blackstone, in his *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, remarks, that "a corruption of morals usually follows a profanation of the Sabbath." It is an observation of Lord Chief Justice Hale, that "of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes while he was upon the bench, he found a few only who would not confess that they began their career of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath, and vicious conduct on that day."

The prisons in our own land could probably tell us, that they have scarcely a solitary tenant who had not broken over the restraints of the Sabbath before he was abandoned to crime. You may enact laws for the suppression of immorality; but the secret and silent power of the Sabbath constitutes a stronger shield to the vital interests of the community, than any code of penal statutes that ever was enacted. The Sabbath is the key-

stone of the arch which sustains the temple of virtue, which, however defaced, will survive many a rude shock, so long as the foundation remains firm.

Cardinal Wolsey's Address to Cromwell

SHAKESPEARE.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee —
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one — though thy master missed it
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee :
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's : then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king :
And — Pr'ythee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny — 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Soliloquy of Henry IV.—SHAKESPEARE.

O SLEEP, gentle Sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hushed with buzzing night flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch case to a common 'larum bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude, imperious surge;
 And, in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deafening clamors in the slippery shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes?—
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea boy, in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy, lowly clown!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown

Sabbath Morning.—N. Y. PAPER.

It is the Sabbath morn! A mild, genial sky, breathing the ineffable delights of spring, arches overhead; the sunshine, as yet wan and pallid, like the smile of a convalescent patient, not yet ripened into the warm, fervid glory of summer days, streams through the hazy atmosphere: all is calm and peaceful, and amidst the general repose comes the first heavy stroke of the quiet church bell, sending its quivering vibrations through the air. A moment's pause, and now another bell responds; and hark! another and another; and so the peal goes on from stee-

ple to steeple, weaving an airy chain of music over the whole. The belfry pigeons, startled from their nodding slumbers, soar away from the concussions of the air, but not in terror. They perch upon neighboring eaves and ridge poles, cooing and pluming themselves, perfectly secure in the universal armistice. The musical clangor continues, swelling to a grand orchestra, diapason. Seaward it floats from the great commercial city, scattering a holy influence upon its path.

The helmsman hears it as he stands at the wheel of the homeward bound bark gliding up the bay, past the frowning batteries of the Castle, and threading its way among the island gems of the harbor. The bell music, softened by distance to the gentle breathings of an Æolian harp, touches his heartstrings, and warms to life the best thoughts of his nature. Mingled with the pleasant anticipations of meeting near and dear ones are silent thanksgivings to the Power which has preserved him in the midst of the perils of the stormy deep. As he approaches the welcome pier, his moistened eye seeks, above the tracery of masts and fluttering signals, the blue flag of the Bethel — the sign of salvation to the mariner on shore. And now all is silent; the tolling of the bell has ceased — the noise of footsteps on the sidewalks is hushed, for all are gathered in their respective houses of worship, listening to the voice of prayer and exhortation. For a space the minds of men are estranged from the toils, and strifes and bitter cares, and biting enmities of this existence, and following the pathway of light to the happier and better life. But westward, pursuing the course of the sun, rolls the tide of sacred music, making the circuit of the land. It pours through the gorges of the mountains, waking remote villages with its glad tidings westward still.

In the remote frontier settlement, the hardy pioneers and their families hasten to the first raised house at the summons of its little bell — a place of worship almost as rude as that where the wondrous life of the Savior of the race began. There, where of late rang the whoop of the savage, or the cry of the wild beast, rise their forest hymns of praise. A few years hence, ere the dark curls of those manly foresters are flecked with silver, or their stalwart forms bowed by the hand of age, some consecrated pile, rich in ornamentation, will raise its stately spire in the midst of a great city; but its Gothic roof will shield no worshipers more sincere than those who gather together in the wilderness. Still in the pathway of the sun dawns the sacred day on the golden shores of the Pacific, gleams along its glittering waters, and breaks upon the summer isles of the deep, where years

before the self-sacrificing missionary first set up the standard of salvation.

What were poor, toiling, suffering humanity without this day? What would be the condition of our physical and spiritual natures if there were no rest here, to give us a foretaste of "that peace which the world can not give"? The mind shrinks from a contemplation of that condition of things which would follow a suppression of the Sabbath, with its sacred observances and duties, and shudders at the shadowy images of desolation the mere thought of it conjures up.

A Specimen of Pulpit Eloquence. — BRIDDAINE,

At the sight of an auditory so new to me, methinks, my brethren, I ought only to open my mouth to solicit your favor in behalf of a poor missionary, destitute of all those talents which you require of those who speak to you about your salvation. Nevertheless, I experience to-day a feeling very different. And, if I am cast down, suspect me not of being depressed by the wretched uneasiness occasioned by vanity, as if I were accustomed to preach myself. God forbid that a minister of Heaven should ever suppose he needed an excuse with you! for, whoever ye may be, ye are all of you sinners like myself. It is before your God and mine that I feel myself impelled at this moment to strike my breast.

Until now I have proclaimed the righteousness of the Most High in churches covered with thatch. I have preached the rigors of penance to the unfortunate who wanted bread. I have declared to the good inhabitants of the country the most awful truths of my religion. Unhappy man! what have I done? I have made sad the poor, the best friends of my God. I have conveyed terror and grief into those simple and honest souls, whom I ought to have pitied and consoled. It is here only where I behold the great, the rich, the oppressors of suffering humanity, or sinners daring and hardened. Ah, it is here only where the sacred word should be made to resound with all the force of its thunder, and where I should place with me in this pulpit, on the one side, death which threatens you, and on the other, my great God, who is about to judge you. But you expect to live for many years!

What foundation, my brethren, have you for supposing your dying day at such a distance? Is it your youth? "Yes," you

answer ; “ I am as yet but twenty, but thirty.” *Sirs*, it is not you who are twenty or thirty years old ; it is death, which has already advanced twenty or thirty years toward you. Observe : eternity approaches. Do you know what this eternity is ? It is a pendulum whose vibration says continually, — always — ever — ever — always — always ! In the mean while, a reprobate cries out, “ What o’clock is it ? ” And the same voice answers, “ Eternity.”

Charles XII. of Sweden. — DR. JOHANSON.

[From the Vanity of Human Wishes.]

ON what foundations stands the warrior’s pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labors tire ;
 O’er love, o’er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
 No joys to him pacific scepters yield ;
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
 Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign.
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;
 “ Think nothing gained,” he cries, “ till nought remain,
 On Moscow’s walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky.”
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost.
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa’s day :
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left a name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral or adorn a tale.

The Warnings of History.—ANON.

THE past is secure. It is unalterable. The seal of eternity is upon it. The wisdom which it has displayed can not be obscured; neither can they be debased by human folly or human infirmity. The future is that which may well awaken the most earnest solicitude, both for the virtue and the permanence of our republic. The fate of other republics, their rise, their progress, their decline, and their fall, are written but too legibly on pages of history, if indeed they were not continually before us in the startling fragments of their ruins.

They have perished, and perished by their own hands. Prosperity enervated them, corruption debased them, and a venal populace consummated their destruction. They have sometimes been cheated out of their liberties by servile demagogues; sometimes betrayed into a surrender of them by false patriots. They have disregarded the warning voice of their best statesmen, and have persecuted and driven from office their best friends. They have revered power more in its high abuses and summary movements than in its calm and constitutional energy. They have surrendered to faction what belonged to the country. Patronage and party, the triumph of a leader, and the discontents of a day, have outweighed all solid principles and institutions of government.

Such are the melancholy lessons of the past history of the republics down to our own. Let the history of the Grecian and Italian states warn us of our danger. Let the American youth never forget that they possess a noble inheritance, bought by the toils, and sufferings, and blood of their ancestors, and capable, if wisely improved and faithfully guarded, of transmitting to their latest posterity all the substantial blessings of life, the peaceful enjoyment of liberty, property, religion, and independence. The structure has been erected by architects of consummate skill and fidelity; its arrangements are full of wisdom and order; its foundations solid, and its defenses are impregnable from without. It has been reared for immortality, if the work of man may justly aspire to such a title. It may, nevertheless, perish in an hour by the folly, or corruption, or negligence of its only keepers.

Republics are created by the virtue, public spirit, and intelligence of the citizens. They fall when the wise are banished from the public councils because they dare to be honest, and the profligate are rewarded because they flatter the people in order to betray them.

America the Land of Promise. — EVERETT

IN that high romance, — if romance it be, — in which the great minds of antiquity sketched the fortunes of the ages to come they pictured to themselves a favored region beyond the ocean, a land of equal laws and happy men. The primitive poets beheld it in the islands of the blest; the Doric bards fancied it in the hyperborean regions; the sage of the academy placed it in the lost Atlantis; and even the sterner spirit of Seneca could discern a fairer abode of humanity in distant regions then unknown.

We look back upon these uninspired predictions, and almost recoil from the obligation they imply. By us must these fair visions be realized; by us must be fulfilled these high promises which burst in trying hours from the longing hearts of the champions of truth. There are no more continents or worlds to be revealed. Atlantis hath arisen from the ocean; the farthest Thule is reached; there are no more retreats beyond the sea, no more discoveries, no more hopes. Here, then, a mighty work is to be fulfilled, or never, by the race of mortals.

Love of Country. — CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

No man knows the intense love he nourishes for his own country before he visits foreign lands. A man whilst at home may find fault with it; but should he by compulsion, or even voluntarily, turn away and depart from what excited his displeasure, reprobation, or disgust — why, lo! distance lends enchantment to the scene; busy memory wakes up and stirs the very depths of his soul; endearing recollections crowd upon him; the cherished image of his native country looms before him; it becomes to him a perpetual mirage, and tempts him back with outstretched arms, like the loving and forgiving mother, who is always ready to welcome the return of the prodigal son.

If I had ever entertained doubts on the subject, they would have been removed by what happened to myself. I had been compelled to go to Europe in the hope of repairing a broken constitution, and that hope had been realized after a residence of several years in France. I loved France before I saw her; I loved her still more when I became better acquainted with her merits. She was the mother-land of some of my ancestors; her

history was household history to me. I took pride in her strength, in her civilization, in her prosperity, and in her prodigious achievements in peace and war. She was the revered parent of my native state of Louisiana. I was received by the French as one of them. I appreciated keenly all those social enjoyments which are to be met with among that highly refined and chivalrous people. I secured the esteem and attachment of valuable friends. I became deeply grateful for hospitalities ever to be remembered. And yet, under such circumstances, with such feelings in my breast, I could not keep my imagination from constantly wandering back across the Atlantic.

One day, homesick, I was strolling alone and at random in the city of Marseilles, where I had just arrived. I was walking with my eyes bent to the ground, and careless which way my steps would lead me, when, suddenly lifting up my head, I found myself in front of the harbor. At a short distance, full in view, stood an American frigate, in all the symmetrical beauty of her noble proportions, and with her proud flag, which I had not seen for several years, streaming in the wind. Rapidly drawing near the quay was one of her boats, impelled by the vigorous arms of a crew who seemed to have been picked as the fittest specimens of those stout hearts who are the pride of our navy. At the helm stood erect a young officer, who looked worthy of being the commander of such men. At that sight I felt as if I had received an electric shock; my whole body trembled with nervous excitement; the blood rushed to my heart; my eyes became moist with tears, and I gazed on entranced. Ah, had France loaded me with all the honors and wealth which the ambition of man can crave,—had I a hundred times sworn allegiance to her, and renounced the United States,—I felt, at the moment I speak of, that had the safety of that frigate, on which my eyes were riveted, been threatened by those fortifications which surrounded her, my choice would have been made at once. I would have said to France, “Touch her not; lay not thy fingers on a single one of her spars; or take back the honors, the titles, the wealth showered upon me. I return to that first allegiance which was inscribed in my heart by God. I will plant my foot on the deck above which waves that flag which I can not live to see pulled down, and my destinies shall cling to the last plank of that ship as long as it floats upon the water.” It was a lesson taught me that will long be remembered.

The South. — JEFFERSON DAVIS,

THE son of a revolutionary soldier, attachment to this Union was among the first lessons of my childhood. Bred to the service of my country, from boyhood to mature age I wore its uniform. Through the brightest portion of my life I was accustomed to see our flag, historic emblem of the Union, rise with the rising and fall with the setting sun. I look upon it now with the affection of early love, and seek to maintain and preserve it by a strict adherence to the constitution, from which it had its birth, and by the nurture of which its stars have come so much to outnumber its original stripes. Shall that flag, which has gathered fresh glory in every war, and become more radiant still by the conquest of peace, — shall that flag now be torn by domestic faction, and trodden in the dust by petty sectional rivalry? Shall we of the South, who have shared equally with you all your toils, all your dangers, all your adversities, and who equally rejoice in your prosperity and your fame, shall we be denied those benefits guaranteed by our compact, or gathered as the common fruits of a common country? If so, self-respect requires that we should assert them, and, as best we may, maintain that which we could not surrender without losing your respect as well as our own.

If, sir, this spirit of sectional aggrandizement shall cause the disunion of these states, the last chapter of our history will be a sad commentary upon the justice and the wisdom of our people. That this Union, replete with blessings to its own citizens, and diffusive of hope to the rest of mankind, should fall a victim to a selfish aggrandizement and a pseudo philanthropy, prompting one portion of the Union to war upon the domestic rights and peace of another, would be a deep reflection on the good sense and patriotism of our day and generation.

Sir, I ask northern senators to make the case their own; to carry to their own fireside the idea of such intrusion and offensive discrimination as is offered to us; realize these irritations, so galling to the humble, so intolerable to the haughty; and wake, before it is too late, from the dream that the South will tamely submit. Measure the consequences to us of your assumption, and ask yourselves whether, as a free, honorable, and brave people, you would submit to it?

It is essentially the characteristic of the chivalrous that they never speculate upon the fears of any man; and I trust that no such speculations will be made upon either the condition or the

supposed weakness of the South. They will bring sad disappointments to those who indulge them. Rely upon her devotion to the Union ; rely upon the feeling of fraternity she inherited, and has never failed to manifest ; rely upon the nationality and freedom from sedition which has in all ages characterized an agricultural people ; give her justice, sheer justice, and the reliance will never fail you.

Similitudes. — JAMES.

I've sat and seen one bright wave chase
Its fellow on the strand,
Then fall away, nor leave a trace
Upon the printless sand.
Though scarce the pebbles felt the shock,
The waves have worn the solid rock.

I've sat and heard the autumn wind
Amid the branches play,
So softly mild, so blandly kind,
It scarcely stirred the spray ;
Yet soon it bore spring's verdant birth
To wither on its native earth.

I've sat and seen the evening sun
Sink from the golden sky,
His long bright race of glory run,
And close his golden eye.
So slow he passed, scarce changed the light
And yet he left the world in night.

And like yon sea is human life ;
Events like billows roll ;
Moment on moment, strife on strife,
That change us to the soul ;
And joys like autumn leaves fall fast ;
Hope sets, and being's light is past.

I've stood on earth's most daring height,
And seen day's ruler rise
In his magnificence of light,
To triumph through the skies,

And all the darkness of the world
Far from his shining presence hurled.

All, too, that fades upon the earth,
Too weak to linger here,
Re-blossoms with a second birth,
To deck the coming year.
Shall hope, then, man's eternal dower,
Be frailer than a failing flower ?

Ah, no ! like autumn leaves that die,
That bloom again in spring,
Fresh joys shall rise from those gone by,
And purer incense bring ;
And when, like suns, hope sets in night,
Shall she not beam from worlds more bright ?

Character of Blannerhassett. — WIRT,

Who, then, is Blannerhassett ? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery that Shenstone might have envied blooms around him. Music that might have charmed Calypso and her nymphs is his. An extensive library spreads its treasures before him. A philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature. Peace, tranquillity, and innocence shed their mingled delights around him. The evidence would convince you that this is but a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocent simplicity and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart, the destroyer comes ; he comes to change this paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself. Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address.

The conquest was not difficult. Innocence is ever simple and credulous. Conscious of no design itself, it suspects none in others. It wears no guard before its breast. Every door, and

portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it may enter. Such was the state of Eden when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner, in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpracticed heart of the unfortunate Blannerhassett, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart, and the objects of its affection. By degrees, he infuses into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for great enterprises, for all the storm, and bustle, and hurricane of life. In a short time, the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight is relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste. His books are abandoned. His retort and crucible are thrown aside. His shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not. His ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar. Even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstasy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt.

Greater objects have taken possession of his soul. His imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, of stars, and garters, and titles of nobility. He has been taught to burn, with restless emulation, at the names of great heroes and conquerors. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse into a wilderness; and, in a few months, the beautiful and tender partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly," we find shivering, at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents, that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another, — this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender, while he by whom he was thus plunged in misery is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory!

Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolt-
ing to reason!

Agriculture. — D. S. DICKINSON.

WE have the high authority of history, sacred and profane, for declaring that agriculture is a dignified and time-honored calling — ordained and favored of Heaven, and sanctioned by experience ; and we are invited to its pursuit by the rewards of the past and the present, and the rich promises of the future. While the fierce spirit of war, with its embattled legions, has, in its proud triumphs, “whelmed nations in blood, and wrapped cities in fire,” and filled the land with lamentation and mourning, it has not brought peace or happiness to a single hearth — dried the tears of the widows or hushed the cries of the orphans it has made — bound up or soothed one crushed or broken spirit — nor heightened the joys of domestic or social life in a single bosom. But how many dark recesses of the earth has agriculture illumined with its blessings ! How many firesides has it lighted up with radiant gladness ! How many hearts has it made buoyant with domestic hope ! How often, like the good Samaritan, has it alleviated want and misery, while the priest and Levite of power have passed by on the other side ! How many family altars, and gathering places of affection, has it erected ! How many desolate homes has it cheered by its consolations ! How have its peaceful and gentle influences filled the land with plenteousness and riches, and made it vocal with praise and thanksgiving !

It has pleased the benevolent Author of our existence to set in boundless profusion before us the necessary elements for a high state of cultivation and enjoyment. Blessings cluster around us like fruits of the land of promise, and Science unfolds her treasures and invites us to partake, literally without money and without price. The propensities of our nature, as well as the philosophy of our being, serve to remind us that man was formed for care and labor — for the acquisition and enjoyment of property — for society and government — to wrestle with the elements around him — and that by an active exercise of his powers and faculties alone can he answer the ends of his creation, or exhibit his exalted attributes. His daily wants, in all conditions of life, prompt him to exertion, and the spirit of acquisition, so deeply implanted in the human breast — that “ruling passion strong in death,” so universally diffused through the whole family of man — is the parent of that laudable enterprise which has caused the wilderness to bud and blossom like the rose, planted domestic enjoyments in the lair of the beast of prey, and transformed the earth from an uncultivated wild into one vast storehouse of subsistence and enjoyment.

What can be more acceptable to the patriot or the philanthropist than to behold the great mass of mankind raised above the degrading influences of tyranny and indolence, to the rational enjoyment of the bounties of their Creator?—to see, in the productions of man's magic powers, the cultivated country, the fragrant meadow, the waving harvest, the smiling garden, and the tasteful dwelling, and himself chastened by the precepts of religion, and elevated by the refinements of science, partaking of the fruits of his own industry, with the proud consciousness that he eats not the bread of idleness or fraud; that his gains are not wet with the tears of misfortune, nor wrung from his fellow by the devices of avarice or extortion; his joys heightened, his sorrows alleviated, and his heart rectified by the cheering voice and Heaven-born influences of woman? Well may he sit down under his own vine and fig tree without fear of molestation, and his nightly repose be more quiet than that of the stately monarch of the East upon his down of cygnets, or the voluptuous Sybarite upon his bed of roses.

An Appeal for Union.—J. M. BERRIEN.

SIR, I do not limit my appeal to southern senators; I address myself to senators from whatever quarter of the Union. I appeal to them as American senators, and I adjure them by their recollections of the past—by their hopes of the future—as they value the free institutions which the mercy of Providence permits us to enjoy—by all these considerations I entreat them to unite with us in excluding from the national councils this demon of discord. The acquisition of territory which it is proposed to accomplish by this bill must bring upon us, with accumulated force, a question which even now menaces the permanence of our Union. I know the firmness of your determination to exert your constitutional powers to prevent the extension of our domestic institutions. I know the various considerations which unite to constitute that determination, and to give to it its unyielding, irrevocable character. I do not mean to discuss this question with you, still less to speak in the language of menace. That is alike forbidden by my respect for myself, for you, and for the dignity and the interests of my constituents; but I entreat you to listen to truth, dispassionately, calmly announced to you.

Your determination to deny this right to the South is not more fixed and unwavering than theirs to assert it. You do not believe

that southern men will silently acquiesce in, will tamely submit to the denial to them of that which, in their deliberate judgment, is the common right of all the people of the United States. If we have a right to acquire territory — if that acquisition be made by the common effort of all the states — by the blood and treasure of all — if all have a common right to share what all have united to acquire, — then the exclusion of the South must result in one of two things. They must give an unexampled manifestation of their devotion to the bond of our Federal Union, by submitting to this exclusion, or sadly, though resolutely, determine, at whatever hazard, and even against you their brothers in that sacred bond, to assert and maintain their rights. You know them well enough to know which of these alternatives they will adopt. I do most earnestly hope that we may never be brought to so fearful a crisis. The danger menaces us even now; but the patriotism and intelligence of the American people will, I trust, avert it; will teach us, and will teach you, that our safety, that your safety, that the common safety of all alike, forbid the acquisition of territory, if we would continue to enjoy the precious legacy which has been transmitted to us — a rich, almost boundless domain, capable of ministering to all our wants, of gratifying all our desires, and a glorious constitution, which a world in arms would vainly assail while we rally round it in our united strength.

Loyalty to the Constitution. — STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

OUR forefathers held that the people had an inherent right to establish such constitution and laws for the government of themselves and their posterity as they should deem best calculated to insure the protection of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and that the same might be altered and changed as experience should satisfy them to be necessary and proper. Upon this principle the constitution of the United States was formed, and our glorious Union established. All acts of Congress passed in pursuance of the constitution are declared to be the supreme laws of the land, and the Supreme Court of the United States is charged with expounding the same.

All officers and magistrates, under the federal and state governments, — executive, legislative, judicial, and ministerial, — are required to take an oath to support the constitution, before they can enter upon the performance of their respective duties. Every person born under the constitution owes allegiance to it;

and every naturalized citizen takes an oath to support it. Fidelity to the constitution is the only passport to the enjoyment of rights under it. When a senator elect presents his credentials, he is not allowed to take his seat until he places his hand upon the holy evangelist, and appeals to his God for the sincerity of his vow to support the constitution. He who does this with a mental reservation, or secret intention to disregard any provision of the constitution, commits a double crime — is morally guilty of perfidy to his God and treason to his country.

If the constitution of the United States is to be repudiated upon the ground that it is repugnant to the divine law, where are the friends of freedom and Christianity to look for another and a better? Who is to be the prophet to reveal the will of God and establish a theocracy for us?

I will not venture to inquire what are to be the form and principles of the new government, or to whom is to be intrusted the execution of its sacred functions; for, when we decide that the wisdom of our revolutionary fathers was foolishness, and their piety wickedness, and destroy the only system of self-government that has ever realized the hopes of the friends of freedom, and commanded the respect of mankind, it becomes us to wait patiently until the purposes of the latter day saints shall be revealed unto us.

For my part, I am prepared to maintain and preserve inviolate the constitution as it is, with all its compromises; to stand or fall by the American Union, clinging with the tenacity of life to all its glorious memories of the past and precious hopes of the future

The Village Schoolmaster. — GOLDSMITH.

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:

Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
 The village all declared how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage ;
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge ;
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame : the very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

*Prospect of planting the Arts and Learning in
 America.* — BERKELEY,

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
 Barren of every glorious theme,
 In distant lands now waits a better time,
 Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
 And virgin earth such scenes ensue,
 The force of art by nature seems outdone,
 And fancied beauties by the true.

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
 Where nature guides and virtue rules,
 Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
 The pedantry of courts and schools, —

There shall be sung another golden age,
 The rise of empire and of arts,
 The good and great inspiring epic rage,
 The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay ;
 Such as she bred when fresh and young,
 When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
 By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Address to his Soldiers. — FRANCIS MARION.

WELL, gentlemen, you see your situation—widely different from what it once was. Yes, once we were a happy people. Liberty shone upon our land, bright as the sun that gilds yon fields ; while we and our fathers rejoiced in its lovely beams, gay as the birds that enliven our forests. But, alas ! those golden days are gone, and the cloud of war now hangs dark and lowering over our heads. Our once peaceful land is now filled with uproar and death. Foreign ruffians, braving us up to our very firesides and altars, leave us no alternative but slavery or death.

Two gallant armies have been marched to our assistance ; but, for lack of competent commanders, both have been lost. That under General Lincoln, after having been duped and butchered at Savannah, was at last completely trapped at Charleston. And that under General Gates, after having been imprudently overmarched, is now cut up at Camden. Thus are all our hopes from the north entirely at an end ; and poor Carolina is left to shift for herself. A sad shift indeed, when not one in a thousand of her own children will rise to take her part, but, on the contrary, are madly taking part with the enemy against her. And now, my countrymen, I want to know your minds. As to my own, that has long been made up.

I consider my life as but a moment. But I also consider that to fill that moment with duty is my all. To guard my innocent country against the evils of slavery seems now my greatest duty ; and therefore I am determined that while I live she shall never be enslaved. She may come to that wretched state for what I know, but my eyes shall never behold it. Never shall she clank her chains in my ears, and pointing to the ignominious badge, exclaim, "It was your cowardice that brought me to this."

Song of Marion's Men.—WILLIAM C. BRYANT

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

WO, to the English soldiery
That little dread us near !
On them shall light, at midnight,
A strange and sudden fear ;
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again ;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Grave men they are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs ;
Their hearts are all with Marion ;
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear those trusty arms,
And lay them down no more,
Till we have driven the Briton,
Forever, from our shore.

The Fate of the Indians. — STORY.

THERE IS, indeed, in the fate of the unfortunate Indians much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction. Every where, at the approach of the white man, they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more.

Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida—from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests, and the hunter's trace and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs.

But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth—the sachems and the tribes—the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No; nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart cores; a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated; a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors, “few and faint, yet fearless still.”

The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or dispatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech; there is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal

stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never! Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of the race.

The Example of our Forefathers.—SPARKS.

THE instructive lesson of history, teaching by example, can nowhere be studied with more profit, or with a better promise, than in the revolutionary period of America; and especially by us who sit under the tree our fathers have planted, enjoy its shade, and are nourished by its fruits. But little is our merit or gain that we applaud their deeds, unless we emulate their virtues. Love of country was in them an absorbing principle, an undivided feeling; not of a fragment, a section, but of the whole country. Union was the arch on which they raised the strong tower of a nation's independence. Let the arm be palsied that would loosen one stone in the basis of this fair structure, or mar its beauty; the tongue mute that would dishonor their names, by calculating the value of that which they deemed without price.

They have left us an example already inscribed in the world's memory; an example portentous to the aims of tyranny in every land; an example that will console in all ages the drooping aspirations of oppressed humanity. They have left us a written charter as a legacy, and as a guide to our course. But every day convinces us that a written charter may become powerless. Ignorance may misinterpret it; ambition may assail and faction destroy its vital parts; and aspiring knavery may at last sing its requiem on the tomb of departed liberty. It is the spirit which lives: in this are our safety and our hope—the spirit of our fathers; and while this dwells deeply in our remembrance, and its flame is cherished, ever burning, ever pure, on the altar of our hearts,—while it incites us to think as they have thought, and do as they have done,—the honor and the praise will be ours to have preserved unimpaired the rich inheritance which they so nobly achieved.

The Study of Oratory in Greece and Rome.—WIRT.

IN the ancient republics of Greece and Rome, oratory was a necessary branch of a finished education. A much smaller pro

portion of the citizens were educated than among us ; but of these a much larger number became orators. No man could hope for distinction or influence, and yet slight this art. The commanders of their armies were orators as well as soldiers, and ruled as well by their rhetorical as by their military skill. There was no trusting with them, as with us, to a natural facility, or the acquisition of an accidental fluency by actual practice.

But they served an apprenticeship to the art. They passed through a regular course of instruction in schools. They submitted to long and laborious discipline. They exercised themselves frequently, both before equals and in the presence of teachers, who criticised, reprovèd, rebuked, excited emulation, and left nothing undone which art and perseverance could accomplish. The greatest orators of antiquity, so far from being favored by natural tendencies,—except, indeed, in their high intellectual endowments,—had to struggle against natural obstacles ; and, instead of growing up spontaneously to their unrivaled eminence, they forced themselves forward by the most discouraging artificial process.

Demosthenes combated an impediment in speech, an ungainliness of gesture, which at first drove him from the forum in disgrace. Cicero failed at first, through weakness of lungs and an excessive vehemence of manner, which wearied the hearers and defeated his own purpose. These defects were conquered by study and discipline. He exiled himself from home, and, during his absence, in various lands, passed not a day without a rhetorical exercise, seeking the masters who were most severe in criticism, as the surest means of leading him to the perfection at which he aimed.

False Courage.—CHANNING.

COURAGE, considered in itself, or without reference to its origin and motives, and regarded in its common manifestations, is not virtue, is not moral excellence ; and the disposition to exalt it above the spirit of Christianity is one of the most ruinous delusions which have been transmitted to us from barbarous times. In most men courage has its origin in a happy organization of the body. It belongs to the nerves rather than to the character. In some it is an instinct bordering on rashness. In one man it springs from strong passions obscuring the idea of danger ; in another, from the want of imagination, or from the capacity of bringing future evils near. The courage of the uneducated may

often be traced to stupidity, to the absence of thought and sensibility. Many are courageous from the dread of the infamy absurdly attached to cowardice. One terror expels another. A bullet is less formidable than a sneer. To show the moral worthlessness of mere courage, of contempt of bodily suffering and pain, one consideration is sufficient. The most abandoned have possessed it in perfection. The villain often hardens into the thorough hero, if courage and heroism be one. The more complete his success in searing conscience and defying God, the more dauntless his daring. Long-continued vice and exposure naturally generate contempt of life and a reckless encounter of peril. Courage, considered in itself, or without reference to its causes, is no virtue, and deserves no esteem. It is found in the best and the worst, and is to be judged according to the qualities from which it springs and with which it is conjoined.

True Courage.—CHANNING.

THERE is a virtuous, glorious courage; but it happens to be found least in those who are most admired for bravery. It is the courage of principle, which dares to do right in the face of scorn, which puts to hazard reputation, rank, the prospects of advancement, the sympathy of friends, the admiration of the world, rather than violate a conviction of duty. It is the courage of benevolence and piety, which counts not life dear in withstanding error, superstition, vice, oppression, injustice, and the mightiest foes of human improvement and happiness. It is moral energy, that force of will in adopting duty, over which menace and suffering have no power. It is the courage of a soul which reverences itself too much to be greatly moved about what befalls the body; which thirsts so intensely for a pure inward life, that it can yield up the animal life without fear; in which the idea of moral, spiritual, celestial good has been unfolded so brightly as to obscure all worldly interests; which aspires after immortality, and therefore heeds little the pains or pleasures of a day; which has so concentrated its whole power and life in the love of godlike virtue, that it even finds a joy in the perils and sufferings by which its loyalty to God and virtue may be approved. This courage may be called the perfection of humanity, for it is the exercise, result, and expression of the highest attributes of our nature.

Necessity of a State Law against Dueling.—ANON

THE bill which has been read, Mr. Speaker, claims the serious attention of this house. It is one in which every citizen is deeply interested. Do not, I implore you, confound the sacred name of honor with the practice of dueling—with that ferocious prejudice which attaches to the virtues to the point of the sword, and is only fitted to make bad men bold. In what does this prejudice consist? In an opinion the most extravagant and barbarous that ever took possession of the human mind!—in the opinion that all the social duties are supplied by courage; that a man is no more a cheat, no more a rascal, no more a calumniator, if he can only fight; and that steel and gunpowder are the true diagnostics of innocence and worth. And so the law of force is made the law of right; murder, the criterion of honor. To grant or receive reparation, one must kill or be killed. All offenses may be wiped out by blood. If wolves could reason, would they be governed by maxims more atrocious than these?

But we are told that public opinion—the opinion of the community in which we live—upholds the custom. And, sir, if it were so, is there not more courage in resisting than in following a false public opinion? The man with a proper self-respect is little sensitive to the unmerited contempt of others. The smile of his own conscience is more prized by him than all that the world can give or take away. Is there any guilt to be compared with that of a voluntary homicide? Could the dismal recollection of blood so shed cease ever to cry for vengeance at the bottom of the heart? The man who, with real or affected gayety and coolness, goes to a mortal encounter with a fellow-being, is, in my eyes, an object of more horror than the brute beast who strives to tear in pieces one of his kind. True courage is constant, immutable, self-poised. It does not impel us, at one moment, to brave murder and death, and, the next, to shrink pusillanimously from an injurious public opinion. It accompanies the good man every where—to the field of danger, in his country's cause; to the social circle, to lift his voice in behalf of truth or of the absent; to the pillow of disease, to fortify him against the trials of sickness and the approach of death. Sir, if public opinion is unsound on this subject, let us not be participants in the guilt of upholding a barbarous custom. Let us affix to it the brand of legislative rebuke and disqualification.

On altering the Virginia Constitution.

JOHN RANDOLPH,

SIR, I see no wisdom in making this provision for future changes. You must give governments time to operate on the people, and give the people time to become gradually assimilated to their institutions. Almost any thing is better than this state of perpetual uncertainty. A people may have the best form of government that the wit of man ever devised, and yet, from its uncertainty alone, may, in effect, live under the worst government in the world. Sir, how often must I repeat, that *change* is not *reform*? I am willing that this new constitution shall stand as long as it is possible for it to stand; and that, believe me, is a very short time. Sir, it is vain to deny it. They may say what they please about the old constitution,—the defect is not there. It is not in the form of the old edifice,—neither in the design nor the elevation; it is in the *material*,—it is in the people of Virginia. To my knowledge, that people are changed from what they have been. The four hundred men who went out to David were *in debt*. The partisans of Cæsar were *in debt*. The fellow-laborers of Catiline were *in debt*. And I defy you to show me a desperately indebted people, any where, who can bear a regular, sober government. I throw the challenge to all who hear me. I say that the character of the good old Virginia planter—the man who owned from five to twenty slaves, or less, who lived by hard work, and who paid his debts—is passed away. A new order of things is come. The period has arrived of living by one's wits; of living by contracting debts that one can not pay; and above all, of living by office hunting.

Sir, what do we see? Bankrupts—branded bankrupts—giving great dinners, sending their children to the most expensive schools, giving grand parties, and just as well received as any body in society! I say that in such a state of things, the old constitution was too good for them,—they could not bear it. No sir; they could not bear a freehold suffrage, and a property representation. I have always endeavored to do the people justice; but I will not flatter them,—I will not pander to their appetite for change. I will do nothing to provide for change. I will not agree to any rule of future apportionment, or to any provision for future changes, called amendments to the constitution. Those who love change—who delight in public confusion—who wish to feed the caldron, and make it bubble—may vote if they please, for future changes. But by what spell

by what formula, are you going to bind the people to a future time? The days of Lycurgus are gone by, when we could swear the people not to alter the constitution until he should return. You may make what entries on parchment you please: give me a constitution that will last for half a century; that is all I wish for. No constitution that you can make will last the one half of half a century. Sir, I will stake any thing, snort of my salvation, that those who are malcontent now will be more malcontent three years hence than they are at this day. I have no favor for this constitution. I shall vote against its adoption, and I shall advise all the people of my district to set their faces — ay, and their shoulders, too — against it.

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen. — COLMAN.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen, "Lodgings to Let," stare him full in the face.
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known
Are so dear and so bad they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat he appeared like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same, and the next, and the next;
He perspired like an ox, he was nervous and vexed,
Week after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin "like a lady's loose gown" hung about him.
He sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
"I've lost many pounds — make me well — there's a guinea."

The doctor looked wise. "A slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics, and going to bed.

“Sudorifics in bed,” exclaimed Will, “are humbugs ; I’ve enough of them here, without paying for drugs.”

Will kicked out the doctor : but when ill indeed,
E’en dismissing the doctor don’t always succeed ;
So, calling his host, he said, “ Sir, do you know
I’m the fat single gentleman, six months ago ?

“ Look ye, landlord ; I think,” argued Will with a grin,
“ That with honest intentions you first took me in :
But from the first night — and to say it I’m bold —
I’ve been so very hot, that I’m sure I caught cold.”

Quoth the landlord, “ Till now I ne’er had a dispute ;
I’ve let lodgings ten years — I’m a baker to boot ;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven ;
And your bed is immediately — over my oven.”

“ The oven ! ” says Will. Says the host, “ Why this passion ?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir ? ” — “ Odds ! ” cried Will in a taking,
“ Who would not be crusty, with a half a year’s baking ? ”

Will paid for his rooms. Cried the host, with a sneer,
“ Well, I see you’ve been going away half a year.”
“ Friend, we can’t well agree — yet no quarrel,” Will said ;
“ But I’d rather not perish while you make your bread.”

The Rich Man and the Poor Man.—KHEMNITZER

So goes the world ; if wealthy, you may call
This friend, that brother — friends and brothers all ;
Though you are worthless, witless, never mind it ;
You may have been a stable boy — what then ?
’Tis wealth, good sir, makes honorable men.

You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.
But if you’re poor, Heaven help you ! Though your sire
Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels too,

’Tis all in vain ; the world will ne’er inquire
On such a score : why should it take the pains ?
’Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.

Some West Indian island, whose name I forget,
 Was the region then chosen for the scheme so romantic ;
 And such the success the first colony met,
 That a second, soon after, set sail o'er the Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-looked-for shore,
 Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet,
 And thinking of friends, whom, but two years before,
 They had sorrowed to lose, but would soon again meet.

And, hark ! from the shore a glad welcome there came :
 " Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my swate boy ? "
 While Pat stood astounded to hear his own name
 Thus hailed by black creatures, who capered for joy.

" Can it possibly be ? " Half amazement, half doubt,
 Pat listens again ; rubs his eyes and looks steady ;
 Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
 " Dear me — only think — black and curly already ! "

Deceived by that well-mimicked brogue in his ears,
 Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed figures,
 And thought, " What a climate, in less than two years,
 To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers ! "

Othello's Apology. — SHAKESPEARE.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,
 My very noble and approved good masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter
 It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more.

Rude am I in speech,
 And little blessed with the set phrase of peace ;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking of myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charged withal,)
 I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
 Still questioned me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes
 That I have passed.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it ;
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach,
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence ;
 And with it, all my travel's history.

These things to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse ; which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not attentively.

I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She said, In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful ;
 She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished,
 That Heaven had made her such a man.

She thanked me

And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake :
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used.

The Toilet. — POPE,

AND now unveiled the toilet stands displayed,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid ;
 First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
 With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
 A heavenly image in the glass appears ;
 To that she bends, to that her eye she rears ;
 The inferior priestess at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
 Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear ;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box :
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care ;
 These set the head, and those divide the hair ;
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
 And Betty's praised for labors not her own.

Competence. — SWIFT,

I'VE often wished that I had clear,
 For life, six hundred pounds a year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terrace walk, and half a rood
 Of land set out to plant a wood.
 Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store ;

But here a grievance seems to lie :
 All this is mine but till I die ;
 I can't but think 'twould sound more clever
 To me and to my heirs forever,
 If I ne'er got or lost a groat
 By any trick or any fault ;
 And if I pray for reason's rules,
 And not, like forty other fools,
 As thus, " Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker,
 To grant me this and t'other acre ;
 Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
 Direct my plow to find a treasure ! "
 But only what my station fits,
 And to be kept in my right wits ;
 Preserve, almighty Providence,
 Just what you gave me, competence,
 And let me in these shades compose
 Something in verse as true as prose.

Lord Ullin's Daughter. — CAMPBELL

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry,
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry."

" Now, who be ye would cross Loch Gyle,
 This dark and stormy water ? "
 " O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And fast before her father's men
 Three days we've fled together ;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
 When they have slain her lover ? "

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
 " I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :

It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

“ And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this, the storm grew loud apace,
The water wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder grew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men ;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ O, haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,
“ Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her :
When, O, too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore ;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover ;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“ Come back ! come back ! ” he cried in grief
“ Across this stormy water :
And I'll forgive your Highland chief :
My daughter ! O, my daughter ! ”

’Twas vain : the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Retrospect. — COWPER.

SUCH comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace,
As in a map the voyager his course,
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seemed not always short. The rugged path
And prospect, oft so dreary and forlorn,
Moved many a sigh at its disheartening length.
Yet, feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revoked,
That we might try the ground again, where once
Through inexperience, as we now perceive,
We missed that happiness we might have found.
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and mustering all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favor, like the clouds of spring, might lower
And utter, now and then, an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threatening at once and nourishing the plant.
We loved, but not enough, the gentle hand
That reared us. At a thoughtless age, allured
By every gilded folly, we renounced
His sheltering side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother, too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed
The playful humor. He could now endure,
Himself grown sober in the vale of tears,
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.

Poetry of the Bible.—DR. SPRING.

ONE of the most eminent critics has said, that “devotional poetry can not please.” If it be so, then has the Bible carried the dominion of poetry into regions that are inaccessible to worldly ambition. It has crossed the enchanted circle, and, by the beauty, boldness, and originality of its conceptions, has given to devotional poetry a glow, a richness, a tenderness, in vain sought for in Shakspeare or Cowper, in Scott or in Byron.

Where is there poetry that can be compared with the Song of Moses after the destruction of Pharaoh; with the Psalms of David; with the Song of Solomon; and with the Prophecies of Isaiah? Where is there an elegiac ode to be compared with the Song of David upon the death of Saul and Jonathan, or the Lamentations of Jeremiah? Where, in ancient or modern poetry, is there a passage like this? “In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on man, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes. There was silence. And I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker? Behold, he putteth no trust in his servants, and his angels he chargeth with folly. How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is as the dust, and who are crushed before the moth!”

Men who have felt the power of poetry, when they have marked the “deep-working passion of Danté,” and observed the elevation of Milton, as he “combined image with image, in lofty gradations,” have thought that they discovered the indebtedness of these writers to the poetry of the Old Testament. But how much more sublime is Isaiah than Milton! How much more enkindling than Danté is David! How much more picturesque than Homer is Solomon or Job! Like the rapid and glowing argumentations of Paul, the poetic parts of the Bible may be read a thousand times, and they have all the freshness and glow of the first perusal.

Where, in the compass of human language, is there a paragraph, which, for boldness and variety of metaphor, delicacy and majesty of thought, strength and invention, elegance and refinement, equals the passage in which “God answers Job out of the whirlwind”? What merely human imagination, in the natural progress of a single discourse, and, apparently, without effort,

ever thus went down to "the foundations of the earth;" stood a "the doors of the ocean;" visited "the place where the day-spring from on high takes hold of the uttermost parts of the earth;" entered into "the treasures of the snow and the hail;" traced "the path of the thunderbolt;" and penetrating the retired chambers of nature, demanded, "Hath the rain a father? or who hath begotten the drops of the dew?" And how bold its flights, how inexpressibly striking and beautiful its antitheses, when, from the warm and sweet Pleiades, it wanders to the sterner Orion; and, in its rapid course, hears the "young lions crying unto God for lack of meat;" sees the war horse pawing in the valley; describes the eagle on the crag of the rock; and, in all that is vast and minute, dreadful and beautiful, discovers and proclaims the glory of Him who is "excellent in counsel and wonderful in working"!

The Same, concluded.

THE style of Hebrew poetry is every where forcible and figurative beyond example. The Book of Job stands not alone in this sententious, spirited, and energetic form and manner. It prevails throughout the poetic parts of the Scriptures; and they stand, confessedly, the most eminent examples to be found of the truly sublime and beautiful. I confess I have not much of the spirit of poetry. It is a fire that is enkindled at the living lamp of nature, and glows only on a few favored altars. And yet I can not but love the poetic associations of the Bible. Now, they are sublime and beautiful, like the mountain torrent, swollen and impetuous by the sudden bursting of the cloud; now, they are grand and awful, like the stormy Galilee when the tempest beat upon the fearful disciples; again, they are placid as that calm lake, when the Savior's feet have touched its waters, and stilled them into peace.

There is also a sublimity, an invention, in the imagery of the Bible, that is found in no other book. In the Bible you have allegory, apologue, parable, and enigma, all clearly intelligible, and enforcing truth with a strong and indelible impression. You have significant actions, uttering volumes of instruction; as when 'Jesus called a little child, and set him in the midst of his disciples, and said, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven;' as when he cursed the barren fig tree; as when he "washed his

disciples' feet." And where is there a comparison like this? "And the heavens departed as a scroll, when it is rolled together." Where is there a description like this? "And I saw an angel standing in the sun, and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God." Or where is there a sentence like the following? "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was found no place for them."

English literature is no common debtor to the Bible. In what department of English literature may not the difference be discovered between the spirit and sentiments of Christian writers and those who have drawn all their materials of thought and of ornament from pagan writers? We find a proof of the superiority of Christian principles even in those works of imagination which are deemed scarcely susceptible of influence from religion. The common romance and the novel, with all their fooleries and ravings, would be more contemptible than they are, did they not, sometimes, undesignedly catch a conception, or adorn a character from the rich treasury of revelation. And the more splendid fictions of the poet derive their highest charm from the evangelical philanthropy, tenderness, and sublimity that invest them. But for the Bible, Homer and Milton might have stood upon the same shelf, equal in morality, as they are competitors for renown; Young had been ranked with Juvenal; and Cowper had united with Horace and with Ovid to swell the tide of voluptuousness.

Song of Moses after the Passage of the Red Sea.

FIFTEENTH CHAPTER OF EXODUS.

I WILL sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;
 The horse and his rider hath he whelmed in the sea.
 My praise and my song is Jehovah,
 And he is become my salvation:
 He is my God, and I will praise him;
 My fathers' God, and I will exalt him.

Jehovah is a man of war: Jehovah is his name.
 The chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts hath he cast into the sea
 And his choicest leaders into the Red Sea.
 The floods have covered them; they went down,

Into the abyss they went down as a stone.

Thy right hand, O Jehovah, hath made itself glorious in power :

Thy right hand, O Jehovah, hath dashed in pieces the enemy ;

And in the strength of thy majesty, thou hast destroyed thine
adversaries.

Thou didst let loose thy wrath : it consumed them like stubble.

With the blast of thy nostrils the waters were heaped together :

The flowing waters stood upright as a heap ;

The floods were congealed in the heart of the sea.

The enemy said, " I will pursue, I will overtake ;

I will divide the spoil ; my soul shall be satisfied ;

I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them."

Thou didst blow with thy breath, the sea covered them :

They sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Who is like unto thee among the gods, O Jehovah !

Who is like unto thee, making thyself glorious in holiness,

Fearful in praises, executing wonders !

Thou didst stretch out thy right hand, the earth swallowed them

Thou hast led forth, in thy mercy, the people whom thou hast
redeemed ;

Thou hast guided them in thy strength to the habitation of thy
holiness.

The people shall hear and be disquieted :

Terror shall seize the inhabitants of Philistia.

Then the nobles of Edom shall be confounded :

The mighty ones of Moab, trembling, shall take hold upon them :

All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away :

Terror and perplexity shall fall upon them :

Because of the greatness of thine arm, they shall be still as a
stone,

Till thy people pass over, O Jehovah,

Till the people pass over whom thou hast redeemed.

Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountains of
thine inheritance,

The place for thy dwelling which thou hast prepared, O
Jehovah,

The sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established.

Jehovah shall reign forever and ever.

The Closing Year. — G. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now
 Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
 The still and pulseless world. Hark ! on the winds
 The bell's deep tones are swelling ; 'tis the knell
 Of the departed year. No funeral train
 Is sweeping past ; yet, on the stream and wood,
 With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
 Like a pale, spotless shroud ; the air is stirred
 As by a mourner's sigh ; and on yon cloud,
 That floats so still and placidly through Heaven,
 The spirits of the Seasons seem to stand, —
 Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
 And Winter, with his aged locks, — and breathe
 In mournful cadences, that come abroad
 Like the far wind harp's wild, touching wail,
 A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
 Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
 For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
 Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
 Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time
 Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
 And solemn finger to the beautiful
 And holy visions that have passed away,
 And left no shadow of their loveliness
 On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
 The coffin lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,
 And bending mournfully above the pale,
 Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
 O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
 Has gone, and with it many a glorious throng
 Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
 Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
 It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
 And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
 Upon the strong man ; and the haughty form
 Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.

It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
 The bright and joyous ; and the tearful wail
 Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
 And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
 The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield
 Flashed in the light of midday ; and the strength
 Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
 Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
 The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
 And faded like a wreath of mist at eve ;
 Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
 It heralded its millions to their home
 In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time !

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe ! What power
 Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
 His iron heart to pity. On, still on,
 He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
 The condor of the Andes, that can soar
 Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
 The fury of the northern hurricane,
 And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
 Furls his broad wing at nightfall, and sinks down
 To rest upon his mountain crag ; but Time
 Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
 And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
 His rushing pinion.

Revolutions sweep

O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
 Of dreaming sorrow ; cities rise and sink
 Like bubbles on the water ; fiery isles
 Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
 To their mysterious caverns ; mountains rear
 To heaven their bold and blackened cliffs, and bow
 Their tall heads to the plain ; and empires rise,
 Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
 And rush down, like the Alpine avalanche,
 Startling the nations ; and the very stars,
 Yon bright and glorious blazonry of God,
 Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
 And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,

Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void ; yet Time,
Time, the tomb builder, holds his fierce career.
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he had wrought.

The Last Man. — CAMPBELL.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before the mortal shall assume
Its immortality.
I saw a vision in my sleep
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time.
I saw the last of human mold
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime.

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan ;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man.
Some had expired in fight ; the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some.
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb.

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood
As if a storm passed by ;
Saying, " We are twins in death, proud sun
Thy face is cold, thy race is run ;
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears
That shall no longer flow.

“What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will ;
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrownéd king of day ;
For all these trophied arts
And triumphs, that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

“Go, let oblivion’s curtain fall
Upon the stage of men ;
Nor, with thy rising beams, recall
Life’s tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe,
Stretched in disease’s shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

“Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death,
Their rounded gasp and gurling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost.

“This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark.
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death.

"Go, sun, while mercy holds me up
 On nature's awful waste,
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste ;
 Go, tell the night, that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On earth's sepulchral clod,
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God."

Columbia, remember thy Heroes. — JAMES G CLARK

COLUMBIA, remember thy heroes of old,
 The pride of the world's brightest story ;
 Forget not the time when the tombstone was rolled
 From the sepulchered morn of thy glory.
 Ah, then, in his grandeur, thy Washington rose,
 When the last hope of freedom seemed faded ;
 And the legions of liberty gave to their foes
 A grave in the soil they invaded.

And nations that slumbered in darkness and crime
 Awoke with a wondering devotion,
 To see thee burst forth from the shadows of time,
 Like the sun from the mist of the ocean.
 The wilderness sang in the beams of thy worth,
 And peace like a diadem crowned thee,
 When discord and ruin were rocking the earth,
 And kingdoms were reeling around thee.

And now, in the power of beauty and youth,
 A beacon to wanderers benighted,
 Shall tyranny witness a stain on thy truth,
 And scoff at thy purity blighted ?
 How long must the craft of the felon and knave
 Pollute what thy fathers defended ?
 How long, at thy shrines, must the prayers of the brave
 With the creed of the bigot be blended ?

Columbia, remember thy heroes of yore,
 The pride of the world's brighter glory ;

Forget not the time when they fell on thy shore,
In the wild, crimson morn of thy glory.
Though shrouded in darkness their bodies repose,
Let their truth to thy children be given ;
As the day star, when lost in the dark billow, throws
Its light o'er the millions of even.

Washington in Retirement. — SPARKS.

No part of Washington's career commands more admiration than his private life, after he had retired from the presidency of the United States. Having served his country as a soldier and a chief magistrate, he had yet something to do — to set a great and noble example in the surrender of power and personal ambition.

The following passages will show, that in this, as in every thing else, he seems to be superior to almost all other men. Being established again at Mount Vernon, and freed from public toils and cares, Washington returned to the same habits of life and the same pursuits which he had always practiced at that place.

In writing to a friend, a few weeks after his return, he said that he began his daily course with the rising of the sun, and first made preparations for the business of the day. "By the time I have accomplished these matters," he adds, "breakfast is ready. This being over, I mount my horse and ride around my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect for me.

"The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea, bring me within the dawn of candle light ; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve, that as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing table, and acknowledge the letters I have received. Having given you this history of a day, it will serve for a year."

And in this manner a year passed away, and with no other variety than that of the change of visitors, who came from all parts to pay their respects or gratify their curiosity. The feelings of Washington, on being relieved from the solicitude and burdens of office, were forcibly expressed in letters to his friends.

"At length," said he, in writing to Lafayette. "I am become a private citizen, on the banks of the Potomac ; and, under the

shadow of my own vine and fig tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life, I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments, of which the soldier, who is ever in pursuit of fame, the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, — as if this globe was insufficient for us all, — and the courtier, who is always watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have very little conception.

“I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life, with heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers.”

The Grave of Washington. — ALBERT PIKE.

DISTURB not his slumber; let Washington sleep
 'Neath the boughs of the willow that over him weep,
 His arm is unnerved, but his deeds remain bright
 As the stars in the dark vaulted heaven at night.

O, wake not the hero! his battles are o'er;
 Let him rest undisturbed on Potomac's fair shore;
 On the river's green border as flowery dressed,
 With the hearts he loved fondly, let Washington rest.

Awake not his slumbers; tread lightly around;
 'Tis the grave of a freeman, 'tis liberty's mound;
 The name is immortal; our freedom is won;
 Brave sire of Columbia, our own Washington!

O, wake not the hero! his battles are o'er;
 Let him rest, calmly rest, on his dear native shore;
 While the stars and the stripes of our country shall wave
 O'er the land that can boast of a Washington's grave.

Daniel Webster. — O. W. HOLMES.

No gloom that stately shape can hide,
No change uncrown its brow ; behold !
Dark, calm, large-fronted, lightning-eyed,
Earth has no double from its mould.

Ere from the field by valor won
The battle smoke had rolled away,
And bared the blood-red setting sun,
His eyes were opened on the day.

His land was but a shelving strip
Black with the strife that made it free ;
He lived to see its banners dip
Their fringes in the western sea.

The boundless prairies learned his name,
His words the mountain echoes knew,
The northern breezes swept his fame
From icy lake to warm bayou.

In toil he lived, in peace he died,
When life's full cycle was complete,
Put off his robes of power and pride,
And laid them at his Maker's feet.

His rest is by the storm-swept waves,
Whom life's wild tempests roughly tried,
Whose heart was like the streaming cave
Of oceans throbbing at his side.

Death's cold white hand is like the snow
Laid softly on the furrowed hill ;
It hides the broken seams below,
And leaves its glories brighter still.

In vain the envious tongue upbraids ,
His name a nation's heart shall keep,
Till morning's latest sunlight fades
On the blue tablet of the deep.

Thought without Utterance.—TUPPER.

COME, I will show thee an affliction unnumbered among the
 world's sorrows,
 Yet real, and wearisome, and constant, embittering the cup of
 life.
 There be who can think within themselves, and the fire burneth
 at their heart,
 And eloquence waiteth at their lips, yet they speak not with
 their tongue;
 There be whom zeal quickeneth, or slander stirreth to reply,
 Or need constraineth to ask, or pity sendeth as her messengers,
 But nervous dread and sensitive shame freeze the current of
 their speech;
 The mouth is sealed as with lead, a cold weight presseth on the
 heart,
 The mocking promise of power is once more broken in per-
 formance,
 And they stand impotent of words, travailling with unborn
 thoughts;
 Courage is cowed at the portal; wisdom is widowed of utter-
 ance;
 He that went to comfort is pitied; he that should rebuke is
 silent;
 And fools, who might listen and learn, stand by to look and laugh.
 While friends, with kinder eyes, wound deeper by compassion,
 And thought, finding not a vent, smouldereth, gnawing at the
 heart,
 And the man sinketh in his sphere, for lack of empty sounds.
 There be many cares and sorrows thou hast not yet considered,
 And well may thy soul rejoice in the fair privilege of speech;
 For at every turn to want a word,—thou canst not guess that
 want;
 It is as lack of breath or bread: life hath no grief more galling.

The Power of Eloquence.—TUPPER.

COME, I will tell thee of a joy which the parasites of pleasure
 have not known,
 Though earth, and air, and sea have gorged all the appetites of
 sense.

Benold, what fire is in his eye, what fervor on his cheek !
 That glorious burst of winged words !— how bound they from
 his tongue !
 The full expression of the mighty thought, the strong, triumphant
 argument,
 The rush of native eloquence, resistless as Niagara,
 The keen demand, the clear reply, the fine poetic image,
 The nice analogy, the clinching fact, the metaphor bold and free,
 The grasp of concentrated intellect wielding the omnipotence of
 truth,
 The grandeur of his speech, in his majesty of mind !
 Champion of the right, — patriot, or priest, or pleader of the
 innocent cause,
 Upon whose lips the mystic bee hath dropped the honey of per-
 suasion,
 Whose heart and tongue have been touched, as of old, by the
 live coal from the altar,
 How wide the spreading of thy peace, how deep the draught of
 thy pleasures !
 To hold the multitude as one, breathing in measured cadence ;
 A thousand men, with flashing eyes, waiting upon thy will ;
 A thousand hearts kindled by thee with consecrated fire ;
 Ten flaming spiritual hecatombs offered on the mount of God :
 And now a pause, a thrilling pause, — they live but in th,
 words, —
 Thou hast broken the bounds of self, as the Nile at its rising.
 Thou art expanded into them, one faith, one hope, one spirit ;
 They breathe but in thy breath, their minds are passive unto
 thine,
 Thou turnest the key of their love, bending their affections to
 thy purpose,
 And all, in sympathy with thee, tremble with tumultuous emotions.
 Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence shall throne
 thee with archangels.

Trifles. — TUPPER.

YET once more, saith the fool, yet once, and is it not a little one ?
 Spare me this folly yet an hour, for what is one among so
 many ?
 And he blindeth his conscience with lies, and stupefieth his heart
 with doubts.

Whom shall I harm in this matter? and a little ill breedeth
 much good;
 My thoughts, are they not mine own? and they leave no mark
 behind them;
 And if God so pardoneth crime, how should these petty sins
 affect him? —
 So he transgresseth yet again, and falleth by little and little,
 Till the ground crumble beneath him, and he sinketh in the gulf
 despairing.
 For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce
 great things,
 And no swerving from a right line, that may not lead eternally
 astray.
 A landmark tree was once a seed; and the dust in the balance
 maketh a difference;
 And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble;
 The dangerous bar in the harbor's mouth is only grains of sand;
 And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a colony
 of worms;
 Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant;
 And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the brook.
 Little art thou, O man, and in trifles thou contendest with thine
 equals,
 For atoms must crowd upon atoms, ere crime groweth to be a
 giant.
 What, is thy servant a dog? — not yet wilt thou grasp the dagger,
 Not yet wilt thou laugh with the scoffers, not yet betray the
 innocent;
 But if thou nourish in thy heart the reveries of injury or passion,
 And travel in mental heat the mazy labyrinths of guilt,
 And then conceive it possible, and then reflect on it as done,
 And use, by little and little, thyself to regard thyself a villain,
 Not long will crime be absent from the voice that doth invoke
 him to thy heart,
 And bitterly wilt thou grieve, that the buds have ripened into
 poison.

The Good Man. — TUPPER.

ANGELS are round the good man, to catch the incense of his
 prayers,
 And they fly to minister kindness to those for whom he
 pleadeth;

For the altar of his heart is lighted, and burneth before God
 continually,
 And he breatheth, conscious of his joy, the native atmosphere of
 heaven ;
 Yea, though poor, and contemned, and ignorant of this world's
 wisdom,
 Ill can his fellows spare him, though they know not of his
 value.
 Thousands bewail a hero, and a nation mourneth for its king,
 But the whole universe lamenteth the loss of a man of prayer.
 Verily, were it not for One, who sitteth on his rightful throne,
 Crowned with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of
 earth,—
 For one, a meditating man, that hath clad his Godhead with
 mortality,
 And offereth prayer without ceasing, the royal priest of Na-
 ture,
 Matter, and life, and mind had sunk into dark annihilation,
 And the lightning frown of Justice withered the world into nothing

What the Public School House says.—CHAPIN.

IT says to the poorest child, "You are rich in this one endow-
 ment, before which all external possessions grow dim. No piled-
 up wealth, no social station, no throne reaches as high as that
 spiritual plane upon which every human being stands, by virtue
 of his humanity ; and from that plane, mingled now in the com-
 mon school with the lowliest and lordliest, we give you the
 opportunity to ascend as high as you may. We put into your
 hands the key of knowledge ; leaving your religious convictions,
 with which we dare not interfere, to your chosen guides. So far
 as the intellectual path may lead, it is open to you. Go free !"
 And when we consider the great principles which are thus prac-
 tically confessed, when we consider the vast consequences which
 grow out of this, I think that little district school house dilates,
 grows splendid, makes our hearts beat with admiration and grati-
 tude, makes us resolve that at all events *that* must stand ; for,
 indeed, it is one of the noblest symbols of the republic—a sign
 and an instrument of a great people, having great power.

The Three Black Crows. — BYRON.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other briskly by the hand :
 " Hark ye," said he ; " 'tis an odd story this,
 About the crows ! " " I don't know what it is,"
 Replied his friend. " No ! I'm surprised at that
 Where I come from, it is the common chat.
 But you shall hear ; an odd affair indeed !
 And that it happened they are all agreed.
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
 A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
 This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
 Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."
 " Impossible ! " " Nay, but it's really true ;
 I had it from good hands, and so may you."
 " From whose, I pray ? " So having named the man,
 Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
 " Sir, did you tell," — relating the affair. —
 " Yes, sir, I did ; and if it's worth your care,
 Ask Mr. Such-a-one ; he told it me ;
 But, by the by, 'twas two black crows, not three."
 Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
 Whip to the third the virtuoso went.
 " Sir," — and so forth. — " Why, yes ; the thing is fact,
 Though in regard to number not exact ;
 It was not two black crows ; 'twas only one ;
 The truth of that you may depend upon.
 The gentleman himself told me the case."
 " Where may I find him ? " " Why, in such a place."
 Away he goes, and having found him out, —
 " Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
 Then to his last informant he referred,
 And begged to know if true what he had heard.
 " Did you, sir, throw up a black crow ? " " Not I ! "
 " Bless me ! how people propagate a lie !
 Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
 And here I find, at last, all comes to none !
 Did you say nothing of a crow at all ? "
 " Crow — crow — perhaps I might, now I recall
 The matter over." " And pray, sir, what was't ? "
 " Why, 'twas horrid sick, and, at the last,
 I did throw up, and told my neighbors so,
 Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

Turn the Carpet. — HANNAH MORE.

As at their work two weavers sat,
 Beguiling time with friendly chat,
 They touched upon the price of meat,
 So high a weaver scarce could eat.
 "What with my brats and sickly wife,"
 Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life :
 So hard my work, so poor my fare,
 'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state !
 His house so fine, his wealth so great ;
 Heaven is unjust, you must agree.
 Why all to him ? why none to me ?
 In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
 In spite of all the parson preaches,
 This world (indeed, I've thought so long)
 Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.
 Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
 'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange ;
 The good are troubled and oppressed,
 And all the wicked are the blessed."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
 Why thus we blame our Maker's laws.
 Parts of his ways alone we know ;
 'Tis all that man can see below.
 Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
 Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun ?
 Behold the wild confusion there ;
 So rude the mass, it makes one stare.
 A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
 Would say, no meaning's there conveyed ;
 For where's the middle ? where's the border :
 Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
 But still in every part it fits ;
 Beside, you reason like a lout ;
 Why, man, that carpet's inside out !"
 Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
 And now I hope to cure thy spleen.

This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

“As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends,
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.
No plan, no pattern can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

“But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine.
What now seem random strokes will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then the carpet shall be turned.”
“Thou'rt right,” quoth Dick; “no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right.”

*The Natural World inferior to the Moral
World.* — GRIMKE.

MAN, the noblest work of God in this lower world, walks abroad through its labyrinths of grandeur and beauty, amid countless manifestations of creative power and providential wisdom. He acknowledges, in all that he beholds, the might that called them into being, the skill which perfected the harmony of the parts, and the benevolence which consecrated all to the glory of God and the welfare of his fellow-creatures. He stands entranced on the peak of Etna, or Teneriffe, or Montserrat, and looks down upon the far distant ocean, silent to his ear, and tranquil to his eye, amid the rushing of tempestuous winds, and the fierce conflict of stormy billows. He sits enraptured on the mountain summit, and beholds, as far as the eye can reach, a forest robe, flowing, in all the varieties of graceful undulations, over declivity after declivity, as though the fabulous river

of the skies were pouring its azure waves over all the landscape.

He hangs over the precipice, and gazes with awful delight on the savage glen, rent open, as it were, by the earthquake, and black with lightning-shattered rocks; its only music the echoing thunder, the scream of the lonely eagle, and the tumultuous waters of the mountain torrent. He reclines, in pensive mood, on the hill top, and sees around and beneath him all the luxuriant beauties of field and meadow, of olive yard and vineyard, of wandering stream and grove-encircled lake. He descends to the plain, and amid waving harvests, verdant avenues, and luxuriant orchards, sees, between garden and grass plat, the farm house, embosomed in copse wood or "tall ancestral trees." He walks through the valley, fenced in by barrier cliffs, to contemplate, with mild enthusiasm, its scenes of pastoral beauty — the cottage and its blossomed arbor, the shepherd and his flock, the clumps of oaks or the solitary willow. He enters the caverns buried far beneath the surface, and is struck with amazement at the grandeur and magnificence of a subterranean palace, hewn out, as it were, by the power of the genii, and decorated by the taste of Armida, or of the queen of the fairies.

Such is the natural world; and such, for the most part, has it ever been, since men began to subdue the wilderness, to scatter the ornaments of civilization amid the rural scenery of nature, and to plant the lily on the margin of the deep, the village on the hill side, and martial battlements in the defiles of the mountains. Such has been the natural world, whether beheld by the eye of savage or barbarian, of the civilized or the refined. Such has it been, for the most part, whether contemplated by the harpers of Greece, the bards of Northern Europe, or the voluptuous minstrels of the Troubadour age. Such it was when its beauties, like scattered stars, beamed on the page of classic lore; and such, when its "sunshine of picture" poured a flood of meridian splendor on modern literature. Such is the natural world to the ancient and the modern, the pagan and the Christian.

Admirable as the natural world is for its sublimity and beauty, who would compare it, even for an instant, with the sublimity and beauty of the moral world? Is not the soul, with its glorious destiny and its capacities for eternal happiness, more awful and majestic than the boundless Pacific or the interminable Andes? Is not the mind, with its thoughts that wander through eternity and its wealth of intellectual power, an object of more intense interest than forest, or cataract, or precipice? And the heart, so eloquent in the depth, purity, and pathos of its affections, — cal

the richest scenery of hill and dale, can the melody of breeze, and brook, and bird, rival it in loveliness?

The same God is the Author of the invisible and visible world. The moral grandeur and beauty of the world of man are equally the productions of his wisdom and goodness with the fair, the sublime, the wonderful in the physical creation. What, indeed, are these but the outward manifestations of his might, skill, and benevolence? What are they but a glorious volume, forever speaking to the eye and ear of man, in the language of sight and sound, the praises of its Author? And what are those but images, faint and imperfect as they are, of his own incomprehensible attributes? What are they, the soul, the mind, the heart of an immortal being, but the temple of the Holy Spirit, the dwelling place of Him whom the heaven of heavens can not contain, who inhabiteth eternity? How, then, can we compare, even for a moment, the world of nature with the world of man?

Slander. — MRS. OSGOOD.

A WHISPER woke the air —

A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe.
Now might it only perish there,
Nor farther go!

Ah me! a quick and eager ear

Caught up the little meaning sound;
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wanders round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that it broke.

It was the only heart it found,
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke:
It reached that tender heart at last,
And that it broke.

Low as it seemed to others' ears,
It came a thunder crash to hers —

That fragile girl, so fair and gay —
That guileless girl, so pure and true !

'Tis said a lovely humming bird,
That in a fragrant lily lay,
And dreamed the summer morn away
Was killed but by the gun's report
Some idle boy had fired in sport !
The very sound — a death blow came !

And thus her happy heart, that beat,
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
(Shrined in its lily too —
For who the maid that knew
But owned the delicate, flower-like grace
Of her young form and face ?)
When first that word
Her light heart heard,
It fluttered like the frightened bird,
Then shut its wings and sighed,
And with a silent shudder died.

Self-made Men.

Who rule the destinies of this nation, both in church and state ? The descendants of high families ? No. The actual nobility of America are "*novi homines*" — self-originated men. Show me the Hamiltons, the Jacksons, and the Clays, who in their turn have been lords of the ascendant in the republic, and I will show you men who were flung into life under circumstances that required them to depend upon their own resources. The energy and decision of character that bore them on to the highest elevations of political life was an energy they acquired in overcoming early difficulties and discouragements. The brilliancy that gleamed along their career of glory was reflected from armor brightened by early use, and burnished by the wear of battle. Hercules began his godlike labors in the cradle. And the courage of the child that strangled the serpents was both a pledge and preparation for the boldness of the hero that bearded the Nemean lion in his den.

Who possess the wealth and direct the business enterprise of the country ? Not the men who were born rich, but those who

were early disciplined by necessity to habits of active industry and economy. There is in this respect a constant revolution in the nation. The patrician families of the last generation become plebeians in the present; and *vice versa*, the children of parents who were not worth a dollar now hold the purse strings of the nation.

The Inchcape Rock. — SOUTHEY.

No stir in the air, no swell on the sea —
The ship was still as she might be;
The sails from heaven received no motion;
The keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape bell.

The pious abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed the bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay;
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea birds screamed as they wheeled around,
And there was joyance in the sound.

The float of the Inchcape bell was seen,
A darker spot on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked the deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring;
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
 Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
 And row me to the Inchcape Rock ;
 I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound ;
 The bubbles rose and burst around ;
 Quoth he, " Who next comes to the rock
 Won't bless the priest of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away ;
 He scoured the sea for many a day ;
 And now, grown rich with plundered store,
 He steers his way for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspread the sky,
 They can not see the sun on high ;
 The wind hath blown a gale all day ;
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand ;
 So dark it is they see no land ;
 Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
 For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?
 For yonder, methinks, should be the shore ;
 Now, where we are I can not tell ;
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape bell."

They hear no sound : the swell is strong ;
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock :
 O heavens ! it is the Inchcape Rock.

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair ;
 He cursed himself in his despair :
 The waves rush in on every side,
 And the ship is gone beneath the tide.

Moral Courage.

[Sydney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little moral courage, or independence of mind.]

A GREAT deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that, to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in, and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks, and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward; but at present a man waits, and doubts, and hesitates, and consults his brother, and his uncle, and particular friends, till one fine day he finds that he is sixty years of age — that he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice.

The Dear-bought Victory. — ANON.

WITHIN a balcony of state,
 At ease, and happy beyond measure,
 A monkey sat, who had of late
 Become the master of a treasure; —

Though not, indeed, of gems or gold, —
 Mark! I relate it to the letter, —
 But fresh, sweet nuts, which, I'll be bold,
 Friend Pug esteemed as something better.

These in a sack he tied with care,
 For other monkeys, by the dozen,
 Came flocking round, in hopes to share
 The rich possessions of their cousin.

They thronged beneath, in greedy train,
The balcony, where he was seated,
But quickly found 'twas all in vain
They reasoned, menaced, or entreated.

For Pug, however rich in fruit,
Appeared in bounty greatly lacking,
And flung, in answer to their suit,
The shells of nuts which he'd been cracking.

At this the suppliants, filled with rage,
Resolved to sue to him no longer,
But battle now prepared to wage,
As they in numbers were the stronger.

The monkey, on this rude attack,
Although he thought the means expensive,
Without ado, untied his sack,
And turned his nuts to arms offensive.

Pug, with the missives, aimed his blows
So hard and fast, that, in conclusion,
His smarting and bepelting foes
Fled off in cowardly confusion.

At length he proudly stood alone,
With feelings that of rapture savored,
Prepared to thank, in joyous tone,
Dame Fortune, who his cause had favored, —

That he had from the fierce attack
His precious nuts so well defended,
But cast his eyes upon his sack,
And saw that they were all expended.

Through these he had maintained his place,
And, now his foes had all retreated,
He stood precisely in the case
As if himself had been defeated.

Thus oft we see a triumph cost
As much as if the day were lost.

Time. — ANON.

"Time will end our story ;
But no time, if we end well, will end our glory."

I SAW a temple, reared by the hands of man, standing with its high pinnacle in the distant plain. The streams beat upon it — the God of nature hurled his thunderbolts against it, and yet it stood firm as adamant. Revelry was in its halls ; the gay, the happy, the young and beautiful were there. I returned, and lo, the temple was no more ! its high walls lay in scattered ruins ; moss and wild grass grew rankly there ; and at the midnight hour, the hooting of the owl added to the deep solitude which reigned around. The young and gay who reveled there had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth, the idol of his mother and the pride of his father. I returned, and that child had become old. Trembling with the weight of years, he stood the last of his generation, a stranger amid the desolation around him.

I saw a flourishing oak in all its pride upon the mountain ; the birds were caroling among the boughs. I returned ; it was leafless and sapless, and the winds were playing at their pastime through its branches.

"Who is this destroyer ?" said I to my guardian angel. "It is 'Time,'" said he. When the morning stars sang together with joy over the new-made world, he commenced his course ; and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful of the earth, plucked the sun from his sphere, veiled the moon in blood, — yes, when he shall have rolled the heavens and the earth away as a scroll, — then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and, one foot on the sea and one on the land, lift up his hand toward heaven, and swear by heaven's Eternal — "*Time is, time was, but time shall be no longer.*"

What is Time. — MARDEN.

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs :
"Time is the warp of life," he said ; "O, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it *well*."

I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled :
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
" Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode ! "

I asked the dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins. " Time ! " he replied —
" I've lost it ! Ah, the treasure ! " and he died.

I asked a spirit lost ; but O, the shriek
That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I *speak*.
It cried, " A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite ! "

I asked my Bible ; and methinks it said,
" Time is the *present hour* ; the past is fled ;
Live — live to-day : to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set. "

I asked old Father Time himself, at last ;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past ;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel who shall stand
One foot on sea and one on solid land :
" I now declare ; the mystery is o'er ;
Time *was*, " he cried, " but Time shall be no more ! "

The Prayerless One. — ANON.

HE never prays ! The God of heaven has watched
O'er all his steps, and with that careful eye
Which never sleeps, has guarded him from death,
And shielded him from danger. Through the hours,
The thoughtless hours, of youth, a hand unseen
Has guarded all his footsteps o'er the wild
And thorny paths of life, and led him on
In safety through them all. In latter days,
Still the same hand has ever been his guard
From dangers seen and unseen. Clouds have lowered,
And tempests oft have burst above his head,

But that protecting hand has warded off
 The thunder strokes of death ; and still he stands
 A monument of mercy. Years have passed,
 Of varied dangers and of varied guilt,
 But still the sheltering wings of love have been
 Outspread in mercy over him. He hath walked
 Upon the beauteous earth for many years,
 And skies, and stars, and the magnificence
 Of mighty waters, and the warning voice
 That speaks amid the tempest, and the notes
 Of softer tone that float on evening winds —
 All these have told him of a God that claims
 The homage of the soul. And he has lived,
 And viewed them in their glory as they stood,
 The workmanship of God ; and there was breathed
 Around him, even from infancy a voice
 That told of mercy bending o'er him
 With looks of angel sweetness, and of power
 Resistless in its going forth ; but stayed
 By that seraphic mercy still he stands
 Cold and unfeeling as the rock that braves
 The ocean billows : still he never prays !
 He never prays. A lonely wanderer cast
 On life's wild, thorny desert, urging on
 His heedless steps through many a secret snare
 And many a danger. Darkness closes round
 His dubious path, save here and there a ray
 That flits along the gloom ; but still he seems
 From some bewildered meteor of the night
 To ask for guidance and direction still.

He never prays !

Earth's many voices send their songs
 Of grateful praise up to the throne
 Of the Eternal ; morning, noon, and night,
 On every side around him, swell the notes
 Of adoration, gratitude, and joy ;
 The lark, the grove, the valley, and the hill,
 Swell the loud chorus ; and some happy hearts,
 Redeemed from error, and restored to peace
 And blest communion with the Holy One,
 Join in the glad, the humble, blissful strain,
 But still — he never prays.

When Evening spreads
 Her solemn shades around him, and the world
 Grows dim upon his eye, and many stars
 Scattered in glory o'er the vault of heaven,
 Call on the spirit to retire a while
 From earth and its low vanities, and seek
 The high and holy intercourse with God
 Vouchsafed to mortals here — he never prays.

When morning kindles in the eastern sky,
 With all its radiant glory, and the sun
 Comes up in majesty, and o'er the earth
 Wakes all her active tribes to active life,
 And breaks the death-like solitude that reigned
 Erewhile o'er Nature's face, — when on his eye
 Earth smiles in beauty 'neath the lucid ray,
 And feathered songsters pour their strains of joy
 Upon his ear, — still not a note of praise
 Or humble prayer arises from his lips.
 Morn after morn returns to all its sweet
 And peaceful loveliness, and oft invites
 His spirit to commune with God ; but still
 He spurns the offer — still he never prays.

Short is the dream of Life. Its days of care,
 Its hours of pleasure, soon will pass away ;
 And on the wondering eye shall pour the broad,
 Unceasing splendor of Eternity.
 O, when the scenes of life have faded all
 Like morning visions, and my spirit stands
 Before the judgment throne, and finds its deeds,
 And words, and thoughts all registered in heaven,
 Then may it not be found recorded there
 Of me — He never prays.

Wealth. — E. A. NISBET.

Who does not honor the princely dispenser of good gifts, and the royal reliever of many wants ? It is his vocation to bless, and his privilege to receive benedictions. Under his auspices the artist fights his way to distinction, the poet scales the summit of Parnassus, the scholar vanquishes the resistance of science,

and the church builds her altars and dedicates her temples. There is another class of Mammon's worshippers, whose desires for gold are more inordinate than Cæsar's for dominion, and less scrupulous than Napoleon's for empire. To amass it, all energies are strained, all appetites conquered, all principle banished, and all honesty discarded.

And it is not for its enjoyments, its independence, or its power; it is simply to be conscious of coin, and cognizant of dollars; to reign upon 'Change and to be pointed at upon the Rialto; to preside over an estate, like the spirit of opulence o'er the caverns of Potosi, or the genius of avarice o'er the pits of Golconda. He whose only ambition it is to be rich, even for the innocent pleasures money can give, is greeted with but little respect, although he may induce no censure. Whilst he who acquires gain in order to dispense its blessings to the poor, or to furnish the means of full, untrammelled action to enlarged intelligence and expansive benevolence, is loved by all and condemned by none.

He is the steward of God's mercies, and the agent of his divine beneficence. But he from whom pity can not wring a pittance, or famine a crumb, or friendship a token, is of all men the most supremely contemptible, and of all small things the most diminutively little.

Military Glory. — E. A. NISBET.

No glory is more dazzling to the ardent imagination of youth than that which encircles the name of a successful warrior. The battle field is the scene of valor and chivalry, of mental energy and personal hazard, and therefore inviting to the bold and adventurous. Proud is the heart, and exulting the step, of the captain returning from conquest. For him the "welkin rings" with plaudits, to him the senate decrees the triumph, and around him hover the warm affections of the grateful fair.

Honors cluster upon his brow, the wreath is plaited to entwine him, the garland is woven to crown him, and to his memory rises the monument to meet the distant ages in their coming. There is magic in the dancing plume, there is safety in the glittering blade, and there is love in the hero's heart. War is an evil, and soldiers are but necessary evils. Yet military ambition should not always be indulged. War has its origin in the worst passions of our nature, and the most consuming ills follow in its train. The feuds of individuals and the conflicts of national

interest generate strife; the tocsin is sounded, the hosts are marshaled, and the battle is lost and won; yet who shall estimate the woe which the day of victory brings?

The laurel of the victor is steeped in the tears of widowhood, and embalmed in the groans of orphanage; and the fame of his exploits is heralded in the last agonies of expiring thousands. It may be the struggle has rescued an empire from bondage, and redeemed a nation from slavery. If so, the contest is holy, and the victor should be canonized. It may be that it forges chains for millions, overturns the foundations of civil liberty, and strikes free states from the catalogue of sovereignties. If so, the fight is unhallowed, and the victor should be damned.

Wars most frequently spring from the selfish ambition of individuals, from the rivalry and wrath of party leaders. Parties are formed, the foundations of society are moved, and the people rage. Some daring spirit rises upon the tide, and directs its flow; with right, liberty, and law upon his tongue, and a crown in his heart, he stirs the prejudices, inflames the passions, and arouses the vengeance of the multitude.

At length the blow is struck, and the law, the church, and the altar sink; from the fountain of civil broil gushes out the stream of blood, and rapid and turgid it rolls its desolating flood over private faith and public weal. The bark of state drifts wildly away into the ocean of anarchy, shoreless, dark, and tempestuous.

But the clouds pass away, the sky is serene, and its orb refulgent; the din of battle dies in the distance, and deep as the sleep of eternity is the silence that broods over the state. Is this the quiet of liberty and law? Ah, no! it is the lethargic stupor of despotism. Such are the fruits of war, and such the results of unchastened military ambition. Dearer by far to me is the garland which adorns the brow of the civilian, than the laurel which encircles the head of the warrior.

Memory. — W. M. PRAND.

STAND on a funeral mound,
Far from all that love thee,
With a barren heath around,
With a cypress bower above thee,
And think, while the sad wind frets,
And the night in cold gloom closes,
Of spring, and spring's sweet violets.
Of summer, and summer's roses.

Sleep where the thunders fly
 Across the tossing billow ;
 Thy canopy the sky,
 And the lonely deck thy pillow ;
 And dream, while the chill sea foam
 In mockery dashes o'er thee,
 Of the cheerful hearth, and the quiet home,
 And the kiss of her that bore thee.

Watch in the deepest cell
 Of the foeman's dungeon tower,
 Till hope's most cherished spell
 Has lost its cheering power ;
 And sing, while the galling chain
 On every stiff limb freezes,
 Of the huntsman hurrying o'er the plain,
 Of the breath of the morning breezes.

Talk of the minstrel's lute,
 The warrior's high endeavor,
 When the honeyed lips are mute,
 And the strong arm crushed forever ;
 Look back to the summer sun,
 From the mist of dark December ;
 Then say to the broken-hearted one,
 " 'Tis pleasant to remember."

Briers and Berries. — BROWN.

'Twas on a gloomy, smoky day,
 If rightly I the date remember, —
 For certainly I cannot say, —
 About the middle of September,
 When I, astride my pacing gray,
 Was plodding on my weary way,
 To spend the night, and preach the word
 To people who had never heard
 The gospel ; or, to say the least,
 Had never viewed it as a feast
 Of fat things, full of marrow.

In sadness, as I rode along,
 And crossed the silver Unadilla,
 The robin sung his plaintive song,
 And faintly drooped the fading lily,
 The smoky sky, no longer blue,
 Assumed a dim and dusky gray,
 And autumn o'er my feelings threw
 The coloring of its own decay,
 And filled my heart with sorrow.

I, in my mind, was pondering o'er
 The miseries that beset the preacher —
 The persecutions which he bore,
 The scoff and scorn of every creature;
 His heated brain, his frame worn down,
 Emaciated, and dyspeptic;
 The hardened bigot's iron frown,
 The jeers and satire of the skeptic;
 One mocking revelation's page,
 The other ridiculing reason;
 And then the storms we must engage,
 And all th' inclemencies of season.

In this desponding, gloomy mood,
 I rode, perhaps, a mile or two,
 When, lo! beside the way there stood
 A little girl, with eyes of blue,
 Light hair, and cheeks as red as cherries;
 And through the briers, with much ado,
 She wrought her way to pick the berries.
 Quoth I, "My little girl, it seems
 To me you buy your berries dear;
 For down your hand the red blood streams,
 And down your cheek there rolls a tear."
 "O, yes," said she; "but then, you know,
 There will be briers where berries grow."

These words came home with keen rebuke
 To me, who mourned life's little jostles,
 And called to mind the things that Luke
 Has written of the first apostles,
 Who faced the foe without a fear,
 And counted even life not dear.

And since, from that good hour to this,
Come pleasant or come stormy weather,
I still reflect, that human bliss
And human woe are mixed together ;
Come smiling friend or frowning foe —
‘ There will be briers where berries grow.’

The Fall of Jerusalem.—CROLY.

“THE abomination of desolation,” the pagan standard, was fixed where it was to remain until the plow had passed over the ruins of Jerusalem. On this fatal night no man laid his head on his pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned above us; the ground shook under our feet; the volcano blazed; the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead, in whirlwinds, far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our side, swelled by the deluge. The lakes and rivers roared, and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out ten-fold fire. Thunder pealed from every quarter of the heavens. Lightning, in immense sheets, of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked his track by forests of flame, and shattered the summits of the hills.

I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause; and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man among them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came around me, and besought me to lead them to some safety, if such were now to be found on earth. I openly counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the temple. They followed, and I led, through streets encumbered with every shape of human suffering, to the foot of Mount Moriah. But beyond that we found advance impossible. Piles of clouds whose darkness was palpable, even in the midnight in which we stood, obscured the holy hill. Impatient, and not to be daunted by any thing that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascent. But I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept down by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower around me. And now came the last and most wonderful sign that marked the fate of rejected Israel.

While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the

cloudy hill, and the vapors began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on their edges, and the clouds rose rapidly, shaping themselves into forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distinct, yet strangely sweet. Still the luster brightened, and as the airy building rose, tower on tower and battlement on battlement, we knelt and gazed on this more than mortal architecture, that continued rising, and spreading, and glowing with a serener light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moonbeam was dim. At last it stood forth from earth to heaven, the colossal image of the first temple — of the building raised by the wisest of men, and consecrated to the visible glory.

All Jerusalem saw the image, and the shout that, in the midst of their despair, ascended from its thousands and tens of thousands, told what proud remembrances that wore. But a hymn was heard that might have hushed the world beside. Never fell on my ear, never on human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing — so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur and command. This vast portal opened, and from it marched a host such as man had never seen before — such as man shall never see but once again — the guardian angels of the city of David. They came forth gloriously, but with woe in all their steps; the stars upon their helmets dim; their robes stained; tears flowing down their cheeks of celestial beauty. "Let us go hence," swelled upon the night, to the uttermost limits of the land. The procession lingered long upon the summit of the hill. The thunders pealed; and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. The chorus was still heard, magnificent and melancholy, until their splendor was diminished to the brightness of a star. Then the thunder roared again. The cloudy temple was scattered on the wind, and darkness, the men of the grave, settled upon Jerusalem.

May.

[Leigh Hunt, whose writings are remarkable for an extreme delicacy of fancy, although deformed by a quaintness savoring of affectation, is the author of the following poem, suggested by the season, which shows, in a striking manner, both his excellences and his defects.]

MAY! thou month of rosy beauty,
Month when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine —
Bosom rich and breath divine;

Month of bees and month of flowers ;
Month of blossom-laden bowers ;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lover's love, and poet's praises ;
O, thou merry month complete —
May ! — that very name is sweet.

May was maid in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes ;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough ;
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word
'Than it seems as though it heard.
Like a sweet face, rosily ;
Like an actual color bright,
Flushing from the paper's white ;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Startled in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us the sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet ; in books —
Love thee in the poet's pages,
Where they keep thee green for ages ;
Love and read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letter over.
Breathing blessings on the art
Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books forever :
May will part from Spenser never ;
May's in Milton ; May's in Prior ;
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer ;
May's in all the Italian books ;
She has old and modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.
Come, ye rains, then, if ye will ;
May's at home and with me still ;
But come, rather thou, good weather,
And find us in the fields together.

The Majesty of Intellect.—REV. G. S. WEAVER

FROM time immemorial intellectual endowments have been crowned with bays of honor. In all times and nations intellect has been the idol-god of the human race. Men have worshiped at its shrine with an Eastern idolatry. Men of great intellect have been regarded as demigods. The multitude have looked upon them with awe-struck wonder. An impression has been felt, as of the presence of a grand and solemn agent of spiritual majesty and power. With cheerful and reverent hands the world has crowned intellect with its richest honors. Its pathway has been strewn with flowers; its brow has worn the loftiest plume; it has sat upon the proudest throne; it has held the mightiest scepter of power. This general, universal adoration of intellect is proof at once both of its transcendent worth and power. But evidences mightier than these are standing thick as stars in night's diadem, all through the universe, proclaiming the worth and power of that which produces thought, and adapts ends to means.

By intellect divine came the earth, rolling her vast circuit among the numberless hosts of the family of worlds, with all its rich and gorgeous furniture. By intellect divine came the glory-flashing magnificence of heaven; its blazing suns lit beyond suns that roam and shine through the measureless spaces of immensity. By intellect human came the secondary creations that mark with the chiseled lines of thought and skill the career of man—the cultivated fields, the vine-clad hills, the mill-strewn vales, the love-lit homes, the village-decked plains, the city-girt continents, the steamer-covered streams, the wire-woven and iron-bound lands, and sail-wreathed oceans. By intellect came all the stirring, sublime, mystery-woven realities of the universe. Then is it not worthy of our attention? And though but a feeble spark be ours, should it not be cultivated?

Character the Soul's Habiliment.—REV. G. S. WEAVER

EVERY youth *must make his own character*. It is a work which God has wisely consigned to him alone. No other can do it for him. Not man, or angel, or God can form a character for his soul. These may assist him, but the work he must do himself. Character is the unseen spirit-garment that one's thoughts

and feelings weave about his soul with the invisible fingers of the divine law of reward and retribution.

It is a mysterious and glorious work, thus, with the thoughts that glow with light, and the feelings that burn with love, to weave about our souls those robes of imperishable beauty, glittering with the party-colored light of every virtue, which are a defense against all that can harm us, which draw around us, in admiration and joy, multitudes of earth's best spirits, and which, in heaven, we shall wear, unshamed by their comparison with the habiliments that mantle the angel forms.

And glorious is the thought that these robes are of our own forming. They are *ours*. And the joy and the glory of their wearing is ours. Not with wealth were they bought; and not as an inherited heirloom did they descend upon us, nor as the patrimony of parental industry; not with other hands were they formed, nor with others' exertions were they obtained. No; for they are ours. We formed them by industrious exertion in behalf of the good, the beautiful, and the true — formed them in the efforts of wisdom, virtue, and love; in trial, tears, and prayer; in struggle, discipline, and hope; in constancy, energy, and devotion — and formed them for the glory of our own souls, and the good of all with whom we are linked in love and duty. We formed them for earth, and formed them for the skies. We shall wear them through time, and wear them in eternity. But, God be thanked, we may brighten and strengthen them below, and adorn and enrich them more and more, even forever in heaven.

The Sleeper on Galilee. — MISS HARRIET J. MEEK.

THE storm was abroad, and the wind on the sea
Had rocked the rough cradle of dark Galilee,
Till the waters were fearful, and hoarse was the roar,
As the billows leaped outward, and broke on the shore.

A frail bark was plowing each hollow and steep,
Now mounting to ether, now lost in the deep,
Still vanquished, but turning anew to the strife,
Like the vessel of hope on the ocean of life.

And the cheek of the seaman at midnight grew pale
And the prayer of the scorner was lost in the gale,
And moans struggled up on the shuddering air,
As some stout heart grew faint, and gave up to despair.

Yet One in that tumult was sleeping the while,
 And His brow of pale peacefulness glowed to a smile,
 And the anguish that shadowed His forehead by day
 In a dream of strange rapture had melted away.

A wail on His ear, and a hand on His arm,
 "Ah! carest thou not that we die in the storm?"
 But scarce from that lip had the murmuring passed,
 Ere the brow of the sleeper was bared to the blast.

He breathed on the billows; they knelt in His breath,
 And still was the heart of the ocean in death,
 And the pitiless tempest came mute at His nod,
 And furled its dark wings in the presence of God.

The stars were in waiting, and full was the glow,
 As they thronged o'er the motionless mirror below,
 And fearful ones whispered, "What being have we,
 That reins the fierce tempest and fetters the sea?"

But He turned with a sigh to His pillow apart,
 And the dream that was broken crept back to His heart,
 And the word that had stilled, and the storm that had riven,
 Alike were forgot in that vision of heaven.

The Winged Worshippers. — C. SPRAGUE.

GAY, guiltless pair,*
 What seek ye from the fields of heaven?
 Ye have no need of prayer,
 Ye have no sins to be forgiven.

Why perch ye here,
 Where mortals to their Maker bend?
 Can your pure spirits fear
 The God ye never could offend?

Ye never knew
 The crimes for which we come to weep:
 Penance is not for you,
 Blest wanderers of the upper deep.

* Two swallows having entered a church during divine service.

To you 'tis given
 To wake sweet nature's untaught lays ;
 Beneath the arch of heaven
 To chirp away a life of praise.

Then spread each wing,
 Far, far above, o'er lakes and lands,
 And join the choirs that sing
 In yon blue dome, not reared with hands.

Or, if ye stay
 To note the consecrated hour,
 Teach me the airy way,
 And let me try your envied power.

Above the crowd,
 On upward wings, could I but fly,
 I'd bathe in yon bright cloud,
 And seek the stars that gem the sky

'Twere heaven, indeed,
 Through fields of trackless light to soar,
 On nature's charms to feed,
 And nature's own great God adore.

The Four Master Spirits of the Human Race. — **ANON**

HAPPENING to cast my eyes over the portraits in a gallery of paintings, I remarked that they were so arranged as to give four personages — Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Bonaparte — the most conspicuous places. I had seen the same before ; but never did a similar train of reflections arise in my bosom, as when my mind now hastily glanced over their several histories.

Alexander, having climbed the dizzy heights of ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another to conquer — set a city on fire, and died in a disgraceful scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, — after having put to flight the armies of this “ mistress of the world,” and stripped three bushels of golden rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and

made her very foundations quake, — returned to his country, to be defamed, to be driven into exile, and to die at last by poison administered by his own hand, unlamented and unwept, in a foreign clime.

Cæsar, after having taken eight hundred cities, and dyed his garments in the blood of one million of his fellow-men, — after having pursued to the death the only rival he had on earth, — was assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and at the very point in which he had gained the highest object of his ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandates kings and priests obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, — after having deluged Europe with tears and blood, and clothed the world in sackcloth, — closed his days in lonely banishment, almost exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which would not, or could not, bring him aid.

Thus those four men, who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand as representatives of all those whom the world calls "great," — those four who made the earth tremble to its center, — severally died — one by intoxication, the second by suicide, the third by assassination, and the last in lonely exile.

How vain is the greatness of this world ! How fearful is the gift of genius, if it be abused ! Who, that is now living, would not rather die the death of the humble, righteous man, than that of Alexander, or Hannibal, or Cæsar, or Napoleon ?

The Better Land. — MRS. HEMANS.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land ;
 Thou call'st its children a happy band :
 Mother ! O, where is that radiant shore ?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"
 "Not there, not there, my child."

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
 Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze."

And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ? ”

“ Not there, not there, my child.”

“ Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o’er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand ?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ? ”

“ Not there, not there, my child.

“ Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy ;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams can not picture a world so fair ;
Sorrow and death may not enter there.
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child.”

The Wilkinson Trial. — S. S. PRENTISS.

GENTLEMEN of the jury, if to be a Mississippian is an offence in my clients, I can not defend them ; I am myself *particeps criminis*. We are all guilty ; with malice aforethought, we left our own beautiful homes, and sought that land, the name of which seems to arouse in the minds of the opposing counsel only images of horror. Truly the learned gentlemen are mistaken in us ; we are no cannibals, nor savages. I would that they would visit us, and disabuse their minds of these unkind prejudices. They would find in that far country thousands of their own Kentuckians, who have cast their lot by the monarch stream, in the enjoyment of whose rich gifts, though they forget not, they hardly regret the bright river upon whose banks they strayed in childhood. No state has contributed more of her sons to Mississippi than Kentucky ; nor do they suffer by being transplanted to that genial soil. Their native state may well be proud of them, as they ever are of her.

But I do injustice to you and to myself by dwelling upon this matter. Here, in the heart of Kentucky, my clients have sought and obtained an unprejudiced, impartial jury. You hold in your hands the balance of justice ; and I ask, and expect that you will

not permit the prosecution to cast extraneous and improper weights into the scale, against the lives of the defendants. You constitute the mirror, whose office it is to reflect, in your verdict, the law and the evidence which have been submitted to you. Let no foul breath dim its pure surface, and cause it to render back a broken and distorted image. Through you now flows the stream of public justice ; let it not become turbid by the trampling of unholy feet.

But you will excuse these prefatory observations ; they are instigated by no doubt of you, but by a sense of duty to the defendants. I wish to obviate, in advance, the attempts which I know will be made to excite against them improper and ungenerous prejudices. You have seen in the examination of one of the witnesses, this very day, a specimen of the kind of feeling which has existed elsewhere, and which I so earnestly deprecate. So enraged was he, because the defendants had obtained an impartial jury, that he wished the whole legislature in that place not to be mentioned to ears polite, and that he might be the fireman ; and all on account of the passage of the law changing the venue. Now, though I doubt much whether this worthy gentleman will be gratified in his benevolent wishes in relation to the final destiny of the Senate and House of Representatives of this goodly commonwealth, yet I can not but believe that his desires in regard to himself will be accomplished, and his ambitious aspirations fully realized in the ultimate enjoyment of that singular office which he so warmly covets.

The Dying Alchemist. — WILLIS.

THE night wind with a desolate moan swept by ;
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Screaming upon their hinges ; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the cloud flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.
The fire beneath his crucible was low,
Yet still it burned ; and ever, as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy ; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye

Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
 Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
 Muttered a curse on death ! The silent room
 From its dim corners mockingly gave back
 His rattling breath ; the humming in the fire
 Had the distinctness of a knell ; and when
 Duly the antique horologe beat one,
 He drew a vial from beneath his head,
 And drank ; and instantly his lips compressed ;
 And with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
 He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
 Upright, and communed with himself.

I did not think to die
 Till I had finished what I had to do ;
 I thought to pierce the eternal secret through
 With this my mortal eye.
 I felt — O God ! it seemeth even now,
 'This can not be the death dew on my brow ;
 And yet it is : I feel
 Of this dull sickness at my heart afraid ;
 And in my eyes the death sparks flash and fade,
 And something seems to steal
 Over my bosom like a frozen hand,
 Binding its pulses with an icy band.
 And this is death ! But why
 Feel I this wild recoil ? It can not be
 The immortal spirit shuddereth to be free !
 Would it not leap to fly,
 Like a chained eaglet, at its parent's call ?
 I fear, I fear that this poor life is all !
 Yet thus to pass away !
 To live but for a hope that mocks at last !
 To agonize, to strive, to watch, to fast,
 To waste the light of day,
 Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,
 All that we have and are, for this ! for nought ! —
 Grant me another year,
 God of my spirit ! but a day, to win
 Something to satisfy this thirst within !
 I would know something here.
 Break for me but one seal that is unbroken !
 Speak for me but one word that is unspoken !
 Vain, vain ! my brain is turning

With a swift dizziness ; and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,

And I am freezing, burning,
Dying. O God, if I might only live !
My vial ! — ha, it thrills me ; I revive.

Ay, were not man to die,
He were too glorious for this narrow sphere !
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,
Could he but train his eye,
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour,
Only his Maker would transcend his power !

Earth has no mineral strange,
The illimitable air no hidden wings,
Water no quality in its covert springs,
And fire no power to change,
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compel.

O, but for time to track
The upper stars into the pathless sky ;
To see the invisible spirits, eye to eye ;
To hurl the lightning back ;
To tread unhurt the sea's dim-lighted halls ;
To chase Day's chariot to the horizon walls :
And more, much more ; (for now
The life-sealed fountains of my nature move ;)
To nurse and purify this human love ;
To clear the godlike brow
Of weakness and mistrust, and bow it down,
Worthy and beautiful, to the much loved one.

This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slaken at the living stream ;
To live. — O God ! that life is but a dream ;
And death — Aha ! I reel —
Dim — dim — I faint — darkness comes o'er my eye —
Cover me ! save me ! God of heaven ! I die !

'Twas morning ; and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids ; and his lips,
Open, and ashy pale, the expression wore
Of his death struggle. His long, silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples, thin and wild ;
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want ; and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore

The storm was raging still ; the shutters swung
Screaming as harshly in the fitful wind ;
And all without went on, (as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest,) reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken in its change.
The fire beneath the crucible was out ;
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them ; and the small silver rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on the alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire ; a sun-bent eagle stricken
From his high soaring down ; an instrument
Broken with its own compass. O, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath out-flown
His strength upon the sea, ambition-wrecked —
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lonely nest !

Loss of the Steamship President. — REV. J. N. MAFFIT.

THE great American heart was throbbing with deep pulsations of joy. Thousands, as far as the eye could fathom the distance, were crowding into the Capitol. A president of seventeen millions of people, invoking the mantle of Washington to fall upon him, was about to ascend the elective throne of freemen, to execute the public will. Nor came he unattended with banner pennon, shout, and song, borne along by and swelling up from millions.

The steamship President, in the harbor of New York, had her signals of departure for the shores of Europe fluttering in the breeze. Alas ! at the end of one short month where were both ? At the end of one short month the pilot of the nation was smitten at the helm of the ship of state. His nerveless hand no longer had power over the rudder ; it was cold in death. Sorrow mantled every shroud in sable. The sails flapped heavily against the yards and masts, and wooed no breeze of delight, cheerily dancing over the dark waters. The dirge was the only melancholy music that wailed to the listening sea.

Where was the steamship President? As a sea bird, whose track upon the shore the shifting sands obliterate, she had gone forth, and left no track upon the waters. Her proud form had vanished, in the blue distance, from the eyes of one continent; her stripes and stars had not emerged from the ocean upon another.

I see the gallant bark, in her majestic course, dashing proudly on, plowing up the phosphorescent fires which leap and flash from every crested wave. On, on, over the trackless waste; but as unerringly guided by the power of science as though she coursed within a beaten track. The last dim shore recedes. Night comes on. A solitary light peers through the distant gloom — nearer and nearer. It is the last beacon light that warns the ocean traveler from the treacherous reef; now farther and farther behind, and the last work of man on the western hemisphere fades forever from the view.

What a still, vast solitude! Immensity is not less comprehensible than the emotions which it excites. Morning again, and returning night, lighted up with its myriad stars. Night and morning, morning and night — and no change! Though rushing wildly on, the noble voyager seems to stand upon a single point of time — the center of a shoreless, illimitable circle.

The Same, continued.

PROUD as is the movement of a steamship upon the ocean wave, and as fearlessly as she dashes from her prow the feathery spray, going with the gale, or holding on her way in the wind's eye — roaring forth her voice of power over the waves — still she is an object of terror; still is she cradled upon treacherous deeps, holding in her own bosom the elements of a more dreadful and volcanic doom, — an explosive death, — to the fearfulness of which the lowest deeps of the Atlantic were as downy beds of repose.

As the steamer President swept on and on, the sullen icebergs, gendered in arctic seas, came down like a buoyant fleet of mountains. They lifted their pale, cold peaks into equatorial suns, and scarcely relented under their blaze. Strong, chill winds swept over the sounding seas. Clouds, inky as night, lay mountainous in heaven. The old seamen knew that a storm was at hand. Such voices full oft have moaned over the deep, and full oft to seamen bold have night and storm shut down together, and no morning to him or his gallant bark hath ever lifted the veil

Scarce heard amid the war of elements, the President is engulfed in the seething waters. But see! the spirit ship swings gracefully into the whirlpool, and glides upon the torn and frantic ocean. Her sides are burnished gold. The water drops are like pearls upon it. The decks are inlaid with precious stones. The tall and taper masts are ivory, and the graceful sails, like wings, woo the upper airs of heaven, and make low-toned music, as ten thousand wind harps, melting to ecstasy in summer evening zephyrs.

The commander is He who walked the waters. The navigators are beings not of earth. The storm gladdens under their eyes of beauty. They hold the winds with silken reins. An anchor falls where the President went down; the life boat lowers, and one after another of the pious faithful are taken on board, serene and unharmed — not pale, shrinking, and terrified as the moment before they sank in the death struggles of an earthly ship. Loud huzzas ring through the ship of glory, bursting from the crowded shrouds and spars, and echoed back from round-tops and gallant-masts. Heavenly music rings fore and aft, and cheer succeeds cheer, while the glittering anchor is weighed, and the region of storm and death left far in the wake forever.

Voyager of immortality, look not now dubiously out over the element on which thy bark of glory floats. It grows purer and purer. Not a vapor curls over its placid bosom. It never engendered the storm, and the heaving of its waves are but the pulsations of eternal love.

A Summer Sunset. — REV. A. E. GOODWYN,

BEHOLD at eventide
 The gorgeous, sun-lit sky;
 The cloudy mountains dyed
 With hues that art defy;
 The wide-spread sea of flame
 That rolls along the west,
 And graves Jehovah's name
 On every flaming crest.

And tell me, ye that *Chance*
 Have called your only Lord
 Will not this single glance
 Stamp libel on your word?

Can human art devise
Or execute the scene
That paints the evening skies
With glories all have seen ?

In vain may mortals try
To chart the flaming sea,
That burns along the sky
In fearful majesty,
Or sketch the mountain cloud
Whose base is bathed in blood,
Whose summit's golden shroud
Is dipped in light's clear flood.

And if, O skillful man,
With wondrous art endowed,
You own *you* never can
Portray the evening cloud,
Why, then, your shame enhance,
By such an impious word
As that the phantom Chance
Is the eternal Lord ?

Drawn by a hand divine
These scenes of beauty are ;
With borrowed rays they shine
The name of GOD afar.
He throws around the scene
His holy mantle bright ;
The sun is but the sheen
Of God's eternal light.

The Pitiable Condition of Ignorance.

W. W. HAGEMAN.

I CAN conceive of no object more pitiable than an old man, who, tottering with the weight of years, with a head whitened by the frosts of many winters, has not advanced a single step toward the perfection of that cultivation which his higher nature demanded in thunder tones all along the broad highway of life, and whose feeble limbs have now brought him to the verge of the grave, a beggar in generous sentiment and kind feelings

passing from earth into the wide ocean of eternity, with a heart unwarmed by love or sympathy for his fellow-man—every noble feeling crushed and withered by a morbid passion for wealth. A human heart, eighty years old, dead to every human interest. Life to him has indeed been a struggle, in which avarice has been the victor. We march through life, not to the deep, soul-stirring anthem which bursts upon the spiritual ear, as it comes gushing up from the mysterious depths of nature, mingling its sublime harmony with the melody of the immortal soul, struggling to wing its way to the home of the Eternal, but every ear is attuned to the clinking of coin, and all move in solid phalanx to the low murmur of selfishness and ambition.

Why should we stifle the infinite sources of purest pleasure that lie deep seated in the soul, and content ourselves with the thorns and thistles gathered from the wayside in life's journey, when, by wandering occasionally from the beaten track, a new world of richness and of beauty opens to our view, from which we can gather flowers, inhale their fragrance, and feel the warm sunshine—gathering sweets which seldom linger among the abodes of covetousness and luxury? Why linger in the desert amid tempests and barrenness, when the oasis lies just beyond, with its bowers thrown open by the hand of God himself; where the weary pilgrim can repose, far from the world's ignoble strife, there gather strength to nerve him on the brink of the river that shall bear him to a fairer land? Why steal away from the bright fireside, where all that is lovely and genial in the affections should cluster, to feed upon the husks that a sordid and selfish world offer to thy unsatisfied soul? Why should these pleasures of the high and more ennobling class be confined to the few, when all who choose may taste them? With most of us in this money-making age, the inspirations of genius are dim vagaries, visionary nonsense. Young America wants something the eye can see and measure; it must be as palpable as John or James, or else it is pronounced a nonentity.

Death and the Drunkard.—ANON.

His form was fair, his cheek was health;
His word a bond, his purse was wealth;
With wheat his field was covered o'er;
Plenty sat smiling at his door.

His wife the fount of ceaseless joy ;
 Now laughed his daughter, played his boy ;
 His library, though large, was read
 Till half its contents decked his head.
 At morn 'twas health, wealth, pure delight ,
 'Twas health, wealth, peace, and bliss at night .
 I wished not to disturb his bliss ;
 'Tis gone ! but all the fault is his.

The social glass I saw him seize,
 The more with festive wit to please,
 Daily increase his love of cheer ;
 Ah, little thought he *I* was near !
 Gradual indulgence on him stole,
 Frequent became the midnight bowl.
 I in that bowl the headache placed,
 Which, with the juice, his lips embraced.
 Shame next I mingled with the draught ;
 Indignantly he drank, and laughed.

In the bowl's bottom bankruptcy
 I placed ; he drank with tears and glee
 Remorse did I into it pour ;
 He only sought the bowl the more.
 I mingled, next, joint-torturing pain ;
 Little the more did he refrain.
 The dropsy in the cup I mixed ;
 Still to his mouth the cup was fixed.
 My emissaries thus in vain
 I sent, the mad wretch to restrain.

On the bowl's bottom, then, myself
 I threw, — the most abhorrent elf
 Of all that mortals hate or dread, —
 And thus in horrid whispers said :
 " Successless ministers I've sent
 Thy hastening ruin to prevent ;
 Their lessons nought ; then here am I .
 Think not my threatenings to defy.
 Swallow this ; this thy last will be,
 For with it thou must swallow me."

Haggard his eyes, upright his hair,
 Remorse his lips, his cheeks despair ,

With shaking hands the bowl he clasped,
 My meatless limbs his carcass grasped,
 And bore it to the churchyard, where
 Thousands, ere I would call, repair.

Death speaks : ah, reader, dost thou hear ?
 Hast thou no lurking cause to fear ?
 Has not o'er thee the sparkling bowl
 Constant, commanding, sly control ?
 Betimes reflect, betimes beware,
 Though ruddy, healthful now, and fair ;
 Before slow reason lose the sway,
 Reform ; postpone another day,
 You soon may mix with common clay.

Various Extracts.

METAPHOR. — A great proportion of the wretchedness which has so often embittered married life, I am persuaded, has originated in a negligence of trifles. Connubial happiness is a thing of too fine texture to be handled roughly. It is a sensitive plant, which will not bear even the touch of unkindness — a delicate flower, which indifference will chill and suspicion blast.

It must be watered by the showers of tender affection, expanded by the cheering glow of attention, and guarded by the impregnable barrier of unshaken confidence. Thus matured, it will bloom with fragrance in every season of life, and sweeten even the loneliness of declining years.

It is this miserable materialism, this sacrifice of every thing to money and position, which has fixed upon us the stigma of national sordidness. This is the system which produces your men of one idea, your narrow-minded, dangerous men, as well as your close, grasping, conservative Shylocks ; those excessively philosophical individuals who affect to disapprove of charity as creating paupers ; so exceedingly afraid of imposition, that they shut their eyes in terror at the proximity of a beggar, but face without alarm the veriest sharper in their business ; who teach their children that success and virtue always go together, that poverty and pilfering are synonymous, that failure and crime

are inseparable; men who place the warm and glowing sympathies of youth in refrigerators and anticharitable arguments, and freeze them beside icy stumps of scorn; who would take the milk of human kindness, and press it under weights of worldliness into a hard-crust ed cheese, which must be cut off, and cut into, and dug out, before the smallest particle can be obtained for the outcast and desolate. — *Dickens*.

TRESPASS, AS DESCRIBED IN LEGAL PHRASEOLOGY. — “ Bless me, Mr. Poance, what is this ? ” (*Reads*.) “ “ For that the said John Snooks, on the 10th day of May, with force and arms, broke and entered a certain house of the plaintiff’s, and made a great noise and disturbance therein, and so continued to make a disturbance for the space of twenty-four hours — ”

“ That, sir, is the declaration in trespass.”

“ But the man only knocked; he didn’t make any disturbance at the door for twenty-four hours.”

“ A mere formal allegation, sir, not necessary to be proved.”

“ But he didn’t break in divers, to wit, twenty doors.”

“ Pooh, sir! don’t you see that it is laid under a videlicet ? ”

“ Laid under a what ? ”

“ A videlicet; that means you mustn’t prove the allegation if it is immaterial; but if material, you must.”

“ But what’s the use of it, then ? ”

“ The use of it, my dear sir! But you don’t understand these things — they are vocabularies.”

“ And what may that be ? ”

“ Why, words that raise doubts, swell costs, and enable the professional man to make the most of a very small case.”

COMPLAINING. — Neal, the author of the *Charcoal Sketches*, thus admirably takes off that class of people who are never so happy as when they are making themselves miserable : —

“ How are you, Trepid? How do you feel to-day, Mr. Trepid ? ”

“ A great deal worse than I was, thank’ee; most dead, I’m obliged to you; I’m always worse than I was, and I don’t think I was ever any better. I’m very sure, any how, I’m not going to be any better; and for the future you may always know I’m worse, without asking any questions, for the questions make me worse, if nothing else does.”

"Why, Trepid, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I tell you, in particular, but a greal deal is the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people, when they can't tell what it is; that's what's killing me. My great grandfather died of it, and so will I. The doctors don't know; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough, when I'm bad enough, and so there's no help. I'm going off one of these days right after my grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of every thing in general. That's what finishes our folks."

LANGUAGE. — The endless diversity of words and idioms comprised in the two thousand languages spoken by the human race, the endless variety of musical tones and expression, are not so astonishing as the simplicity of the machine by which these wonderful results are produced. A single volume of atmospheric air, expired by the lungs, modulated by the larynx, articulated by the tongue, the palate, the teeth, and the lips, is wrought into these infinitely varied manifestations of human thought and feeling. It gives an intelligible form to the inward workings of the soul, utters its mightiest thoughts, assumes the nicest shades of its pleasurable and painful emotions. Nay, it sweeps over mysterious chords existing in the souls of others, and awakens sympathetic joy, grief, hope, and terror in the breast of thousands. It becomes eloquence, philosophy, music. Yes, it becomes the favorite instrument by which the Most High communicates his will to the human race. The human voice has been employed to utter the secrets of the eternal mind; to tell of eternity past and eternity to come; to awaken penitence and hope in the bosom of guilty man; and to recall an alienated world to the obedience and love of its Creator.

TAKE the bright shell
From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes,
It will sing of the sea.

So take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth.

IN the great drama of human life, act with conscience. Do what your hearts, what Nature will tell you to do; and when your days will have been numbered, when wearied and tired of this world's strifes and contentions, you will lay yourselves down to sleep, how "like a May day breaking" will steal over your spirits the history of your lives! and with the tendrils of your hearts will intertwine the fragrant leaves that bloom in the herbarium of recollection, and the dew drops of that consolation drawn from heaven, and "filtered through the skies," will fall in gentle showers upon your hearts, and bathe them in the floods of memory. — *A. Oliver*, 1856.

UNWRITTEN POETRY. — Far down in the depths of the human heart there is a fountain of pure and hallowed feeling, from which, at times, swells up a tide of emotions which words are powerless to express, which the soul alone can appreciate. Full many hearts, overflowing with sublime thoughts and holy imaginings, need but the "pen of fire" to hold enraptured thousands in its spell. The "thoughts that breathe" are there, but not the "words that burn." Nature's own inspiration fills the heart with emotions too deep for utterance, and with the poetry of the heart lies forever concealed in its own mysterious shrine.

Unwritten poetry! It is stamped upon the broad blue sky, it twinkles in every star. It mingles in the ocean's surge, and glitters in the dew drop that gems the lily's bell. It glows in the gorgeous colors of the west at the decline of day, and rests in the blackened crest of the gathering storm cloud. It is on the mountain's hight, and in the cataract's roar; in the towering oak, and in the tiny flower. Where we can see the hand of God, there Beauty finds her dwelling place.

As landsmen, sitting in luxurious ease,
Talk of the dangers of the stormy seas;
As fireside travelers, with pretentious mien,
Tell tales of countries they have never seen;
As paupers, gathered in congenial flocks,
Babble of banks, insurances, and stocks;
As each is oftenest eloquent of what
He hates or covets, but possesses not;
As cowards talk of pluck; misers, of waste;
Scoundrels, of honor; country clowns, of taste

Ladies, of logic ; devotees, of sin ;
 Topers, of water ; temperance men, of gin. —
 I sing of money. — *J. G. Saxe.*

THE CROSS.

Blest they who seek,
 While in their youth,
 With spirit meek,
 The way of truth.
 To them the sacred Scriptures now display
 Christ as the only true and living way ;
 His precious blood on Calvary was given
 To make them heirs of endless bliss in heaven.
 And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
 The glorious blessings of his Savior's grace
 For them he bore
 His father's frown ;
 For them he wore
 The thorny crown ;
 Nailed to the cross,
 Endured its pain,
 That his life's loss
 Might be their gain.
 Then haste to choose
 That better part,
 Nor ever dare refuse
 The Lord your heart,
 Lest he declare,
 " I know you not ;"
 And deep despair
 Forever be your lot.

Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died,
 And trust on Him alone who there was crucified.

THE TRIUMPHS OF COTTON. — Let us trace out this fine, delicate fiber from its very origin to its final disposition, and observe what benefits it has diffused through its course. When brought to the domestic market and sold, it pays, or should pay, rent of land, cost of labor and transportation, and leave a profit to the grower. When sold, it pays a profit to the merchant. In its

transfer to a foreign port, it pays the freight to the ship owner including wages to the mariner. Arrived at a foreign port, it pays its tribute to the custom house, then pays for commission and storage, and cost of transportation possibly to Rouen or to Alsace, to be transformed into laces and muslins; possibly to Lyons, to be woven in with tissues of silk. Arriving at the manufactory, it pays the carder, spinner, weaver, printer, embroiderer, all engaged in the process of fabrication; and lastly, the manufacturer, who vends it at a profit to the dealer, from whose hands it passes in the consumption of the country, clothes with rich draperies the gay saloons of fashion, by a happier destiny; encircles with its gossamer folds the rounded forms of female loveliness; embellishing and heightening what in itself is perfect, as floating clouds by the happy distribution of their golden tints may be supposed to have enhanced the splendors even of the terrestrial paradise. — *Hon. Wm. Elliot,*

TIME'S MISSION. — Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measurer of all things, but itself immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limits, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it. He that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.

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There is also a list of "questions" suitable for debate, several of which are "briefly outlined," to assist the student to prepare and to deliver his own "effort."

Essays and orations, many of them suitable for commencement parts, Salutatory and Valedictory addresses, supplement the debates, the whole providing for the student at college and the high-school scholar, the parent at home, and the man of affairs, just that equipment that one needs not only for talking out the questions that everybody is talking about, but for arguing them in a convincing manner.

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